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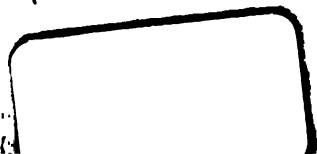
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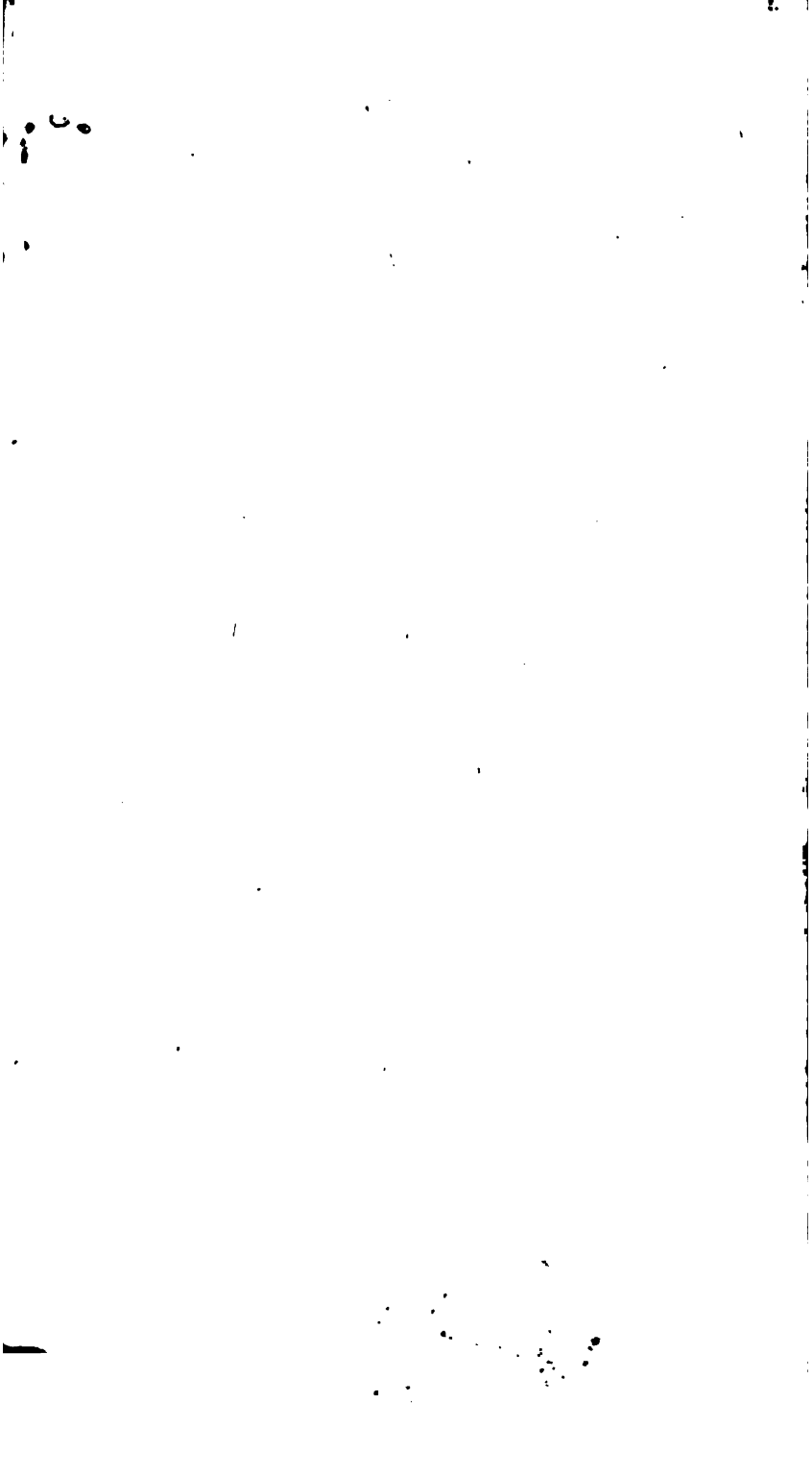
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S U P P L E M E N T

TO THE EDITION OF

SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS

PUBLISHED IN 1778.

Vol. II.



S U P P L E M E N T

TO THE EDITION OF

S H A K S P E A R E ' S P L A Y S

P U B L I S H E D I N 1 7 7 8

By SAMUEL JOHNSON AND GEORGE STEEVENS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

C O N T A I N I N G

P E R I C L E S.

L O C R I N E.

S I R J O H N O L D C A S T L E.

L O R D C R O M W E L L.

T H E L O N D O N P R O D I G A L.

T H E P U R I T A N.

A Y O R K S H I R E T R A G E D Y.

A P P E N D I X.

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MDCCLXXX.



P E R I C L E S.

VOL. II.

B



P E R I C L E S.

VOL. II.

B

Persons Represented.

Antiochus, *king of Antioch.*
Pericles, *prince of Tyre.*
Helicanus, } *two lords of Tyre.*
Escanes, }
Simonides, *king of Pentapolis*.*
Cleon, *governor of Tarsus.*
Lyfimachus, *governor of Mitylene.*
Cerimon, *a lord of Ephesus.*
Thaliard, *servant to Antiochus.*
Leonine, *servant to Dionyza.*
Marshall.
A pander and his wife.
Boult, *their servant.*
Gower *as chorus.*

The daughter of Antiochus.
Dionyza, *wife to Cleon.*
Thaisa, *daughter to Simonides.*
Marina, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
Lychorida, *nurse to Marina.*
Diana.

Lords, knights, sailors, pirates, fishermen, and messengers.

SCENE dispersedly in various countries.

* — *Pentapolis.*] This is an imaginary city, and its name might have been borrowed from some romance. We meet indeed in history with *Pentapolitana regio*, a country in Africa, consisting of five cities; and from thence perhaps some novelist furnished the founding title of *Pentapolis*, which occurs likewise in the 37th chapter of *Kyng Appolyn of Tyre*, 1510, as well as in Gower.

That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria; *Tyre* a city of Phœnicia in Asia; *Tarsus* the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; *Mitylene* the capital of Lesbos, an island in the *Ægean Sea*; and *Ephesus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia.

STEVENS.

P E R I C L E S, —

PRINCE OF TYRE.

A C T I.

Enter Gower.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung²,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;

As-

² The story on which this play is formed, is of great antiquity. It is found in a book, once very popular, entitled *Gesta Romanorum*, which is supposed by the learned editor of *the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, 1775, to have been written five hundred years ago. The earliest impression of that work (which I have seen) was printed in 1488; in that edition the history of *Apollonius King of Tyre* makes the 153d chapter. It is likewise related by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, lib. viii. p. 175—185, edit. 1554. The rev. Dr. Farmer has in his possession a fragment of a Ms. poem on the same subject, which appears, from the hand writing and the metre, to be more ancient than Gower. The reader will find an extract from it at the end of the play. There is also an ancient romance on this subject, called *King Appolyn of Thyre*, translated from the French by Robert Copland, and printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. The author of *Pericles* having introduced Gower in his piece, it is reasonable to suppose that he chiefly followed the work of that poet. It is observable, that the hero of this tale is, in Gower's poem, as in the present play, called *prince of Tyre*; in the *Gesta Romanorum*, and Copland's prose-romance, he is entitled *king*. Most of the incidents of the play are found in the *Conf. Amant.* and a few of Gower's expressions are occasionally borrowed. However, I think it is not unlikely, that there may have been (though I have not

Affuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.

It

met with it) an early prose translation of this popular story, from the *Gest. Roman.* in which the name of Apollonius was changed to Pericles; to which, likewise, the author of this drama may have been indebted.

Pericles was entered on the Stationers' books, May 2, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the first folio edition of Shakspeare's plays; but it did not appear in print till the following year, and then it was published not by Blount, but by Henry Goffson; who had probably anticipated the other, by getting a hasty transcript from a playhouse copy. There is, I believe, no play of our author's, perhaps I might say, in the English language, so incorrect as this. The most corrupt of Shakspeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself. The metre is seldom attended to; verse is frequently printed as prose, and the grossest errors abound in almost every page. I mention these circumstances, only as an apology to the reader for having taken somewhat more licence with this drama than would have been justifiable, if the copies of it now extant had been less disfigured by the negligence and ignorance of the printer or transcriber. The numerous corruptions that are found in the original edition in 1609, which have been carefully preserved and augmented in all the subsequent impressions, probably arose from its having been frequently exhibited on the stage. In the four quarto editions it is called *the much admired play of PERICLES PRINCE OF TYRE*; and it is mentioned by many ancient writers as a very popular performance; particularly, by the author of a metrical pamphlet, entitled *Pymlico or Run away Redcap*; in which the following lines are found:

“ Amaz'd I stood, to see a crowd
Of civil throats stretch'd out so loud:
As at a new play, all the rooms
Did swarm with gentles mix'd with grooms;
So that I truly thought all these
Came to see *Shore* or *Pericles*.”

From this pamphlet, which was published in 1596, it appears that *Pericles* had been acted before that year.

The prologue to an old comedy called *The Hog has lost his Pearl*, 1611, likewise exhibits a proof of its uncommon success. The poet speaking of his piece, says

“ if it prove so happy as to please,
We'll say 'tis fortunate like *Pericles*.”

By *fortunate*, I understand *highly successful*. The writer can hardly be supposed to have meant that *Pericles* was popular rather from accident than merit; for that would have been but a poor eulogium on his own performance.

An

It hath been sung, at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy ales¹;

And

An obscure poet, however, in 1652, insinuates that this drama was ill-received, or at least that it added nothing to the reputation of its author:

“ But Shakspeare, the plebeian driller, was
Founder'd in his *Pericles*, and must not pass.”

Verses by J. Tateham, prefixed to Richard Brome's *Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars*, 4to. 1652.

The passages above quoted shew that little credit is to be given to the assertion contained in these lines; yet they furnish us with an additional proof that *Pericles*, at no very distant period after Shakspeare's death, was considered as unquestionably his performance.

See the notes at the end of the play. MALONE.

The History of *Apollonius King of Tyre* was supposed by Mark Welfer, when he printed it in 1595, to have been translated from the Greek a thousand years before. [Fabr. Bib. Gr. v. 6. p. 821.] It certainly bears strong marks of a Greek original, though it is not (that I know) now extant in that language. The rythmical poem, under the same title, in modern Greek, was re-translated (if I may so speak) from the Latin—*απο Δαλινικης εις Ρωμαιικην γλωσσαν. De Fresne, Index Author. ad Gloss. Græc.* When Welfer printed it, he probably did not know that it had been published already (perhaps more than once) among the *Gesta Romanorum*. In an edition, which I have, printed at Rouen in 1521, it makes the 154th chapter. Towards the latter end of the XIIth century, *Godfrey of Viterbo*, in his *Pantbeon* or Universal Chronicle, inserted this romance as part of the history of the third Antiochus, about 200 years before Christ. It begins thus [Ms. Reg. 14, C. xi.]:

Filia Seleuci regis stat clara decore

Matreque defunctâ pater arsit in ejus amore,

Res habet effectum, pressa puella dolet.

The rest is in the same metre, with one pentameter only to two hexameters.

Gower, by his own acknowledgement, took his story from the *Pantbeon*; as the author (whoever he was) of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, professes to have followed Gower. TYRWHITT.

² ——— *that old was sung,*] I do not know that *old* is by any author used adverbially.—We might read,

To sing a song of old was sung,—

i. e. *that of old*, &c.

But the poet is so licentious in the language which he has attributed to Gower in this piece, that I have made no change.

MALONE.

And lords and ladies, of their lives *
 Have read it for restoratives.
 The purpose is to make men glorious ⁴,
Et bonum, quo antiquius, eo melius.
 If you, born in these latter times,
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhimes,
 And that to hear an old man sing,
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,
 I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.
 This Antioch then, Antiochus the Great
 Built up; this city, for his chiefest seat;
 The fairest in all Syria;
 (I tell you what mine authors say ⁵ :)

³ *It hath been sung at festivals,
 On Ember eves, and holidays;*

For the sake of rhyme, I suppose we should read,
 ——— and holy ales;

i. e. church-ales. FARMER.

This emendation appears so probable, that I have inserted it in the text. Gower's speeches were certainly intended to rhyme throughout. MALONE.

* *in their lives,*] Thus all the copies. The emendation now made was suggested by the rev. Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

⁴ *The purchase is ———*] Thus all the copies. I suppose we ought to read—*purpose*. STEEVENS.

*The purpose is to make men glorious,
 Et bonum quo antiquius eo melius.*]

There is an irregularity of metre in this couplet. The same variation is observable in the lyrical parts of *Macbeth*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ I am for the air; this night I'll spend

“ Unto a dismal and a fatal end.”

Macbeth.

So in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ Pretty soul, she durst not lie

“ Near to this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.” MALONE.

⁵ (*I tell you what mine authors say* : [This is added in imitation of Gower's manner, and that of Chaucer, Lydgate, &c. who often thus refer to the original of their tales. — These choruses resemble Gower in few other particulars. STEEVENS.

This

PRINCE OF TYRE.

This king unto him took a peer⁶,
 Who died and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face⁷,
 As Heaven had lent her all his grace:
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke;
 Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
 To evil, should be done by none.
 By custom, what they did begin⁸,
 Was with long use, account no sin⁹.
 The beauty of this sinful dame,
 Made many princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:

⁶ ——— *unto him took a peer,*] Thus the quarto of 1609, and all the subsequent copies. I have no doubt that the author wrote *peer*, a word frequently used by our ancient poets, signifying a mate, or companion. Throughout this piece, the poet, though he has not closely copied the language of Gower's poem, has endeavoured to give his speeches somewhat of an antique air.

MALONE.

⁷ ——— *full of face,*] i. e. completely, exuberantly beautiful. A *full fortune*, in *Othello*, means a *complete, a large one*. Again, in *the Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

“ ——— But have you
 “ A full promise of her?”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ One that but performs
 “ The bidding of the *fullest* man, and worthiest
 “ To have command obey'd.” STEVENS.

⁸ *By custom what they did begin,*] All the copies read unintelligibly, *But custom, &c.* — MALONE.

⁹ ——— *account no sin.*] *Account for accounted.* So in *K. John*. *Wast for Wasted*:

“ Than now the English bottoms have *wast* o'er.

STEVENS.

Again, in *Gascoigne's Complaint of Philomene*, 1575:

“ And by the lawde of his pretence
 “ His lewdness was *acquit*.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— And this report
 “ Hath so *exasperate* the king.” ———

MALONE.

Which to prevent, he made a law,
 (To keep her still ¹, and men in awe,)
 That whofo ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life :
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify ².
 What ensues, to the judgment of your eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify ³. [Exit,

¹ *To keep her still, and men in awe,*] The meaning, I think, is, not—to keep her and men in awe—but, to keep her still to himself—and to deter others from demanding her in marriage. MALONE.

² *As yon grim looks do testify.*] Gower must be supposed here to point to the heads of these unfortunate wights, which, he tells us, in his poem, were fixed on the gate of the palace at Antioch ;

“ The fader whan he understood
 “ That thei his doughter thus besought,
 “ With all his wit he cast and fought
 “ Howe that he mighte fynde a lette,
 “ And such a statute then he sette,
 “ And in this wise his lawe taxeth,
 “ That what man his doughter axeth,
 “ But if he couth his question
 “ A soyle upon suggestion,
 “ Of certeyn thinges that befell,
 “ The which he wolde upto him tell,
 “ He shulde in certeyn lese his hede,
 “ And thus there were many dede,
 “ Her beades stondinge on the gate,
 “ Till at last, long and late,
 “ For lack of answer in this wise
 “ The remnante, that wexen wyse,
 “ Eschewden to make assaie.”

MALONE.

³ — *my cause who best can justify.*] The two folios, and the modern editions read—“ who best can testify.”—The reading of the text is that of the earliest quarto. MALONE.

— *who best can justify.*] i. e. *which* (the judgment of your eye) best can justify, i. e. prove its resemblance to the ordinary course of nature. So afterwards :

When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge—

STEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE I.

The Palace of Antioch.

Enter Antiochus, Pericles, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre ⁴, you have at large
receiv'd

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprize. [*Musick.*

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride ⁵,
For the embracements, even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence ⁶;

The

⁴ *Young prince of Tyre,*] It does not appear in the present drama that the father of Pericles is living. By *prince*, therefore, throughout this play, we are to understand *prince regnant*. See act ii. sc. iv. and the epitaph in act iii. sc. iii. In the *Gesta Romanorum*, Apollonius is *king* of Tyre; and Appolyn, in Copland's translation from the French, has the same title. Our author, in calling Pericles a prince, seems to have followed Gower.

MALONE.

⁵ *Bring in our daughter clothed like a bride,*] All the copies read, *Musick, bring in our daughter clothed like a bride.*

The metre proves decisively that the word *musick* was a marginal direction, inserted in the text by the mistake of the transcriber or printer. MALONE.

⁶ *For the embracements, even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave to glad her presence, &c.]*

Perhaps the two last lines should be transposed; *whose conception*, otherwise, will be the conception of the antecedent, *Jove*, and the dowry will have been bestowed to glad the antecedent *Lucina*. The sense of the speech, however managed, will not be very clear without a slight alteration, *her* instead of *whose*.

“ Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride

“ For the embracements even of Jove himself.

“ Nature this dowry gave to glad her presence —

“ At *her* conception, till Lucina reign'd,

“ The

The senate-house of planets all did fit,
To knit in her their best perfections⁷.

Enter the daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See where she comes, apparel'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men !
Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures⁸, as from thence
Sorrow,

“ The senate-house of planets all did fit
“ To knit in her their best perfections.”

Bring forth, (says Antiochus) our daughter, &c. Nature bestowed this advantage to make her presence welcome.—From her conception, to the instant of her birth, the senate-house of planets were sitting in consultation how best she might be adorned.

The thought is expressed as follows in *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510. “ — For nature had put nothyng in oblyvyon at the fourmyng of her, but as a chef operacyon had fet her in the syght of the worlde.”

In the succeeding speech of Pericles, perhaps another transposition is necessary. We might therefore read :

See where she comes, apparel'd like *the king*,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts *the spring*
Of every virtue, &c.

Antiochus had commanded that his daughter should be clothed in a manner suitable to the bride of Jove ; and thus dress'd in royal robes, she may be said to be apparelled *like the king*. STEEVENS,

In the speech now before us, the words *whose* and *her* may refer to the daughter of Antiochus, without greater licence than is taken by Shakspeare in many of his plays. MALONE,

⁷ *The senate-house of planets all did fit
To knit in her their best perfections.*]

We have here a sentiment expressed with less affectation in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ ——— the elements
“ So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up
“ And say to all the world, This was a man.”

STEEVENS,

⁸ *Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, ———]*

In what sense a lady's face can be styled *a book of praises* (unless by a very forced construction it be understood to mean *an aggregate*

Sorrow were ever ras'd⁹, and testy wrath
 Could never be her mild companion.
 Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
 That have inflam'd desire in my breast¹,
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
 As I am son and servant to your will,
 To compass such a boundless happiness²!

Ant. Prince Pericles——

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides³,
 With

gregate of what is praise-worthy) I profess my inability to understand. I suspect indeed, from what follows, that our author (with sufficient pedantry) wrote,

“ Her face a book of *praises* —— ”

comparing the lady to such books as *Udall's Flowers of Speaking; England's Parnassus, or the choicest Flowers of our modern Poets; Belvidere, or the Garden of the Muses, &c.* works which consist only of selected *praises*, and beautiful passages, from writers of the age of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

*Her face, the book of praises, where is read
 Nothing but curious pleasures,*]

I am satisfied with Mr. Steevens's first interpretation of this passage. The same thought occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ Read o'er the *volume* of young Paris face,
 “ And find *delight* writ there with beauty's pen.”

MALONE.

⁹ *Sorrow were ever ras'd,*——] The second quarto, and all the subsequent copies, read *rackt*. The first quarto *racte*—which is only the old spelling for *ras'd*. The metaphor in the preceding line—“ Her face the *book* of praises”—shews clearly that this was the author's word. MALONE.

¹ *That have inflam'd desire in my breast,*] It should be remembered that *desire* was sometimes pronounced as a trisyllable.—The later editors, not attending to this, read—“ *within* my breast.”

MALONE.

² *To compass such a boundless happiness.*] All the old copies have *bondless*. The reading of the text was furnished by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

³ *Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,*] In the enumeration of the persons, prefixed to this drama, which was first made by the editor of Shakspeare's plays in 1664, and copied without alteration by Mr. Rowe, the daughter of Antiochus is, by a ridiculous

With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd ;
 For death-like dragons here affright thee hard :
 Her face, like heav'n, enticeth thee to view
 Her countless glory ⁴, which desert must gain :
 And which, without desert because thine eye
 Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die ⁵.
 Yon sometime famous princes ⁶, like thyself,
 Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
 Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,

culous mistake, called *Hesperides*, an error to which this line seems to have given rise.—Shakspeare was not quite accurate in his idea of the *Hesperides*, but he certainly never intended to give this appellation to the princess of Antioch ; for it appears from *Love's Labour Lost*, act iv. scene the last, that he thought *Hesperides* was the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept ; in which sense the word is clearly used in the passage now before us :

“ For valour is not love a Hercules,

“ Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides* ?”

In the first quarto edition of this play, this lady is only called *Antiochus' daughter*. If Shakspeare had wished to have introduced a female name derived from the *Hesperides*, he has elsewhere shewn that he knew how such a name ought to be formed ; for in *As You Like It*, mention is made of “ *Hesperia*, the princess gentlewoman.” MALONE.

⁴ *Her countless glory*, —] The *countless* glory of a face, seems a harsh expression—but the poet, probably, was thinking of the stars, the *countless* eyes of heaven, as he calls them in page 15.

MALONE.

⁵ — *all thy whole heap must die*.] i. e. thy whole mass must be destroyed. There seems to have been an opposition intended. *Thy whole heap*, thy body, must suffer for the offence of a *part*, thine eye. The word *bulk*, like *heap* in the present passage, is apparently used for *body*, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1615 :

“ Had I thy heart to tread upon the *bulk*

“ Of my dead father ?”

And again, in *The Love of King David and fair Bethsabe*, 1599 :

“ And in this ditch amidst this darksome word

“ Bury his *bulk* beneath a heap of stones.”

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

“ But smother'd it within my fleeting *bulk*.” MALONE.

⁶ *Yon sometime famous princes*, —] See before, p. 8, note 2.

MALONE.

That,

That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
 Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
 From going on death's net⁷, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast taught
 My frail mortality to know itself,
 And by those fearful objects to prepare
 This body, like to them, to what I must⁸:
 For death remember'd should be like a mirrour,
 Who tells us, life's but breath, to trust it error⁹.
 I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,
 Who know the world, see heav'n, but feeling woe¹,
 Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you
 And all good men, as every prince should do;
 My riches to the earth from whence they came;
 But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the daughter of Antiochus.*]

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
 I wait the sharpest blow.

⁷ From *going on death's net*,—] The old copies read, I think corruptly, *for going*, &c. MALONE.

⁸ — *like to them, to what I must*:] That is,—to prepare this body for that state to which I must *come*. MALONE.

⁹ — *to trust it error*.] The modern editions read, unintelligibly, —to trust *in* error— MALONE.

¹ *Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe*,] I strongly suspect this line to be corrupt. Perhaps the author wrote—

Who know the world's a heaven, but feeling woe, &c.

i. e. who captivated by the pleasures of the world, looked no farther, making this earth, their heaven;—but at length feeling, &c. So in *the Comedy of Errors*:

“ My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

“ My sole earth's heaven” —

The meaning, however, may be—*I will act as sick men do; who having had experience of the pleasures of the world, and only a visionary and distant prospect of heaven, have neglected the latter for the former; but at length feeling themselves decaying, grasp no longer at temporal pleasures, but prepare calmly for futurity.*— as this meaning may with some difficulty be extracted from the text, as it is exhibited in all the ancient copies, I have made no change.

MALONE.

Ant.

Ant. Scorning advice.—Read the conclusion then²;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before, so thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all said yet, may'st thou prove prosperous!

Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought,
But faithfulness, and courage.

The Riddle⁴.

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed:*

² ——— Read the conclusion then;] This and the two following lines are given in the first quarto to Pericles;—and the word *Antiochus*, which is now placed in the margin, makes part of his speech.—There can be no doubt that they belong to *Antiochus*.

MALONE:

³ *Daugh.* Of all said yet, may'st thou prove prosperous!

Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness!

As this lady utters so little, it is natural to wish that little were more easy to be understood. Perhaps we ought to read in both lines—*For all said yet*—

On account of all thou hast hitherto said (says she) I wish thee prosperity and happiness. Her conscience must suppress a farther wish in his behalf; for it should be remembered that Pericles could succeed only by his just interpretation of a riddle which tended to reveal her incestuous commerce with her father.—Her wish indeed, with poetical justice, is accomplished. He is prosperous in achieving a more worthy bride, and is dismissed to happiness at the conclusion of the play. STERVENS.

⁴ The riddle is thus described in Gower: *Questio regis Antiochis*—*Scelere vebor, maternâ carne vescor, quero patrem meum, matris meæ virum, uxoris meæ filium.*

“ With felonie I am upbote

“ I etc, and have it not forlore,

“ My moders fleshe whose husbonde

“ My fader for to seche I fonde,

“ Which is the sonne eke of my wife,

“ Hereof I am inquisitive.

“ And who that can my tale save

“ All quite he shall my daughter have.

“ Of his answere and if he faile,

“ He shall be dead withouten faile.” MALONE.

I sought

*I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you⁵.*

Sharp physick is the last : but O ye powers !
That give heav'n countless eyes to view mens' acts⁶,
Why cloud they not their fights perpetually⁷,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it ?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
[Takes hold of the hand of the princess.
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill :
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt ;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait⁸,
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings ;

⁵ *As you will live, resolve it you.*] This duplication is common in our ancient writers. So, in *K. Henry IV* :

“ I'll drink no more, for no man's pleasure, I.”

MALONE.

⁶ *That give heav'n countless eyes to view men's acts.*] So in *Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ ——— who more enlards the night

“ Than all you fiery o's and eyes of light.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Spread thy close curtains, love-performing night,

“ That runaway's eyes may wink.” MALONE.

——— *countless eyes* ——

Why cloud they not ——]

So in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— stars, bide your fires,

“ Let not light see, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Why cloud they not their fights perpetually.*] The folios and Rowe read, unintelligibly,

“ Why could they not their fights perpetually,”

The reading of the text is found in the quarto, 1609.

MALONE.

⁸ *For he's no man on whom perfections wait.*] Means no more than—*he's no benefit man, that knowing, &c.* MALONE.

Who,

Who, finger'd to make man his lawful mufick⁹,
 Would draw heav'n down, and all the gods to hearken;
 But being play'd upon before your time,
 Hell only danceth at fo harsh a chime :
 Good sooth I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not upon thy life¹;
 For that's an article within our law,
 As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd ;
 Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
 Few love to hear the fins they love to act ;
 'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it:
 Who hath a book of all that monarchs do,
 He's more secure to keep it shut, than shewn :
 For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself² ;

⁹ ——— to make man ———] i. e. to produce for man, &c.
 MALONE.

¹ *Prince Pericles, touch not upon thy life,*] This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves. His jealousy resembles that of Antony:

“ ——— to let him be familiar with
 “ My play-fellow your hand ; this kingly seal,
 “ And plighter of high hearts.” STEEVENS.

² *For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself, &c.]*

That is ; —which blows dust, &c.

The man who knows of the ill practices of princes, is unwise if he reveals what he knows ; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes.—When the blast is over, the eye that has been affected by the dust, suffers no farther pain, but can see as clearly as before ; so by the relation of criminal acts, the eyes of mankind, (though they are affected and turn away with horror) are opened, and see clearly what before was not even suspected : But by exposing the crimes of others, the relater suffers himself ; as the breeze passes away, so the breath of the informer is gone ; he dies for his temerity. Yet, to stop the course or ventilation of the air, would hurt the eyes ; and to prevent informers from divulging the crimes of men would be prejudicial to mankind.

Such, I think, is the meaning of this obscure passage.

MALONE.

And

And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear;
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd * hills toward heaven, to tell, the earth is
throng'd

By man's oppression⁵; and the poor worm doth die for't⁶.
Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill.

It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.—
All love the womb that their first being bred⁷,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven that I had thy head⁸! he has found
the meaning!

But I will gloze with him⁹. Young prince of Tyre,
Though

* *Copp'd hills*———] i. e. rising to a top or head. *Copped* Hall, in Essex, was so named from the lofty pavilion on the roof of the old house, which has been since pulled down. The upper tire of masonry that covers a wall is still called the *copping* or *coping*. High-crowned hats were anciently called *copatain* hats.

STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *the earth is throng'd*

By man's oppression; ———]

Perhaps we should read—*wrong'd*. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *and the poor worm doth die for't.*] I suppose he means to call the *mole*, (which suffers in its attempts to complain of man's injustice) a *poor worm*, as a term of commiseration. Thus in the *Tempest*, Prospero speaking to Miranda, says,

“*Poor worm! thou art infected.*”

The mole remains secure till he has thrown up those hillocks, which, by pointing out the course he is pursuing, enable the vermin-hunter to catch him. STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *that their first being bred,*] The folios and Mr. Rowe read,

“All love the womb that their being bred.”

The earliest quarto supplied the present reading. MALONE.

⁸ *Heav'n that I had thy head!*———] The speaker may either mean to say ——— *O that I had thy ingenuity!*— or ——— *O that I had thy head, sever'd from thy body!*— The latter, I believe is the meaning. MALONE.

⁹ *But I will gloze with him.*] So Gower:

“The kinge was wondre sorie tho

“And thought, if that he said it oute,

“Then were he shamed all aboute:

Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
 Your exposition mis-interpreting¹,
 We might proceed to cancel of your days²;
 Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
 Forty days longer we do respite you³,
 If by which time our secret be undone,
 This mercy shews, we'll joy in such a son:
 And until then, your entertain shall be,
 As doth best our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt Ant. and his daughter.*]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!
 When what is done is like an hypocrite,
 The which is good in nothing but in sight.
 If it be true that I interpret false,
 Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
 Where now you're both a father and a son,
 By your untimely clasps with your child,

¹ *With sic wardes and wish fello*

² He sayth: My sonne I shall thee telle,

³ Though that thou be of littel witte, &c. MALONE.

¹ *Your exposition misinterpreting,*] Your exposition of the riddle being a mistaken one; not interpreting it rightly. MALONE.

² ——— *to cancel of your days;*] The first and second quarto read—"to counsel of your days"—The folio 1664—"to cancel off your days."—Perhaps the earliest reading may be right—*We might proceed to deliberate how long you should be permitted to live.*

It is unnecessary to read—"cancel off," for cancel may be understood substantively. *We might proceed to the cancellation or destruction of your life.*—The author uses the participle *cancel'd* in the sense required here, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun." MALONE.

To omit the article was formerly a practice not uncommon. So in *Titus Andronicus*: "Ascend fair queen, Pantheon," i. e. *the Pantheon.* STEEVENS.

³ *Forty days longer we do respite you,*] In the *Gesta Romanorum*, *Confessio Amantis*, and the *History of Kyng Appolyn*, thirty days only are allowed for the solution of this question. It is difficult to account for this minute variation, but by supposing that our author copied some translation of the *Gesta Romanorum* hitherto undiscovered. MALONE.

(Which

PRINCE OF TYRE.

(Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father);
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
 By the defiling of her parent's Bed;
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
 Antioch farewell! for wisdom fees, those men
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
 Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
 Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
 Then, lest my life be crop'd to keep you clear,
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

Re-enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which
 we mean
 To have his head;

— for wisdom, fees those men
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
 Will shun no course to keep them from the light.]

Thus all the old copies—but *shew* is evidently a corruption:
 The word that I have ventured to insert in the text, in its
 place, was suggested by these lines in a subsequent scene, which
 appear to me strongly to support this emendation:

“ And what may make him blush in being known,
 He'll stop the course by which it might be known.”

We might read *'shew* for *eschew*, if there were any instance of
 such an abbreviation being used.

The expression is here, as in many places in this play, elliptical:
*for wisdom fees that those who do not blush to commit actions blacker
 than the night, will not shun any course, in order to preserve them from
 being made publick.* MALONE.

— to keep you clear,] To prevent any suspicion from
 falling on you. So in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— always thought that I
 “ Require a clearness.”

Again, in *Marlowe's Lust's Dominion*, 1657:

“ ——— I know myself am clear
 “ As is the new-born infant.” MALONE.

He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
 Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
 In such a loathed manner :
 And therefore instantly this prince must die ;
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.
 Who attends us there ?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highness call ?

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our
 mind
 Partakes her private actions⁶ to your secrecy ;
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
 Thaliard, behold here's poison, and here's gold ;
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him ;
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done ?
Thal. My lord, 'tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough.

Let your breath cool your self, telling your haste.

Mes. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

Ant. As thou

Wilt live, fly after ; and as an arrow, shot
 From a well experienc'd archer, hits the mark
 His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return,
 Unless thou say'st, Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I can get him within my pistol's
 length, I'll make him sure enough : so farewell to
 your highness. [Exit.]

• ——— and our mind
 Partakes her private actions ———] Our author else-
 where uses the word *partake* in an active sense, for *participate*.
 " Your exultation *partake* to every one." MALONE.

Ant.

Ant. Thaliard adieu ! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head ? [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Tyre.

Enter Pericles, Helicanus, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us : why should this charge
of thoughts ?

The sad companion, dull-ey'd Melancholy ?
By me's so us'd a guest, as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep) can breed me
quiet !

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun
them,

And danger which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here ;
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,

¹ *My heart can lend no succour to my head.*] So the king in
Hamlet :

“ ——— Do it England,

“ For like the hettick in my blood he rages,

“ And thou must cure me ; till I know 'tis done,

“ *How ere my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.*” MALONE.

² — *why should this change of thoughts ?*] In what respect
are the thoughts of Pericles *changed*? I would read—“ *charge* of
thoughts,” i. e. weight of them, burthen, preffure of thought.
So afterwards in this play :

“ Patience, good fir, even for this *charge*.”

The first copy reads *chāge*. STEEVENS.

³ *The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,*] So, in the *Comedy*
of Errors :

“ Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue

“ But moody and *dull Melancholy*,

“ Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair.” MALONE.

— *dull-eyed melancholy,*]

The same compound epithet occurs in the *Merchant of Venice* :

“ I'll not be made a soft and *dull-ey'd* fool.” STEEVENS.

Nor yet the other's distance comfort me :
 Then it is thus ; the passions of the mind,
 That have their first conception by mis-dread,
 Have after-nourishment and life by care ;
 And what was first but fear what might be done ¹,
 Grows elder now, and cares it be not done ²,
 And so with me ;—the great Antiochus,
 ('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
 Since he's so great, can make his will his act,)
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence ;
 Nor boots it me to say I honour him ³,
 If he suspect I may dishonour him :
 And what may make him blush in being known,
 He'll stop the course by which it might be known ;
 With hostile forces he'll o'er-spread the land,
 And with th' ostent of war will look so huge ⁴,
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state ;
 Our men be vanquish'd, e'er they do resist,
 And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence ;

¹ — *but fear what might be done,*] But fear of what might happen. MALONE.

² — *and cares it be not done,*] And makes provision that it may not be done. MALONE.

³ — *to say I honour him,*] *Him* was supplied by Mr. Rowe for the sake of the metre. MALONE.

⁴ *And with the stint of war will look so huge,*] Should not this be

And with *th' ostent* of war, &c.? TYRWHITT.

I once thought the author wrote,

And with the *dint* of war—

i. e. by the force of war.—So in *Julius Caesar* :

“ Now I perceive you feel the *dint* of pity.”

But Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation is much neater, and preserves at the same time, the congruity of the metaphor. The word is used by Shakspeare in *the Merchant of Venice* :

“ Like one well studied in a *faul ostent*

“ To please his grandam”—

Again, in *King Richard II* :

“ With *ostentation* of despised arms—

Stint, which is the reading of all the copies, has here no meaning. MALONE.

Which

Which care of them, not pity of myself,
 (Who owe no more but as the tops of trees,
 Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend
 them,)

Makes ' both my body pine, and soul to languish,
 And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
 Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue:
 They do abuse the king that flatter him,
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
 The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
 To which that spark gives heat and stronger glow-
 ing⁶;

3 Which care of them, not pity of myself,
 (*Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
 Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them*)
 Makes, &c.]

This passage is obscure; but with some slight alteration a meaning may be extracted from it. The sense unites without assistance from the lines printed in Italicks, so that they seem quite parenthetical, and may be regarded only as illustrative of a prince's condition.

He means to compare the head of a kingdom to the summit of a tree. As it is the office of the latter to screen each plant that grows beneath it from the injuries of weather, so it is the duty of the former to protect those who shelter themselves under his government.

Instead of *who once*, I would therefore read *whose use*, or *whose office*. STEEVENS.

I read—who owe no more; i. e. who have no other duty or obligation. To *owe*, in our ancient writers, does not always signify to *possess*, though it be sometimes used in that sense.

MALONE,

⁶ *To which that spark gives heat and stronger glowing;*] Thus the earliest quarto. The folios and Rowe read,

To which that spark gives heat. — MALONE.

The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark

To which that spark gives heat, &c.]

I should imagine that the printer by accident has repeated the word *spark* instead of *wind*, which the sense should seem to require.

STEEVENS.

Whereas

The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father,
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth³: 'but thou know'st
this,

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.

Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector: and being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed;
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth⁴),
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence⁵:

³ *Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:—*] To *smooth* here signifies to flatter. So in *King Lear*, (first folio)

“Such smiling rogues as these——

“——— *smooth* every passion

“That in the nature of their lords rebels.” MALONE.

⁴ *And should he think, as no doubt he doth*] Thus the folios and the modern editors. The first quarto reads,

And should he doo't, as no doubt he doth—

from which the reading of the text has been formed. The repetition is much in our author's manner, and the following words

——— “To lop that doubt”——

render this emendation almost certain. MALONE,

And should he doo't, as no doubt he doth—]

Here is an apparent corruption. I should not hesitate to read—*doubt on't—*or,—*doubt it*. To *doubt* is to remain in suspense or uncertainty, — Should he *be in doubt* that I shall keep this secret, (as there is no doubt but he is) why to “lop that doubt,” i. e. to get rid of that painful uncertainty, he will strive to make me appear the aggressor, by attacking me first as the author of some supposed injury to himself. STEVENS.

⁵ —*who spares not innocence:*] Thus the eldest quarto. All the other copies read corruptly

——— *who fears not innocence*. MALONE,

Which

Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it)——

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my
cheeks,

Musings into my mind, with a thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest e'er it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them⁶.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave
to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by publick war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot;
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life:
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence——

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to
Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it⁷.

I'll

⁶ *I thought it princely charity to grieve them,]* That is, to lament their fate. The eldest quarto reads *to grieve for them*—But a rhyme seems to have been intended. The reading that I have chosen is that of the third quarto. MALONE,

⁷ —— *whose wisdom's strength can bear it.]* Pericles's transferring his authority to Helicanus during his absence, naturally brings *Measure for Measure* to our mind;

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;
 Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both :
 But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe ;
 That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince ;
 Thou shew'dst a subject's shine ' , I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*

“ ——— your own science
 “ Exceeds in that the lists of all advice
 “ My strength can give you.—Then no more remains
 “ But that your sufficiency as your worth is able,
 “ And let them work.—The nature of our people
 “ Our city's institutions, and the terms
 “ For common justice, you are as pregnant in
 “ As art and practice hath enriched any.” MALONE.

* *But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe.*] The first quarto reads—*will live.*—That of 1619—*we live.*—The first may have been right. I suspect, the preceding line has been lost.

MALONE.

But in our orbs, &c.]

———— in seipso totus teres atque rotundus. Horace.

STEVENS.

* ——— *this truth shall ne'er convince,*] Overcome. *Convaincre.*
 Fr. So in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— This malady convinces

“ The great assay of art.”

Again, in Gascoigne's *Complaint of Philomene*, 1575 :

“ His fancy's fume all reason did convince.” MALONE.

* *Thou shew'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.*] *Shine* is by our ancient writers frequently used as a substantive.—So in *Chloris*, or *the Complaint of the passionate despised Shepheard*, by W. Smith, 1596 :

“ Thou glorious sunne from whence my lesser light

“ The substance of his chrystal *shine* doth borrow.”

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593 :

“ Cynthia for shame obscures her silver *shine*.

This sentiment is not much unlike that of Falstaff.—“ I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.” MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive, he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.

Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter Helicanus, Escanes, and other Lords of Tyre.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow-peers of Tyre, further to question me of your king's departure. His seal'd commission, left in trust with me, doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone! [*Aside.*]

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied, why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves, he would depart, I'll give some light unto you. Being at Antioch——

Thal. What from Antioch? [*Aside.*]

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not) took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd so: And doubting lest he had err'd or finned, to shew his sorrow, he would correct himself; so puts himself unto the shipman's toil, with whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive I shall not be hang'd now, although I would²;

² — *although I would;*] So *Autolycus*, in the *Winter's Tale*: "If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me; she drops bounties into my mouth. MALONE.

But

But since he's gone, the king's seas must please³ ;
 He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.—
 I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre.

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles ;
 But since my landing I have understood,
 Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels ;
 My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it⁴ ;
 Commended to our master, not to us :
 Yet ere you shall depart, this we desire,
 As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exit.*

³ — *the king's seas must please :*] These words afford no very obvious meaning. Perhaps Thaliard would say—Since the prince is escaped, *the seas must do Antiochus's pleasure.* The king must look for his gratification from the seas which make a part of his dominions.—But even this is harsh. We may transpose, however, and read—

— well, I perceive

I shall not be hang'd now although I would:
 Since he's gone, the king's seas must *plead for me* ;
 He scap'd the land to perish *on the sea.*
 But I'll present *me.*—Peace to the lords of Tyre.

The sense is—All the king seeks is the destruction of Pericles. If he dies by shipwreck, my master will lay no blame on the tardiness which permitted his enemy to escape on shore. The ocean which accomplished the purpose of Antiochus, will plead in my defence; having rendered my interposition in the business quite unnecessary.

The frequent occurrence of rhimes in this play will apologize for my attempt to introduce them here, where the sense of the speech is concluded; and the frequent corruptions throughout the whole should seem to offer a fair excuse for the prolixity and uncertainty of many of our attempts at emendation.

STEVENS.

⁴ *We have no reason to desire it,*] Thus all the old copies. Perhaps a word is wanting.—We might read,

We have no reason to desire it *told*—

Your message being addressed to our master, and not to us, there is no reason why we should desire you to divulge it. If, however, *desire* be considered as a trisyllable, the metre, though, perhaps, not the sense, will be supplied. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Tbarsus.

Enter Cleon, Dionyza, and others.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench
it;

For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, ev'n such our griefs are;
Here they're but felt, unseen with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle.

³ *Here they're but felt and seen with mischief's eyes,]* Thus all the copies.—The words *and seen*, and that which I have inserted in the text, are so near in sound, that they might easily have been confounded by a hasty pronunciation, or an inattentive transcriber. By *mischief's eyes* I understand “the eyes of those who would feel a malignant pleasure in our misfortunes, and add to them by their triumph over us,”—The eye has been long described by poets as either propitious, or malignant and unlucky.—Thus in a subsequent scene in this play:

“Now the gods throw their *best eyes* upon it!” MALONE.

*Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.]*

Mr. Malone, with sufficient probability, reads,

— *unseen with mischief's eyes,*

i. e. the eyes of malignity, which render sorrow or disgrace more bitter. I think the same kind of reasoning is discoverable in one of the songs in *As You Like it*:

“Blow, blow, thou winter wind,

“Thou art not so unkind

“As man's ingratitude;

“*Thy tooth is not so keen,*

“*Because thou art not seen,*

“Although thy breath be rude.

The lines printed in Italicks are thus elegantly and forcibly explained by Dr. Johnson.

Then

Cle. O Dionyza,

Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs⁶
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder, that
If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them⁷.
I'll then discourse our woes felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have the govern-
ment,

A city, on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets⁸;

Thou winter wind, says the Duke, thy rudeness gives the less pain, as thou art not seen; thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult.

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

This line is introduced to illustrate the former, in which our author has observed that solitude affords us the just measure of our misfortunes, without aggravation. But these misfortunes (he adds) if topp'd, (i. e. attempted to be reduced) increase, like trees which shoot the higher in consequence of having felt the pruning-knife. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— till tongues

Fetch breath ———]

Thus the old copy, but I think corruptedly, and would read —lungs—the organs of respiration. STEEVENS.

⁷ *They may awake their helpers to comfort them.*] Thus the old copies. I read,

They may awake their *helps* to comfort them.

Helps for helpers. So before:

——— “ be my *helps* .

“ To compass such a boundless happiness!”

MALONE.

⁸ *For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;*] I suppose we should read *themselves*. STEEVENS.

Whose

Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the
clouds⁹,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at ;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd¹,
Like one another's glass to trim them by² :
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the fight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight ;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. Oh, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do ! By this our
change,

These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise ;

⁹ — *bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,*] So in *Hamlet* :

“ ——— like the herald Mercury

“ New-lighted on a *heaven-kissing* hill.”

Again, in the *Rape of Lucretia*, 1594 :

“ Threatning *cloud-kissing* Ilion with annoy.” MALONE.

¹ — *so jetted and adorn'd,*] To *jet* is to strut, to walk
proudly. So in *Twelfth Night* : “ Contemplation makes a rare
turkey-cock of him : how he *jets* under his advanced plumes !”

STEVENS.

² *Like one another's glass to trim them by ;*] The same idea is
found in *Hamlet* : Ophelia, speaking of the prince, says, he was

“ The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,

“ The observ'd of all observers.”

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ A sample to the youngest ; to the more mature

“ *A glass that feated them.*”

Again, in the *Second Part of King Henry IV* :

“ He was the mark and *glass*, copy and book,

“ That fashion'd others.”

Again, *ibid* :

“ ——— He was indeed the *glass*,

“ Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.”

MALONE.

Those palates, who, not us'd to hunger's favour,³
 Must have inventions to delight the taste,
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
 Those mothers who, to nouzle up their babes,⁴
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd;
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
 Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
 Here stands a lord; and there a lady weeping;
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
 Is not this true?

³ *Those pallats, who, not yet too favers younger,]* Such is the reading of all the copies. The passage is so corrupt that it is difficult even to form a probable conjecture about it.—The words which I have inserted in the text, afford sense, and are not very remote from the traces of the original letters;—and *savour* and *hunger* might easily have been transposed.—We meet in a subsequent scene:

“All viands that I eat do seem un*savoury*.”

I do not, however, propose this emendation with the smallest confidence; but it may remain till some less exceptionable conjecture shall be offered. MALONE.

Who not yet too favers younger,] Here is a gross corruption. I would boldly read:

Who not yet being pleas'd to hunger. STERVENA.

to nouzle up their babes,] read—*nurse*. A fondling is still call'd a *nursling*. For *nuzzle*, or as it is now written *nuzzle*, is to go with the nose down like a hog. So Pope:

“The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,

“Drops to a third who *nuzzles* close behind.”

STERVENA.

In an ancient poem entitled *The strange Birth, honourable Coronation, and most unhappie Death of famous Arthur, King of Britaine*, 1601, I find the word *nuzzle* used nearly in the same manner as in the text:

“The first faire sportive night that you shall have,

“Lying safely *nuzzled* by faire Igrene's side.”

Again, more appositely, *ibid*:

“Being *nuzzled* in effeminate delights.”

I have therefore retained the reading of the old copy.

MALONE.

Dis

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O let those cities that of Plenty's cup⁵
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring'st, in haste;
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring
shore,

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor⁶;
And so in our's: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantago of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their pow'r⁷;

⁵ O let those cities that of Plenty's cup] A kindred thought is found in *King Lear*:

— "Take physick pomp!

"Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,

"That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,

"And shew the heavens more just." MALONE.

⁶ One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;]

So in *Hamlet*:

— "sorrows never come as single spies,

"But in battalions." STEEVENS.

Again, *ibid*:

"One woe doth tread upon another's heels,

"So fast they follow." MALONE.

⁷ That stuff'd the hollow vessels with their power,] The context clearly shews that we ought to read *bath* instead of *that*.—By *power* is meant *forces*. The word is frequently used in that sense by our ancient writers. So in *King Lear*:

"—from France there comes a power

"Into this scatter'd kingdom." MALONE.

I would read,

Hath stuff'd *these* hollow vessels, &c. STEEVENS.

To beat us down, the which are down already ;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome².

Lord. That's the least fear ; for, by the semblance³
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat⁴ ;
Who makes the fairest shew, means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear² ?

The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there :
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

² *Whereas no glory's*——] *Whereas*, it has been already observed, was anciently used for *where*. MALONE.

³ *That's the least fear ; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd*——]

It should be remembered that *semblance* was pronounced as a trisyllable—*semblance*. So our author in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“ And these two Dromios one in *semblance*.”

So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *resembleth* is a quadrasyllable:

“ O how this spring of love *resembleth*”——

The word *white*, though necessary to the sense, was omitted in the folios, and by Mr. Rowe. It is found in the earliest quarto.

MALONE.

⁴ *Thou speak'st like himnes untutor'd to repeat,*] We should read—*him who is*, and regulate the metre as follows:

—— thou speak'st

Like *him who is* untutor'd to repeat, &c.

The sense is—*Deluded by the pacifick appearance of this navy, you talk like one who has never learned the common adage* “ that the fairest outfaces are most to be suspected.” STEEVENS.

Thou speak'st like himnes untutor'd to repeat,] This is the reading of all the copies, which, those that understand it, may retain. I suppose the author wrote—*him is*—an expression which, however elliptical, is not more so than many others in this play.

MALONE.

² *What need we fear ?*] The earliest copy reads

What need we *leave our* grounds the lowest ?

The reading which is inserted in the text, is that of the second quarto. MALONE.

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist³;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load⁴;
And these our ships, (you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,
With bloody views expecting overthrow⁵;)
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life, whom hunger starv'd half dead.

Omnes. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we will pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought⁶,

Be

³ ——— if he on peace consist;] If he stands on peace.—A Latin sense. MALONE.

⁴ But to relieve them ———] Thus the earliest quarto.—All the subsequent copies read *release*. MALONE.

⁵ And these our ships you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within
With bloody veins expecting overthrow,] I would read:
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,
With bloody views, expecting overthrow, &c.

So in a former scene:

“Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power.”

STEEVENS.

Every reader will, I think, approve of this very happy emendation. MALONE.

⁶ Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,] I suspect the author wrote:

Or pay you with unthankfulness in ought,
Be it our wives, &c.

Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
 The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils !
 Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)
 Your grace is welcome to our town and us,

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a
 while,

Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
 His child, I wis, to incest bring :
 A better prince and benign lord,
 That will prove awful both in deed and word.
 Be quiet then, as men should be,
 Till he hath past necessity.
 I'll shew you those in trouble's reign,
 Losing a mite, a mountain gain⁷.
 The good, in conversation⁸
 (To whom I give my benizon)

Is

If we are unthankful to you in any one instance, or refuse, should there be occasion, to sacrifice any thing for your service, whether our wives, our children, or ourselves, may the curse of heaven, and of mankind, &c.—*Ought* was anciently written *ought*. *Our wives*, &c. may however refer to *any* in the former line; I have therefore made no change. MALONE.

⁷ *I'll shew you those*, [&c.] I will now exhibit to you persons, who, after suffering small and temporary evils, will at length be blessed with happiness.—I suspect our author had here in view the title of the chapter in *Geſta Romanorum*, in which the story of Apollonius is told; though I will not say in what language he read it. It is this: “ De tribulatione temporali que in gaudium semperiternum postremo commutabitur.” MALONE.

⁸ *The good*, in conversation
 (To whom I give my benizon)
 Is still at Tharsus, where, &c.]

This

Is still at Tharsus, where each man
 Thinks all is writ he spoken can:
 And, to remember what he does,
 Gild his statue to make him glorious:
 But tidings to the contrary
 Are brought to your eyes; what need speak I?

This passage is confusedly expressed. Gower means to say—
 The good prince (on whom I bestow my best wishes) is still en-
 gaged in conversation at Tharsus, where every man, &c.

STEEVENS.

'Thinks all is writ he spoken can:] pays as much respect to
 whatever Pericles says, as if it were holy writ. "All he says is
 not gospel," is still common language. MALONE.

Writ may certainly mean *scripture*; the holy writings, by way
 of eminence, being so denominated. We might however read—
 wit, i. e. wisdom. So Gower, in this story of *Prince Appolyn*,

"Though that thou be of littel witte." STEEVENS.

'Build his statue to make him glorious:] This circumstance, as
 well as the foregoing, is found in *the Conf. Amant*.

"Appolinus whan that he herde
 "The mischefe howe the citee forde,
 "All freliche of his owne giste
 "His wheate among hem for to shifte,
 "The whiche by ship he had brought,
 "He yave, and toke of hem right nought.
 "But sithen fyrst this worlde began
 "Was never yet to suche a man
 "More joye made than thei hym made,
 "For thei were all of hym so glade,
 "That thei for ever in remembrance
 "Made a figure in resemblance
 "Of hym, and in a common place
 "Thei set it up; so that his face
 "Might every man beholde,
 "So as the citee was beholde;
 "It was of laton over-gylte
 "Thus hath he nought his yeste spilt,"

All the copies read—*Build his statue, &c.* MALONE.

Build his statue to make him glorious:] Read *gild*. So in *Gower*:

"It was of laton over-gylte."

Again, in *King Appolyn of Tyre*, 1500, "—in remembrance
 they made an ymage or statue of clene gold, &c."

The same blunder has been repeated by the printer in a sub-
 sequent scene—

This jewel holds his building on my arm—
 where I have corrected it again—*gilding*. STEEVENS.

Dumb shew.

Enter at one door Pericles talking with Cleon; all the train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shews the letter to Cleon; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him.

[Exit Pericles at one door, and Cleon at another.]

Good Helicane hath staid at home²,
 Not to eat honey, like a drone,
 From others' labours; for though he strive³
 To killen bad, keeps good alive;
 And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
 Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:

² *Good Helicane that staid at home,
 Not to eat honey like a drone,
 From others' labours; for though he strive
 To killen bad, keep good alive:
 And to fulfil his prince' desire,
 Sav'd one of all that haps in Tyre:]*

I would read and point the passage thus:
 Good Helicane, hath stay'd at home,
 Not to eat honey like a drone,
 From others' labours; for though he strive
 To killen bad, keeps good alive,
 And to fulfill his prince' desire,
 Sends word of all that haps in Tyre, &c,

He who can draw sense from the old reading, has a right to reject this emendation. STEEVENS.

³ ——— for though *he strive*] I am not satisfied with this expression. We might read (with no greater degree of obscurity than occurs in other parts of these choruses)

——— *forethought* he strive ———

i. e. he contrives antecedently. He remains not in Tyre as an idle character. His anticipating wisdom provides how to root out vice and cherish virtue.

The word which I would introduce, for want of one more apposite, occurs in *King Jobn*:

“Thou virtuous dauphin, alter not the doom
 “*Forethought* by heaven. STEEVENS.”

How

How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
 And had intent to murder him ⁴ ;
 And that in Tharsus 'twas not best,
 Longer for him to make his rest :
 He knowing so ⁵, put forth to seas,
 Where when men bin, there's seldom ease ;
 For now the wind begins to blow ;
 Thunder above, and deeps below,
 Make such unquiet, that the ship
 Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split ;
 And he, good prince, having all lost,
 By waves, from coast to coast is tost ;
 All perished of man, of pelf,
 Ne ought escapen'd but himself ;
 Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
 Threw him ashore to give him glad :
 And here he comes ; what shall be next,
 Pardon old Gower ; thus long's the text. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E I.

Pentapolis.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven ⁶ !
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
 Is

⁴ *And had intent to murder him ;*] The first quarto reads,
 And bid in Tent to murder him.

This is only mentioned, to shew how inaccurately this play was originally printed, and to justify the liberty that has been taken in correcting the preceding passage. The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1619. MALONE.

⁵ *He doing so, —*] I would read—*He knowing so—i. e. he being thus informed.* STEVENS.

⁶ *Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven !
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember earthly man
 Is but a substance, &c.]* I would read :

— ye angry stores of heaven,
 Wind, rain, and thunder ! remember, &c.

P E R I C L E S,

Is but a substance, that must yield to you ;
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
 Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
 Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath,
 Nothing to think on, but ensuing death :
 Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
 To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;

So Milton, *Paradise Lost*, b. ii. l. 175.

~~Nothing to think on~~ what if all

" Her *stores* were open'd, and this firmament
 " Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire ———"

Again, b. vi. l. 764.

" His quiver with three-bolted thunder *stor'd*."

So Addison in his *Cato*:

" Some hidden thunder in the *stores* of heaven."

In strictness, the old reading wants somewhat of propriety, because there are no *stars* beside *heaven*. We say properly — the *sands of the sea*, and the *fishes of the sea*, because there are *like-wile sands of the earth*, and *fishes that live in fresh water*; but *stars* are to be found *only* in those regions of which *wind, rain, and thunder* are the acknowledged *stores*. So in *King Lear*:

" All the *stor'd* vengeance of heaven fall

" On her ingrateful top! &c." ——— STEEVENS,

~~Nothing to think on~~ and left my breath,

Nothing to think on but ensuing death.]

The interposition of rhyme in the middle of this speech, and the awkwardness of imputing *thought* to *breath*, incline me to believe here is some corruption. Perhaps the author wrote

~~Nothing to think on~~ *left my breast*

Nothing to think on, &c. ———

To revolve any thing in the *breast* or *bosom* is a phrase sufficiently authorized. So Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. ix. v. 288,

" *Thoughts*, which how sound they *burrow* in thy *breast*?"

STEEVENS.

~~Nothing to think on~~ and left my *breath*,] Thus all the copies. I read ~~and left me breath~~ that is, left me *life* — only to aggravate thy misfortunes, by enabling me to think on the death that awaits me.

This slight change, in some measure, removes the absurdity that Mr Steevens has justly remarked in the passage as it stands in the old copy. The rhyme, I believe, was intended; for in many of Shakspeare's plays he seems to have thought rhyme an ornament, whenever it could be commodiously introduced.

MALONE.

And

And having thrown him from your watry grave,
Here to have death in peace; is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche ?!

2 *Fish.* Ha, come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say !

3 *Fish.* What say you, master ?

¹ This scene seems to have been formed on the following lines in the *Conf. Amant.*

“ Thus was the yonge lorde all alone,

“ All naked in a poure pitee. —

“ — There came a fisher in the weye

“ And sigh a man there naked stonde,

“ And when that he hath understonde

“ The cause, he hath of hym great routh ;

“ And busly of his poure routh

“ Of such clothes as he hadde

“ With great pitee this lorde he cladde,

“ And he hym thonketh as he shoide,

“ And sayth hym that it shall be yolde

“ If ever he gete his state ageyne,

“ And praith that he wolde hym seyne,

“ If nigh were any towne for hym.

“ He sayd ye, Pentapolim,

“ Where both kynge and queene dwellen,

“ When he this tale herde tellen

“ He gladdeth hym, and gan bescho,

“ That he the wey hym wolde teche.”

Shakspere, delighting to describe the manners of such people, has introduced three fishermen instead of one, and extended the dialogue to a considerable length. MALONE.

² *What ho! Pilche!*] All the old copies read, *What to pilch?* Might we not read, — *What, pilche!* — *Pilche* is a leathern coat.

TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation appears to me very probable. — The first fisherman appears to be the master, and speaks with authority, and some degree of contempt, to the third fisherman, who is a servant. — His next speech, *What, Patch-breech, I say!* is in the same style. — The second fisherman seems to be a servant likewise; and after the master has called — *What, ho, Pilche!* — explains what it is he wants — *Ha — come and bring away the nets.* MALONE.

1 *Fish.*

1 *Fish*. Look how thou stirrest now: come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion¹.

3 *Fish*. 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 *Fish*. Alas, poor souls, it griev'd my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them², when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish*. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled³? they say, they are half fish, half flesh; a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish*. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him⁴, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a'the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral,

¹ ——— with a wannion.] A phrase of which the meaning is obvious, though I cannot explain the word at the end of it. It is common in many of our old plays. STEEVENS.

² Alas poor souls! it griev'd my heart ———] So in *the Winter's Tale*: "O the most pitious cry of the poor souls! Sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em;—now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog'shead. And then for the land-service—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cry'd to me for help, &c." MALONE.

³ ——— when I saw the porpus how he bounce'd and tumbled?] The rising of porpuses near a vessel at sea, has long been considered by the superstition of sailors, as the fore-runner of a storm. So, in *the Dutchess of Malfy*, by Webster, 1623: "He lifts up his nose like a foul porpus before a storm." MALONE.

⁴ ——— as to a whale—a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, ———] So in *Coriolanus*:

" ——— like scaled sculls

" Before the belching whale," STEEVENS.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish.* Why, man?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallow'd me too : and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind—

Per. Simonides?

3 *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea^s These fishers tell the infirmities of men ; And from their watry empire recollect All that may men approve, or men detect ! Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest, good fellow, what's that, if it be a day fits you, search out of the kalendar, and no body look after it⁶.

Per.

^s ——— *the fenny subject of the sea*) Read — *finny*. This thought is not much unlike another in *As You Like It* :

“ ——— this our life, exempt from publick haunt,

“ Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

“ Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Honest, good fellow, what's that, if it be a day fits you, search out of the kalendar, and no body look after it?*] The preceding speech of Pericles affords no apt introduction to the reply of the fisherman. Either somewhat is omitted that cannot now be supplied, or the whole passage is obscured by more than common depravation.

It should seem that the prince had made some remark on the badness of the day. Perhaps the dialogue originally ran thus :

Per. Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen ;

The day is rough and thwarts your occupation.

2. Honest ! good fellow, what's that ? If it be *not* a day fits you, *scratch* it out of the kalendar, and nobody *will* look after it.

The following speech of Pericles is equally abrupt and inconsequent :

May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

The

Per. You may see, the sea hath cast me on your coast.

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way?!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball For them to play upon, intreats you pity him; He asks of you, that never us'd to beg,

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Can't thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou can't fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know; But what I am, want teaches me to think on; A man throng'd up with cold⁷; my veins are chill,

The folio reads,

I may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast.

I would rather suppose the poet wrote;

Nay, see the sea hath cast upon your coast——

Here the fisherman interposes. The prince then goes on.

A MAN, &c. STEEVENS.

⁷ —— to cast thee in our way!; He is playing on the word *cast*; which anciently was used both in the sense of *to throw*, and *to vomit*. So in *Macbeth*, vol. iv. p. 509,

“Yet I made a shift to cast him.”

It is used in the latter sense above —— till he cast bells, &c. up again. MALONE.

“A man throng'd up with cold; ——” I suspect that this, which is the reading of all the copies, is corrupt. We might read,

A man shrunk up with cold;

(It might have been anciently written *shrink*). So in *Cymbeline*;

“The shivering slaves of winter ——” MALONE.

Throng'd up with cold may mean only molested by it, as by the pressure of a crowd. With this situation Apemantus threatens Timon;

“ —— I'll say thou hast gold;

“ —— Thou wilt be throng'd too, shortly.”

Throng'd might also be used by Pericles to signify shrunk into a heap, so as to have one part crowded into another.

STEEVENS.

And

And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help :
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid ! I have a gown here¹; come put it on, keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow ! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holydays², fish for fasting days, and more'er puddings and flap-jacks³; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, fir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whip'd then?

2 Fish. O not at all, my friend, not at all; for if all your beggars were whip'd, I would wish no better office, than to be a beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour !

1 Fish. Hark you, fir, do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why I'll tell you; this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 Fish. Ay, fir, and he deserves so to be call'd, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

¹ *I have a gown here, &c.*] In the prose history of *Kynge Apolyn of Thyre*, already quoted, the fisherman gives him "one halfe of his blacke mantelle for to cover his body with." STEEVENS.

² — *flesh for all day, fish for fasting days, and more, or puddings, &c.*] The poet without doubt wrote, "flesh for holydays." MALONE. For "— and more, or puddings and flapjacks," — read — "and more'er puddings and flapjacks." FARMER.

³ — *flapjacks*;] In some counties a *flapjack* signifies an apple-puff: but anciently it seems to have meant a *pancake*. STEEVENS.

• *Per.* He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects, the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 *Fish.* Marry, fir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and turney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 *Fish.* O fir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul³.

Re-enter the two Fishermen drawing up a net.

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill

³ — *and what a man cannot get,*—] This passage, in its present state, is to me unintelligible. We might read,—“O fir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may *not* lawfully deal for;—his wife's soul.”

Be content; things must be as Providence has appointed;—and what his situation in life does not entitle him to aspire to, he ought not to attempt;—the affections of a woman in a higher sphere than his own.

Soul is in other places used by our author for love.—Thus in *Measure for Measure*:

“ ——— we have with special soul

“ Elected him, our absence to supply.” MALONE.

Things must be (says the speaker) *as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not sure to compass, he has yet a just right to attempt.*—Thus far the passage is clear.—The fisherman may then be supposed to begin a new sentence—*His wife's soul*—but here he is interrupted by his comrades. He might otherwise have proceeded to say—*The good will of a wife indeed is one of the things which is difficult of attainment. A husband is in the right to strive for it, but after all his pains may fail to secure it.*—I wish his brother fishermen had called off his attention before he had had time to utter his last three words. STEVENS.

The fisherman means, I think, to say, “What a man cannot get, there is no law against giving, to save his wife's soul from purgatory.” FARMER.

hardly

hardly come out. Ha! bots on't⁴, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all my crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself; And, though it was mine own⁵, part of mine heritage,

Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, (even as he left his life) "Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death; (and pointed to this brace⁶) For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity, The which the gods protect thee from! 't may defend thee⁷."

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it; 'Till the rough seas, that spare not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd they've given it again:

I thank thee for it; my shipwreck now's no ill, Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

I Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,

For it was some time target to a king; I know it by this mark; he lov'd me dearly,

⁴ ——— bots on't, ———] The bots are the worms that breed in horses. This comick execration was formerly used in the room of one less decent. It occurs in *King Henry IV.* and in many other old plays. MALONE.

⁵ And, though it was mine own, ———] i. e. And I thank you, though it was my own. MALONE.

⁶ ——— this brace,] The brace is the armour for the arm. So in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
"And in my vant-brace put this wither'd brawn."

Avant bras. FR. STEEVENS.

⁷ The which the gods protect thee from! ———] All the old copies read, unintelligibly,

The which the gods protect thee, fame may defend thee.

MALONE.

And for his sake, I wish the having of it;
 And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
 Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
 And if that ever my low fortune's better,
 I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish*. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll shew the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish*. Why di'e take it^s, and the gods give thee good on't!

2 *Fish*. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolences, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe it, I will;

By your furtherance I am cloath'd in steel⁹;

And spite of all the rapture of the sea¹,

This jewel holds his gilding on my arm²;

Unto

^s *Why di'e take it, ————*] i. e. why do you take it. That is, in plainer terms,—why, take it. STEEVENS.

⁹ *By your furtherance I am cloath'd in steel;*] This line is so weak I should wish to read,

Now by your furtherance I am cloath'd in steel. STEEVENS.

¹ *And spite of all the rapture of the sea;*] That is,—notwithstanding that the sea hath raviſh'd so much from me.

So afterwards:

“Who, looking for adventures in the world,

“Was by the rough seas rest of ships and men.”

Again, in the *Life and Death of Lord Cromwell*, 1613:

“Till envious fortune and the ravenous sea

“Did rob, disrobe, and spoil us of our own.”

For this emendation, the reader is indebted to Dr. Sewell, in whose edition of *Pericles* it is found. Rowe and all the ancient copies read *rupture*. MALONE.

I am not sure but that the old reading is the true one. We still talk of the *breaking* of the sea, and the *breakers*. What is the *rupture* of the sea, but another word for the *breaking* of it? *Rupture* means any solution of continuity. STEEVENS.

² *This jewel holds his gilding on my arm;*] I strongly suspect this line to be corrupt.—We might read:

This jewel holds his *gilding* on my arm. MALONE.

This

Unto thy value I will mount myself
 Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
 Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
 Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
 Of a pair of bases¹.

² *Fish.* We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my
 best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to
 the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will,
 This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A publick Way, or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King and Princess.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph⁴?

This jewel holds his building on my arm;] Perhaps *gilding*; (which was formerly written *gilding*.) He is speaking of some jewel of value, which in the shipwreck had adhered to his arm. Any ornament of enchased gold was anciently styled a *jewel*. So in Markham's *Arcadia*, 1607:—"She gave him a *very fine jewel*, wherein was set a most rich diamond." Pericles means to sell his bracelet, that with the price it brings he may purchase a horse; and rejoices on finding that the brightness of the toy is undiminished.

STEEVENS.

¹ ——— a pair of bases.] i. e. armour for the legs. *Bas. Fr.* So in *Hudibras*:

"Nor shall it e'er be said that wight,
 "With gauntlet blue and bases white,
 "And round blunt truncheon, &c." STEEVENS.

⁴ *Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?*] In Gower's poem, and *Kyng Appolyn of Tyre*, 1510, certain gymnastick exercises only are performed before the Pentapolitan monarch, antecedent to the marriage of *Appollinus*, the Pericles of this play. The present tournament, however, as well as the dance in the next scene, seems to have been suggested by a passage of the former writer, who, describing the manner in which the wedding of *Appollinus* was celebrated, says,

"The knights that be yonge and proude
 "Thei juste first, and after daunce." MALONE.

1 *Lord.* They are, my liege ;
And stay your coming, to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready ; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom Nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so ; for princes are
A model which heaven makes like to itself :
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain⁵
The labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll per-
form.

[*Enter a knight ; he passes over the stage, and his
squire presents his shield to the princess.*]

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself ?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun ;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi*⁶.

⁵ 'Tis now your honour, daughter, to entertain
The labour of each knight, in his device.]

I suppose we should read—to explain ; which accordingly she does.
The sense would be clearer were we to substitute, both in this
and the following instance, *office*. *Honour*, however, may mean
her situation as *queen of the feast*, as she is afterwards denominated.

The idea of this scene appears to have been caught from the
Iliad, book iii. where Helen describes the Grecian leaders to her
father-in-law Priam. STEEVENS.

⁶ The word, *Lux tua vita mihi*.] What we now call the *motto*,
was anciently, sometimes, termed the *word*. *Le mot*. Fr. These
Latin mottos may perhaps be urged as a proof of the learning of
Shakspeare, or as an argument to shew that he was not the au-
thor of this play ; but tournaments were so fashionable and fre-
quent an entertainment in the time of queen Elizabeth, that he
might very easily have been furnished with these shreds of lit-
erature. MALONE.

Sim.

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[The second knight passes.]

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Tbai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield

Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:

The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulcura que per fuerça*⁷.

[The third knight passes.]

Sim. And what's the third?

Tbai. The third of Antioch; and his device,
A wreath of chivalry: the word, *Me pompæ provexit apex*⁸.

[The fourth knight passes.]

Sim. What is the fourth?

Tbai. A burning torch that's turned upside down;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit*.

Sim. Which shews that beauty hath his power and will,

Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

[The fifth knight passes.]

Tbai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold, that's by the touch-stone try'd:
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides*.

[The sixth knight passes.]

⁷ ——— *Piu per dulcura que per fuerça.*] That is; more by sweetness than by force.—The author should have written *Mas per dulçura*, &c. *Piu* in Italian signifies more; but, I believe, there is no such Spanish word. MALONE.

⁸ *Me Pompey provexit apex.*] Thus all the old copies. Whether we should amend these words as follows—*me pompæ provexit apex*,—or correct them thus—*me Pompei provexit apex*, I confess my ignorance. A wreath of chivalry, in its common sense, might be the desert of many knights on many various occasions; so that its particular claim to honour on the present one is not very clearly ascertained.—If the wreath declares of itself that it was once the ornament of Pompey's helm, perhaps here may be some allusion to those particular marks of distinction which he wore after his bloodless victory over the Cilician pirates:

“*Et victis cedat piratica laurea Gallis.*” STEEVENS.

⁹ *What is the fourth?*] i. e. What is the fourth device.

MALONE.

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy delivered?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is a wither'd branch, that's only green at top;

The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral;

From the dejected state wherein he is,

He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish,

1 Lord. He had need mean better than his outward shew

Can any way speak in his just commend:

For, by his rusty outside, he appears

To have practis'd more the whipstock, than the lance¹.

2 Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan The outward habit by the inward man².

But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw Into the gallery.

[*Exeunt,*

[*Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight,*

¹ ——— the whipstock ———] i. e. the carter's whip. See note on *Twelfth Night*, last edit. vol. iv. p. 190. STEEVENS.

² *The outward habit by the inward man.*] If the poet had not been fettered by the rhyme and metre, he would have said "—that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit."

MALONE.

Why should we not read—

The *inward* habit by the *outward* man.

The words were accidentally misplaced. In the prose romance already quoted, the king says: "the habyte maketh not the religious man." STEEVENS.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared.

Enter Simonides, Tbaifa, Lords, Attendants, and the Knights from tilting.

Sim. Knights,

To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,³
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in shew commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast⁴:
You are princes, and my guests.

Tbai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist*, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o'the
feast⁵,

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Si-
monides.

³ *To place upon the volume of your deeds,*] This is the reading of the folio, 1685.—The quartos, and the folio 1664, read, *I place.* MALONE.

⁴ ——— *for mirth becomes a feast:*] Thus the earliest copy. The second quarto and all the subsequent editions read, ——— *for mirth comes at a feast.* MALONE.

⁵ *In framing an artist,* ———] We might better read;
In framing artists ——— MALONE.

⁵ ——— *Come, queen o' the feast,*
For, daughter, so you are,]

So in the *Winter's Tale*:

“ ——— present yourself
“ *That which you are, mistress o' the feast.*” STEVENS.

Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

i Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise ⁶.

Per. You are right courteous knights,

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, she not thought upon ⁷.

Thai.

⁶ That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.]

This is the reading of the quarto 1619. The first quarto reads,

“ Have neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,

“ Envyes the great, nor shall the low despise.” MALONE,

⁷ By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,

These cates resist me, she not thought upon.] All the copies

read ——— “ he not thought upon ” — and these lines are given to Simonides. In the old plays it is observable that declarations of affection, whether disguised or open, are generally made by both the parties; if the lady utters a tender sentiment, a corresponding sentiment is usually given to her lover.—Hence I conclude that the author wrote,

“ ——— she not thought upon ; ”

and that these lines belong to Pericles. If he be right, I would read,

——— “ he now thought upon . ”

The prince recollecting his present state, and comparing it with that of Simonides, wonders that he can eat. In Gower, where this entertainment is particularly described, it is said of *Appolinus*, the Pericles of the present play, that

“ He sette and cast about his eie

“ And sawe the lordes in estate,

“ And with hym felie were in debate

“ Thynkende what he had lore,

“ And such a sorowe he toke therefore,

“ That he sat ever stille and thought,

“ As he which of no meate rought.”

So in *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: “ — at the last he fate him down at the table, and without etynge, he behelde the noble company of lordes and grete estates.— Thus as he looked all about, a grete lorde that served at the kynge’s table sayde unto the kynge, Certes syr, this man wolde gladly your honour, for he dooth not ete, but beholdeth bertely your noble magnyfycence, and is in poynt to weep.”

The

Thai. By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do seem unfavoury,
Wishing him my meat⁸ : sure he's a gallant gentle-
man.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman ; he has
Done no more than other knights have done ;
He has broken a staff, or so ; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's pic-
ture,

Which tells me, in that glory once he was ;
Had princes sit like stars about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy ;
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,

The words *resist me*, however, do not well correspond with this
idea.—Perhaps they are corrupt. MALONE.

These eates resist me, ———] i. e. go against my stomach.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Wishing him my meat ; ———]* I am afraid that a jingle is here
intended between *meat* and *mate*. The two words were, I be-
lieve, in our author's time, generally, and are at this day in War-
wickshire, pronounced alike. The address to *Juno* countenances
this supposition. MALONE.

Wishing him my meat ; ———] Surely the plain meaning is, that
she had rather have a husband than a dinner ; that she wishes Pe-
ricles were in the place of the provisions before her ; regarding
him (to borrow a phrase from *Romeo*) as *the dearest morsel of the*
earth. So in the *Two Noble Kinsmen* :

“ If thou couch

“ But one night with her——

“ Thou shalt remember nothing more, than what

“ That banquet bids thee to. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,]* The old co-
pies read, — Where now his son, &c. — But this is scarcely intel-
ligible. The slight change that has been made, affords an easy sense.
Where is, I suppose, here, as in many other places, used for *whereas*.

The peculiar property of the glow-worm, on which the poet has
here employed a line, he has in *Hamlet* happily described by a
single word :

“ The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,

“ And gins to pale his *uneffectual* fire.” MALONE.

The

“The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that Time’s the king of men,
For he’s their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1 Knight. Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that’s stor’d unto the brim,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress’ lips),
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while;

Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a shew might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it

To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter;
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,

“For he’s their parent, and he is their grave,] So in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“The earth that’s nature’s mother, is her tomb;
“What is her burying grave, that is her womb.”

Milton has the same thought:

“The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.”

MALONE.

— that’s stor’d unto the brim,] The old copies read *stirr’d*.
I do not see any connection between *stirring* a cup and its *brim*.
Perhaps the poet wrote *stuff’d*. The first quarto exhibits the word
thus—*stur’d*; so that the change is very small. *Stuff’d* unto the
brim is sufficiently harsh, but *stuff’d* is a word which our author
frequently uses.

Mr. Steevens proposes *stor’d*, which, being nearer to the original
reading, I have received. MALONE.

— that’s stir’d unto the brim,] If this be the true reading,
it must mean, that *dances* to the brim. But I rather think we
should read—*stor’d*, i. e. replenished. So before in this play:

“Their tables were *stor’d* full.”

Again:

“Were not this glorious casket *stor’d* with ill.”

Again:

“———— these our ships

“Are *stor’d* with corn————” STEEVENS.

Who

Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them: and princes, not doing so,
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at*.

Therefore to make his entrance more sweet³,
Here say, we drink this standing bowl of wine to
him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take womens' gifts for impudence.

Sim. How! do as I bid you, or you'll move me
else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me
better. [Aside.]

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage⁴.

Thai. The king my father, sir, hath drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

* *Are wonder'd at.*] Ought we not rather to read:

No more are wonder'd at.

We wonder for a moment that so small an insect as a gnat should
make so great a sound. When its noise ceases, we no longer think
of it. So, princes for a while may dazzle us by their splendour;
but when dead, if they have not been benefactors to mankind,
they are no longer objects of admiration. MALONE.

³ *Therefore to make his entrance now more sweet,*] Now was added
for the sake of the metre by the editor of the folio in 1664—per-
haps unnecessarily. — The first quarto reads — *entraunce*. The
quarto 1619:

“ Therefore to make his *enterance* more sweet” —
as the word was sometimes pronounced. — MALONE.

⁴ *Of whence he is, his name and parentage.*] So in the *Conf.*
Amant.

“ His daughter —

“ He bad to go on his message,

“ And fonde for to make him glade;

“ And she did as hir fader bad.

“ And goth to him the soft pas,

“ And asketh whens and what he was,

“ And praith he shulde his thought leve.” MALONE,

Thai.

• *Thai.* Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you, Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name Pericles ; My education has been in arts and arms ;) Who looking for adventures in the world, Was by the rough seas rest of ships and men, And, after shipwreck, driv'n upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace ; names himself Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre, who only by Misfortune of the sea has been bereft Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune, And will awake him from his melancholy. Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles, And waste the time, which looks for other revels, Even in your armours, as you are address'd,⁵ Will very well become a soldier's dance : I will not have excuse, with saying, this⁶

⁵ *Even in your armours, as you are address'd,*] As you are accoutred—prepared for combat, So in *K. Henry V.*

“To morrow for our march we are address'd.” MALONE.

⁶ *I will not have excuse, with saying, this*

Loud musick is too harsh——] i. e. the loud noise made by the clashing of their armour. “*This loud musick*” is the reading of the first quarto. The second quarto, and all the subsequent copies, read *that*, which renders the passage unintelligible.

The dance here introduced is thus described in an ancient *Dialogue against the Abuse of Dancing*, bl. let. no date :

“ There is a daunce called Choria

“ Which joy doth testify ;

“ Another called Pyrricke

“ Which warlike feats doth try.

“ For men in armour gestures made,

“ And leapt, that so they might

“ When need requires, be more prompt

“ In publique weale to fight.” MALONE,

Loud mufick is too harfh for ladies' heads ;
 Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd ; 'twas fo well perform'd.
 Come, fir ; here's a lady that wants breathing too :
 And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
 Are excellent in making ladies trip ;
 And that their meafures are as excellent.

Per. In thofe that praftife them, they are, my
 lord.

Sim. Oh, that's as much, as you would be deny'd
 [*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Of your fair courtefy.—Unclasp, unclasp ;
 Thanks, gentlemen, to all ; all have done well,
 But you the beft. [*To Pericles.*] Pages and lights, to
 conduct

Thefe knights unto their feveral lodgings : Yours, fir,
 We have given order to be next our own ?

Per. I am at your grace's pleafure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
 For that's the mark I know you level at :
 Therefore each one betake him to his reft ;
 To morrow, all for fpeeding do their beft.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Tyre.

Enter Helicanus, and Efcanes.

Hel. No, Efcanes, know this of me,
 Antiochus from inceft liv'd not free ;

1 ————— *to be next our own.*] So Gower :

“ The kyng his chamberleyn let calle

“ And bad that he by all weye

“ A chamber for this man purvei

“ *Whiche nigh bis own chambre bee.*” MALONE.

For which, the most high gods not minding longer
 To with-hold the vengeance that they had in store,
 Due to this heinous capital offence ;
 Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
 When he was seated in a chariot of
 An inestimable value, and his daughter
 With him, a fire from heaven came and shrivel'd up
 Those bodies⁸, even to loathing ; for they so stunk,
 That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall⁹,
 Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice ; for though
 This king were great, his greatness was no guard
 To bar heav'n's shaft, but sin had his reward¹.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference,
 Or council, hath respect with him but he.

2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 Lord. And curst be he that will not second it.

1 Lord. Follow me then : Lord Helicane a word.

Hel. With me ? and welcome : happy day, my
 lords.

⁸ ——— a fire from heaven came and shrivel'd up
 Those bodies, ———]

This circumstance is mentioned by Gower :

“ ——— they hym tolde

“ That for vengeance as God it wolde,

“ Antiochus as men maie witte

“ With thonder and lightnyng is forsuitte.

“ His doughter hath the same chance,

“ So ben thei both in o balance.” MALONE.

⁹ *That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,*
Scorn now, &c.] The expression is elliptical :

That all those eyes which adored them, &c. MALONE.

¹ ——— by sin had his reward.] Thus the folios and the modern
 editions. The present reading was furnished by the earliest quarto.

MALONE.

1 *Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not your prince
you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Heli-
cane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us²,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our
censure³:

And knowing this kingdom, if without a head⁴,
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof⁵)
Soon will fall to ruin, your noble self,

² *And be resolv'd he lives to govern us,]* *Resolv'd* is satisfied, freed from doubt. So in a subsequent scene:

“*Resolve* your angry father, if my tongue, &c.”

MALONE.

³ *Whose death's indeed the strongest in our censure;]* i. e. the most probable in our opinion. *Censure* is thus used in *King Richard III.*

“To give your *censure* in this weighty business.”

STEVENS.

⁴ *And knowing this kingdom is without a head,]* They did not know that the kingdom had absolutely lost its governor; for in the very preceding line this lord observes that it was only more probable that he was dead, than living.—I therefore read, with a very slight change—*if* without a head.—In the next line but one, by supplying the word *will*, which I suppose was omitted by the carelessness of the compositor, the sense and metre are both restored. The passage as it stands in the old copies, is not, by any mode of construction, reducible to grammar. MALONE.

⁵ *(Like goodly buildings left without a roof)* The same thought occurs in *K. Henry IV.* Part II:

“—— leaves his part-created cost

“A naked subject to the weeping clouds,

“And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.” STEVENS.

That

• That best know'ft how to rule, and how to reign;
We thus submit unto,—our fovereign.

Omn. Live, noble Helicane.

Hel. Try honour's caufe; forbear your fuffrages;
If that you love prince Pericles; forbear;
Take I your wifh, I leap into the feas,
Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's eafe.
A twelvemonth longer; let me entreat you
To forbear the abfence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I fhall with aged patience bear your yoke:
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go fearch like nobles, like noble fubjects;
And in your fearch, fpend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You fhall like diamonds fit about his crown.

Lord. To wifdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And fince lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it ⁶.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp
hands;
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever ftands.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Pentapolis.

Enter Simonides reading a Letter ⁷; *the Knights meet him.*

1 Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you
know, That

⁶ *We with our travels will endeavour it.*] Endeavour what? I fuppofe, to find out Pericles. We fhould therefore add the fyllable which feems wanting both to metre and fenfe:

We with our travels will endeavour it. STEVENS.
The author might have intended an abrupt fentence.

MALONE.

⁷ In the *Hiftorie of Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, "two kynges fones" pay their court to the daughter of *Archyftates*, (the Simonides of the pre-

That for this twelve month, she will not undertake
 A married life: her reason to herself
 Is only known, which from her by no means
 Can I get.

2 *Knight*. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly ty'd
 her

To her chamber, that it is impossible,
 One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
 This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
 And on her virgin honour will not break.

3 *Knight*. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

[*Exeunt*.]

Sim. So,

They're well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
 She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
 Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'Tis well, mistress, your choice agrees with mine;
 I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,
 Not minding whether I dislike or no.

Well, I commend her choice, and will no longer
 Have it be delay'd: soft, here he comes;—I
 Must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much! Sir, I am beholden to you,

present play). He sends two rolls of paper to her, containing their names, &c. and desires her to choose which she will marry. She writes him a letter (in answer), of which Appolyn is the bearer, —that she will have the man “whiche hath passed the dangerous undes and perylles of the sea—all other to refuse.” The same circumstance is mentioned by Gower, who has introduced three suitors instead of two, in which our author has followed him.

MALONE.

[*This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,*] It were to be wished that Simonides (who is represented as a blameless character) had hit on some less shameful expedient for the dismissal of these wooers. Here he tells them as a solemn truth, what he knows to be a fiction of his own. STREVENSON.

•For your sweet musick this last night : I do
 Protest, my ears were never better fed
 With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend ;
 Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are musick's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask you one thing. What do you
 think

Of my daughter, sir ?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not ?

Per. As a fair day in summer ; wond'rous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you ;
 Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
 And she'll be your scholar ; therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy to be her school-master.

Sim. She thinks not so ; peruse this writing else.

— Sir, I am beholden to you,
 For your sweet musick, this last night :—] Here also our
 author has followed Gower :

“ She, to doone hir faders hest,

“ Hir harpe fet, and in the feste

“ Upon a chaire, whiche thei sette,

“ Hir selfe next to this man she sette.

“ With harpe both and eke with mouth

“ To him she did all that she couth,

“ To make him chere ; and ever he sigheth,

“ And she him asketh howe him liketh.

“ Madame, certes well he saied,

“ But if ye the measure plaid

“ Whiche, if you list, I shall you lere,

“ It were a glad thing for to here.

“ A leve, sir, tho quod she,

“ Nowe take the harpe, and lete me see

“ Of what measure that ye mene.—

“ He taketh the harpe, and in his wise

“ He tempreth, and of such affize

“ Synginge he harpeth forth withall,

“ That as a voice celestial

“ Hem thought it sowned in her ere,

“ As though that it an angell were.” MALONE.

Per

Per. What's here!

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?

'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life. [*Aside.*]

Oh seek not to intrap, my gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and
thou art

A villain.

Per. By the gods I have not;

Never did thought of mine levy offence;

Nor never did my actions yet commence,

A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure;

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat, (unless it be a king)

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage! [*Aside.*]

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,

That never relish'd of a base descent³.

I came unto your court, for honour's cause,

And not to be a rebel to her state;

And he that otherwise accounts of me,

This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it⁴.

³ *That never relish'd of a base descent.*] So in *Hamlet*:

“That has no *relish* of salvation in it.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;

“They *smack* of honour both.” MALONE.

⁴ No, *here comes my daughter, she can witness it.*] Thus all the copies. Simonides, I think, means to say—Not a rebel to our state!—Here comes my daughter: she can prove, thou art one. Perhaps, however, the author wrote—Now, Here comes, &c.—In *Othello* we meet nearly the same words:

“Here comes the lady, let her witness it.” MALONE.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you ?

Thai. Why, fir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad ?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory ?
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll tame
you ;

I'll bring you in subjection. Will you,
Not having my consent, bestow your love
And your affections on a stranger ? (who
For ought I know, may be, nor can I think
The contrary, as great in blood as I myself). [*Aside.*
Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame your will
To mine—and you, fir, hear you, either be
Rul'd by me, or I'll make you—man and wife ;
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too :
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy ;—
And for a further grief,—God give you joy !—
What, are you both pleas'd ?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, fir.

Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it ^s,

Sim. What, are you both agreed ?

Both. Yes, if it please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I'll see you wed ;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

^s *Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.*] Even as my life
loves my blood that supports it.—The quarto 1619, and the sub-
sequent copies, read

Even as my life or blood that fosters it. MABONZ.

A C T.

A C T III.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout⁶ ;
 No din but snores, the house about,
 Made louder by the o'er-fed breast⁷
 Of this most pompous marriage feast.
 The cat with eyne of burning coal,
 Now couches from the mouse's hole⁸ ;
 And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
 As the blither for their drouth⁹.

⁶ *Now sleep yslaked hath the rout ;
 No din but snores about the house,]*

As Gower's speeches are all in rhyme, it is clear that the old copy is here corrupt. It first occurred to me that the author might have written,

Now sleep yslaked hath the *rouse*—

i. e. the carousal. But the mere transposition of the latter part of the second line, renders any farther change unnecessary. *Rout* is likewise used by Gower for a *company* in the tale of *Appolinus*, the *Pericles* of the present play :

“ Upon a tyme with a *route*
 “ This lord to play goeth hym out.”

Again :

“ It fell a daie thei riden oute,
 “ The kinge and queene and all the *route*.”— MALONE.

⁷ *Made louder by the o'er-fed breast,]* The quarto 1619, the folios, and Mr. Rowe, all read, *o'er fee breast*. The true reading has been recovered from the first quarto. MALONE.

No din but snores, the house about,

Made louder by the o'er-fed breast,] So Virgil, speaking of Rhamnes who was killed in the midnight expedition of Nisus and Euryalus :

“ Rhamneten aggreditur, qui forte tapetibus altis
 “ Extructus, toto prostrabat pectore somnum.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — from the *mouse's hole* ;] may perhaps mean—at some little distance from the mouse's hole. I believe, however, we ought to read, — *'fore* the mouse's hole. MALONE.

⁹ *And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
 Are the blither for their drouth :]*

I suppose we should read — *as* the blither — i. e. *as if* they were, &c. STEEVENS.

Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
 A babe is moulded :—Be attent,
 And time that is so briefly spent,
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche¹ ;
 What's dumb in shew, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb shew.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door with Attendants ; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter. Pericles shews it to Simonides ; the Lords kneel to the former². Then enter Thaisa with child, and Lychorida. Simonides shews his daughter the letter ; she rejoices : she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart.

Gow. By many a derne and painful perch³,
 Of Pericles the careful search

By

¹ *With your fine fancies quaintly eche ;*] i. e. eke out. So in the Chorus to *King Henry V.* (first folio) :

“ ——— still be kind,

“ And eche out our performance with your mind.”

Again, in *the Merchant of Venice*, quarto, 1600 (Heyes's edition) :

“ ——— 'tis to peeze the time,

“ To eche it and to draw it out in length.” MALONE.

² ——— *the Lords kneel to the former.* —] The lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is king of Tyre—“ No man,” says Gowen in his *Conf. Amant.*

“ ——— knew the soth cas,

“ But he hym selfe ; what man he was.”

By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him. MALONE.

³ *By many a derne and painful perch,*] *Derne* is, I believe, *secret*. The word is used by Spenser, B. ii. c. 1. st. 35.—B. iii. c. i. st. 14.—According to Mr. Upton, it means *earnest—eager*.—The construction is somewhat involved. *The careful search of Pericles*

By the four opposing coignes ⁴,
 Which the world together joins,
 Is made, with all due diligence,
 That horse and sail, and high expence,
 Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre
 (Fame answering the most strange enquire ⁵),
 To the court of king Simonides
 Are letters brought; the tenour these:
 Antiochus and his daughter's dead;
 The men of Tyrus, on the head
 Of Helicanus would set on
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
 The mutiny he there hastes t'oppress;
 Says to them, if king Pericles
 Come not home in twice six moons,
 He, obedient to their dooms,
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,

ricles is made by many a derne and painful perch,—by the four opposing coignes, which join the world together;—with all due diligence, &c. MALONE.

——— *dearn and painful perch,*] *Dearn* signifies *lonely, solitary*. See note on *King Lear*, last edit. vol. ix. p. 491. A *perch* is a measure of five yards and a half. STEEVENS.

⁴ *By the four opposing coignes,*] By the four opposite *corner-stones* that unite and bind together the great fabrick of the world. The word is again used by Shakspeare in *Macbeth*:

“——— No jutty frieze,
 “ Buttress, or *coigne* of vantage, but this bird
 “ Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle.”

In the passage before us, the author seems to have considered the world as a stupendous edifice, artificially constructed.—To seek a man in every *corner* of the *globe*, is still common language.

All the ancient copies read,

By the four opposing *crignes*—
 but there is no such English word. For the ingenious emendation inserted in the text, which is produced by the change of a single letter, the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

⁵ *Fame answering the most strange enquire,*] Why *strange*? It was surely not strange, that Pericles' subjects should be solicitous to know what was become of him. Perhaps we should read—the *most strang* enquire;—this earnest, anxious enquiry. MALONE.

Yravisht the regions round⁶,
 And every one with claps 'gan sound,
 " Our heir apparent is a king ;
 Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing ?"
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre ;
 His queen with child, makes her desire
 (Which who shall cross) along to go ;
 (Omit we all their dole and woe :)
 Lychorida her nurse she takes,
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow ; half the flood
 Hath their keel cut⁷ ; but fortune's mood⁸
 Varies

⁶ Iravisht *the regions round*,] Thus the oldest quarto. ———
 Read, *yravishted*, in imitation of antiquated style. STEEVENS.
 From the false print of the first edition, the subsequent editors
 formed a still more absurd reading ;

Irony shew the regions round—

Mr. Steevens's ingenious emendation, to which I have payed
 due attention by inserting it in the text, is strongly confirmed
 by the following passage in Gower *de Confessione Amantis* :

" This tale after the kyng it had
 " *Pentapolin all oversprad,*
 " *There was no joye for to seche,*
 " For every man it had in speche,
 " And saiden all of one accorde ;
 " *A worthy kyng shall ben our lorde.*
 " That thought us first an heavines
 " Is shape us nowe to great gladnes.
 " *Thus gotb the tydinge over all.*" MALONE.

———— *half the flood*

Hath their keel cut ; ———]

They have made half their voyage with a favourable wind.
 So Gower :

" When thei were in the sea *amid,*
 " Out of the *north* thei see a cloude ;
 " The storme arose, the wyndes loude
 " Thei blewen many a dredeful blaste,
 " The welken was all over-caste." MALONE.

———— *half the flood*

Hath their keel cut ; but fortune mov'd,]

Moved could never be designed as a rhyme to *flood*. I suppose
 we should read,

Varies again : the grizzled north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives.
 The lady shrieks, and well-a-neighbor
 Doth fall in travail with her fear :
 And what ensues in this fell storm ?
 Shall for itself, itself perform ;
 I will relate ¹ ; action may
 Conveniently the rest convey :
 Which might not what by me is told ².—
 In your imagination hold
 This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
 The sea-toft Pericles appears to speak ³. [Exit.

—— but fortune's mood—

i. e. disposition, So in *Otello* :

“ —— whose eyes

“ Albeit unused to the melting mood—”

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well* :

“ —— muddled in fortune's mood —— STEVENS.

¹ —— in *this fell storm*,] This is the reading of the earliest quarto. The folios and the modern editions have *self* storm.

MALONE.

² *I will relate* ;] The further consequences of this storm I shall not describe. MALONE.

³ *Which might not what by me is told*.] i. e. which might not conveniently convey what by me is told, &c. What ensues may conveniently be exhibited in action ; but action could not well have displayed all the events that I have now related. MALONE.

⁴ *In your imagination hold*

This stage, the ship, upon whose deck

The sea-toft Pericles appears to speak.]

It is clear from these lines, that when the play was originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship. — The ensuing scene and some others must have suffered considerably in the representation, from the poverty of the stage-apparatus in the time of our author. MALONE.

SCENE

S C E N E I.

Enter Pericles on a ship at sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges ⁴,

Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O still thy
deafning,

Dreadful, thunders; gently quench thy nimble,
Sulphurous, flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou storm, venomously ⁵,
Wilt

⁴ *Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,*] The expression is borrowed from the sacred writings: “The waters stood above the mountains;—at thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.”—It should be remembered, that Pericles is here supposed to speak from the deck of his ship. *Lychorida* on whom he calls, in order to learn some intelligence of his queen, is supposed to be beneath, in the cabin.

This speech is exhibited in so strange a form in the original, and all the subsequent editions, that I shall lay it before the reader, that he may be enabled to judge in what a corrupted state this play has hitherto appeared, and be induced to treat the editor's imperfect attempts to restore it to integrity, with the more indulgence.

“The God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,

“Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast

“Upon the windes commaund, bind them in brass;

“Having call'd them from the deepe, & still

“Thy deafning dreadful thunders, gently quench

“Thy nimble sulphurous flashes, & How Lychorida!

“How does my queene? then storm venomously,

“Wilt thou speat all thyself? the sea-man's whistle

“Is as a whisper in the ears of death,

“Unheard Lychorida? Lucina oh!

“Divinest patroness and my wife gentle

“To those that cry by night, convey thy deitie

“Aboard our dauncing boat, make swift the pangues

“Of my queenes travayles? now Lychorida.” MALONE.

⁵ ——— Thou storm, venomously

Wilt thou spit all thyself? ———]

All the copies read—*then* storm, &c. which cannot be right, because it renders the passage nonsense. The slight change that I have made, affords an easy sense. MALONE.

I would

Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ear of death⁶,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina; O
Divinest patroness, and midwife⁷, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

Enter Lychorida.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,

I would read,

—— Thou storm'st venomously;

Wilt thou spit all thyself? ———]

Venomously is maliciously. Shakspeare has somewhat of the same expression in one of his historical plays:

“ The watty kingdom, whose ambitious head

“ Spits in the face of heaven —— ”

Chapman likewise, in his version of the Iliad, says of the sea that she

“ —— spits every way her foam.” STEEVENS.

⁶ Is as a whisper in the ear of death,] In another place the poet supposes death to be awakened by the turbulence of the storm:

“ —— And in the visitation of the winds

“ Who take the ruffian billows by the top,

“ Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them

“ With deafning clamours in the slippery clouds,

“ That with the hurly, death itself awakes—

King Henry IV. Part II. MALONE.

⁷ *Divinest patroness, and my wife, &c.*] Thus all the copies both ancient and modern; but the sense requires that we should read—*midwife*. STEEVENS.

This happy emendation is so clearly right, that it requires neither support nor illustration. If it wanted the latter, Horace would furnish it:

“ Montium custos nemorumque virgo,

“ Quæ laborantes utero puellas

“ Ter vocata audis, adimisque leto,

“ Diva triformis.”

Agrip, in the *Andria* of Terence:

“ Juno *Lucina*, fer opem; serva me, obsecro!”

MALONE.

Who

- Who, if it had conceit², would die, as I Am like to do : take in your arms this piece Of your dead queen.

Per. How ! how, Lychorida !

Lyc. Patience, good fir, do not assist the storm³. Here's all that is left living of your queen, A little daughter ; for the sake of it, Be manly, 'and take comfort.

Per. Oh ye gods ! Why do you make us love your goodly gifts, And snatch them straight away ? We, here below, Recal not what we give, and therein may Use honour with you¹.

Lyc. Patience, good fir, Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life ! For a more bluff'rous birth had never babe : Quiet and gentle thy conditions² !

¹ *Who, if it had conceit,—*] If it had *thought*. So in *K. Henry VIII*,

“ There's some *conceit* or other likes him well,

“ When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.”

MALONE.

² *Patience, good fir, do not assist the storm,*] Our author uses the same expression, on the same occasion, in *the Tempest* :

“ You mar our labour ;—keep your cabins ; you do *assist the storm.*” MALONE.

³ *Use honour with you.*] The meaning is sufficiently clear.—*In this particular you might learn from us a more honourable conduct.*—But the expression is so harsh, that I suspect the passage to be corrupt. MALONE.

— and therein may

Use honour with you.]

To *use*, in ancient language, signifies to put out to *usance* or *usury*. The sense of this passage may therefore be—our honour will *fetch* as much as yours, if placed out on terms of advantage. If valued, our honour is worth as much as yours. STEVENS.

² *Quiet and gentle thy conditions !*] *Conditions* anciently meant *qualities* ; dispositions of mind. So in *Othello* :

“ And then of so gentle a *condition* !”

He is speaking of Desdemona. Again, in *King Henry V.* “ Our tongue is rough, coz, and my *condition* is not smooth.”

“ The late earl of Essex (says sir Walter Raleigh) told queen Elizabeth that her *conditions* were as crooked as her carcase—but it cost him his head.” MALONE.

For

For thou art the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,
 That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows !
 Thou hast as chiding a nativity ³,
 As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
 To herald thee from the womb ⁴ :
 Even at the first, thy loss is more than can
 Thy portage quit ⁵, with all thou canst find here.—
 Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon it !

Enter two Sailors.

1 Sail. What ! courage, fir. God save you.

Per. Courage enough : I do not fear the flaw ⁶ ;

³ ——— as chiding a nativity,] i. e. as noisy a one. So in the *Midsommer Night's Dream*, Hippolita, speaking of the clamour of the hounds :

“ ——— never did I hear

“ Such gallant chiding.”

See note on that passage, vol. iii. last edit. p. 96. STEEVENS.

⁴ To herald thee from the womb :] All the copies read,

To barold thee from the womb :

For the emendation now made, the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. So in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— only to herald thee into his presence,

“ Not to pay thee.”

This word is in many ancient books written *barauld*. So in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1600 :

“ The owl, night's harauld, shrieks ; 'tis very late.”

Again, in the *Mirraur for Magistrates*, 1610 :

“ Truth is no harauld nor no sophist sure.”

See also Cowel's *Interpreter*, v. Herald, Heralt, or Harold—— which puts Mr. Steevens's emendation beyond a doubt.

MALONE.

⁵ ——— thy loss is more than can

Thy portage quit, ———]

i. e. thou hast already lost more (by the death of thy mother) than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee. *Portage* is used for gate or entrance in one of Shakspeare's historical plays. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— I do not fear the flaw ;] The blast.—The word occurs in *Hamlet* :

“ O that the earth which kept the world in awe,

“ Should patch a wall to expell the winter's flaw !”

Again, in *K. Henry VI. Part II.*

“ ——— the fury of this mad-bred flaw.” MALONE.

It

- It hath done to me the worst⁷. Yet for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer²,
I would it would be quiet.

¹ *Sail.* Slack the bolins there⁹; thou wilt not, wilt
thou? Blow and split thyself¹.

² *Sail.* But sea-room, and the brine and cloudy
billow kifs the moon, I care not².

¹ *Sail.* Sir, your queen must over-board; the sea
works high, the wind is loud, and will not lye till
the ship be clear'd of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

¹ *Sail.* Pardon us, fir; with us at sea it still hath
been observ'd; and we are strong in eastern³. There-
fore

⁷ *It hath done to me the worst.*——] So in the *Conf. Amant.*

“ —— a wife!

“ My joye, my lust, and my desyre,

“ My welth, and my recoverire!

“ Why shall I live and thou shalt die?

“ *Ha, thou fortune, I thee desie,*

“ *Now hast thou do to me thy werst;*

“ A herte! why ne wilt thou berst?” MALONE.

² —— *this fresh-new sea-farer,*] We meet a similar com-
pound-epithet in *K. Richard III.*

“ Your *fire-new* stamp of honour is scarce current.”

MALONE.

⁹ *Slack the bolins there;* ——] *Bowlines* are ropes by
which the sails of a ship are governed when the wind is unfavour-
able. They are slackened when it is high. This term occurs
again in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*:

“ —— the wind is fair,

“ Top the bowling.” STEVENS.

¹ *Sai.* —— Blow and split thyself.

² *Sai.* But sea-room, &c.] So in the *Tempest*:

“ Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.”

MALONE.

² —— *and the brine and cloudy billow kifs the moon, I care not.*] So in the *Winter's Tale*: “ Now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast.”—*And* is used here, as in many other places, for *if*, or *though*. MALONE.

³ —— *and we are strong in eastern;* ——] There is a strong easterly wind. Such, I believe, is the meaning. MALONE.

—— *with us at sea it hath been still observed, and we are strong in easterne;*] The word *easterne* is surely a corruption. The sailor

fore briefly yield her; for she must over-board straight⁴.

Per. Be it, as you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, fir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear; No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time To give thee hallow'd to thy grave⁵, but straight Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze⁶; Where, for a monument upon thy bones, The air-remaining lamps⁷, the belching whale,
And

is labouring to justify his superstitious notion, and having told Pericles that it was founded on repeated observation, might add, — and we are strong in credence. i. e. our faith or belief in this matter is strong. So our author in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“Sith yet there is a credence in my heart” —.

Again, in another of his plays:

“ ——— love and wisdom

“ Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead

“ For ample credence.”

In *King Richard II.* we meet with a parallel phrase:

“ Strong as a tower in hope.”

The number of letters in each word exactly corresponds; and the gross errors which have been already detected in this play, are sufficient to authorize the most daring attempts at emendation.

STEVENS.

⁴ — for *she must over-board straight*.] These words are in the old copy, by an evident mistake, given to *Pericles*. MALONE.

⁵ To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, —] The old shepherd in the *Winter's Tale* expresses the same apprehension concerning the want of sepulchral rites, and that he shall be buried

“ ——— where no priest shovels in dust.” MALONE.

⁶ Must cast thee scarcely coffin'd in oare;] The defect both of metre and sense shews that this line is corrupt. MALONE.

I believe we should read, with that violence which a copy so much corrupted will sometimes force upon us,

Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze,

Where, &c.

Shakspeare, in the *Tempest*, has the same word on the same occasion:

“ My son i' the ooze is bedded.” STEVENS.

⁷ The air-remaining lamps, —] Thus all the copies. *Air-remaining*,
VOL. II.

And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O, Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper⁸;
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the fatten coffer⁹: lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

2 *Sail*. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,
caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

maining, if it be right, must mean *air-bung*, suspended for ever
in the air. So (as Mr. Steevens observes to me) in Shakspeare's
21st *Sonnet*:

“— those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air.

In *K. Richard II.* *right-drawn sword*, is used for a sword drawn in
a just cause;—and in *Macbeth* we meet with *air-drawn dagger*.
Perhaps, however, the author wrote *aye-remaining*. Thus in *Othello*:

“Witness the ever-burning lights above”— MALONE.

The propriety of the emendation suggested by Mr. Malone,
will be increased if we recur to our author's leading thought,
which is founded on the customs observed in the pomp of ancient
sepulture. Within old monuments and receptacles for the dead,
perpetual (i. e. *aye-remaining*) lamps were supposed to be lighted
up. Thus Pope in his *Eloisa*:

“Ah hopeless, lasting flames, like those that burn

“To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn!”

I would, however, read,

And aye-remaining lamps, &c.

Instead of a monument erected above thy bones, AND perpetual lamps
to burn near them, the spouting whale shall oppress thee with his
weight, and the mass of waters shall roll with low heavy murmur
over thy head. STEEVENS.

⁸ — ink and paper,] This is the reading of the second
quarto. The first has *taper*. MALONE.

⁹ *Bring me the fatten coffin*:] It seems somewhat extraordinary
that Pericles should have carried a coffin to sea with him. We
ought, I think, to read *coffer*. MALONE.

Satten coffer is most probably the true reading. In a subsequent
scene, this *coffin* is so called:

Madam this letter and some certain jewels

Lay with you in your *coffer*.

Our ancient *coffers* were often adorned on the inside with such
costly materials. A relation of mine has a trunk which formerly be-
longed to Katharine Howard when queen, and it is lined throughout
with rose-coloured *fatten*, most elaborately quilted. STEEVENS.

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre'. When can'st thou reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

*Enter Cerimon, a Servant, and some persons who have
been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It hath been a turbulent and stormy night.

Ser. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd¹.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,

¹ *Alter thy course for Tyre:]* Change thy course, which is now
for Tyre, and go to Tharsus. MALONE.

² *I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.]* So in *Macbeth*:

“Threescore and ten I can remember well,

“Within the volume of which time I have seen

“Hours dreadful and things strange; but this fore night

“Hath trifled former knowings.”

Again, in *K. Lear*:

“Since I was man,

“Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,

“Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never

“Remember to have heard.” MALONE.

- That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary³,
And tell me how it works. [To Philemon.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good morrow.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen, why do you stir so early?

1 *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake⁴;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple⁵: pure surprize and fear
Made me to leave the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship,
having

³ Give this to the 'pothecary,] The recipe that Cerimon sends to the apothecary, we must suppose, is intended either for the poor men already mentioned, or for some of his other patients.—The preceding words shew that it cannot be designed for the master of the servant introduced here. MALONE.

⁴ Shook as the earth did quake:] So in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— the obscure bird

“ Clamour'd the live-long night: some say *the earth*

“ Was feverous and did shake.” MALONE.

⁵ The very principals did seem to rend,

And all to topple; ———] The *principals* are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building.—The first quarto, which is followed by all the other copies, reads, I think corruptly—*principles*. If the speaker had been apprehensive of a general dissolution of nature (which we must understand if we read *principles*), he did not need to leave his house: he would have been in as much danger without, as within.

All to is an augmentative often used by our ancient writers. It occurs frequently in the *Confessio Amantis*.—The word *topple*, which means *tumble*, is again used by Shakespeare in *Macbeth*, and applied to buildings:

“ Tho' castles *topple* on their warders' heads.”

Again, in *King Henry IV. Part I*:

“ Shakes the old beldame earth, and *topples* down

“ Steeples and moss-grown towers.” MALONE.

• Rich

Rich tire about you ⁶, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose :

It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning ⁷ were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches : careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend ;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physick, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones ⁸ ;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures ; which gives me
A more content in course of true delight

⁶ Rich tire *about you*, &c.] Thus the quarto 1609 ; but the sense of the passage is not sufficiently clear. The gentlemen rose early, because they were but in lodgings which stood exposed near the sea. They wonder, however, to find lord Cerimon stirring, because he had *rich tire about him* ; meaning perhaps a bed more richly and comfortably furnished, where he could have slept warm and secure in defiance of the tempest. The reasoning of these gentlemen should rather have led them to say *such towers about you* ; i. e. a house or castle that could safely resist the assaults of weather. They left their mansion because they were no longer secure if they remained in it, and naturally wonder why he should have quitted his, who had no such apparent reason for deserting it and rising early. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Virtue and cunning* —] *Cunning* means here *knowledge*. MALONE.

⁸ — the *blest infusions*
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones ;]
So in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
“ In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.”
STEEVENS.

- Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my pleasure up in filken bags,
To please the fool and death⁹.

2 *Gent.* Your honour hath through Ephesus pour'd
forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd :
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never—

Enter two Servants with a Chest.

Ser. So ; lift there.

Cer. What's that ?

Ser. Sir,

Even now did the sea toss upon our shore
This chest ; 'tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set it down, let us
Look upon it.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight ;
If the sea's stomach be o'er-charg'd with gold,
It is a good constraint of Fortune, it
Belches upon us.

2 *Gent.* It is so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bittum'd¹ ! Did
the sea
Cast it up ?

⁹ *To please the fool and death.*] The *Fool* and *Death* were principal personages in the old moralities. They are mentioned by our author in *Measure for Measure* :

“ — merely thou art *death's fool*,

“ For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,

“ And yet run'st toward him still.” MALONE.

¹ *How close 'tis caulk'd and bittum'd.*] This, which is the reading of all the copies, is evidently a corruption. We had before—
“ Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and *bit-tum'd* ready.” MALONE.

Ser.

Ser. I never saw so huge a billow, fir,
As tofs'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open ;
Soft, soft—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril ; so,—up with it.
Oh you most potent gods ! what's here ? a corse !

1 Gent. Most strange !

Cer. Shrowded in cloth of state !
Balm'd and entreasur'd with full bags of spices !
A passport too ! Apollo, perfect me
In the characters ² !

Here I give to understand, [He reads out of a
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land) scrowl.
I king Pericles have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost ³.
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king ⁴ :
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity !

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe ⁵ ! This chanc'd to-night.

² ——— *Apollo, perfect me*

In the characters !] Cerimon, having made physick his peculiar study, would naturally, in any emergency, invoke Apollo. On the present occasion, however, he addresses him as the patron of learning. MALONE.

³ ——— *mundane cost :*] i. e. worldly. MALONE.

⁴ *Who finds her, give her burying,*
She was the daughter of a king :]

The author had, perhaps, the sacred writings in his thoughts :
“ Go see now this cursed woman and bury her ; for she is a king's daughter.” 2 Kings, ix. 36 MALONE.

⁵ ——— *thou hast a heart*

That even cracks for woe.] So in *Hamlet* :

“ Now cracks a noble heart.”

Even is the reading of the second quarto. The first has *ever*.
MALONE.

2 *Gent.* Most likely, fir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks!—They were too rough*
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within;
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'er-prest spirits. I have heard of an
Egyptian that had nine hours lien dead^o,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter a Servant with napkins and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woeful musick that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you'.
The vial once more;—How thou stir'st, thou
block?—
The musick there^o.—I pray you give her air;—
Gentle-

* — *They were too rough*] I suspect the author wrote—*They were too rash*— MALONE.

^o — *nine hours lien dead,*] So in the lxviiiith Psalm:

"— though ye have lien among the pots"— STEEVENS.

^o *The rough and woeful musick that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.*] Paulina in like manner in *the Winter's Tale*, when she pretends to bring Hermione to life, orders musick to be played, to awake her from her trance. MALONE.

^o *The vial once more;—how thou stir'st, thou block?*—

The musick there —] The first quarto reads,—*the viol once more.* The second and the subsequent editions—*the vial.* If the first be right, Cerimon must be supposed to repeat his orders that they should again sound their *rough and woeful musick.* So in *Twelfth Night*:

"That strain again!" —

The word *viol* has occurred before in this play in the sense of *violin.* I think, however, the reading of the second quarto is right. Cerimon, in order to revive the queen, first commands loud musick to be played, and then a second time administers some cordial to her, which we may suppose had been before administered to her when his servants entered with the napkins, &c. See *Conf. Amant.* 180;

— this

Gentlemen, this queen will live : Nature awakes ;
 A warmth breathes out of her ⁹ ; she hath not been
 Entranc'd above five hours. See how she 'gins
 To blow into life's flower again !

1 Gent. The heavens,
 Through you, encrease our wonder, and set up
 Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive ; behold,
 Her eye-lids, cases to those heavenly jewels ¹
 Which Pericles hath lost,
 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold ² ;

“ — this worthie kinges wife
 “ Honestlie thei token oute,
 “ And maden fyres all aboute ;
 “ Thei leied hir on a couche softe,
 “ And with a shete warmed ofte
 “ Hir colde breste began to heate,
 “ Hir herte also to flacke and beate.
 “ This maister hath hir every joynte
 “ With certein oyle and balsam anoynte,
 “ *And put a licour in hir mouth.*
 “ Whiche is to few clerkes couthe.”

Little weight is to be laid on the spelling of the first quarto.—
 In the quarto edition of *K. Richard II.* 1615, *viol* is printed for
vial :

“ Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
 “ Were seven *viols* of his sacred blood.”

Again, in the folio, 1623, *ibid* :

“ One *viol* full of Edward's sacred blood.”

Again, in *The tragical History of Romens and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ She poured forth into the *vyoll* of the fryer

“ Water ——— ” MALONE.

⁹ *Nature awakes a warmth breath out of her ;*] Thus the
 quarto, 1609. Read : — Nature awakes ;

A warmth breathes out of her. STEEVENS.

The second quarto and the modern editions read, unintelligibly,

Nature awakes a *warm breath* out of her. MALONE.

¹ ——— cases to those heavenly jewels] The same expression
 occurs in *the Winter's Tale* :

“ — they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear
 the cases of their eyes.” MALONE.

² *Begin to part their fringes of bright gold ;*] So in *the Tempest* :

“ The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,

“ And say what thou see'st yond ? ” MALONE.

The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [She moves.

Tbai. O dear Diana,

Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is
this?

2 Gent. Is not this strange?

1 Gent. Most rare,

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours;

Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her,
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come,
And Esculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*

S C E N E III.

Tharfus. A room in Cleon's house.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyza, Lychorida, and Marina.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You and your lady
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you
mortally⁴,

Yet glance full wond'ringly on us,

Dionyza,

³ *What world is this?*] So in the *Conf. Amant.*:

“And first hir eien up she caste,

“And whan she more of strength caught,

“Hir armes both forth she straughte,

“Helde up hir honde and pitoussie

“She spake, and said, *where am I?*

“*Where is my lorde? What worlde is this?*

“As she that wote not howe it is.” MALONE.

⁴ — *though they haunt you mortally,*] Thus the first quarto.—
The folios and the modern editions read *bate*. MALONE.

2 out

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her
hither,
To have blest mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but
Obey the powers above us. Could I rage
And roar as doth the sea she lies in, yet
The end must be as 'tis. My gentle babe,
Marina, (whom, for she was born at sea,
I have nam'd so here) I charge your charity
Withal, leaving her the infant of your care;
Beseeching you to give her princely training,
That she may be manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord; but think,
Your grace^s, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you)

*Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you mortally,
Yet glance full wond'ringly on us.]* I think we should read:
Your *shasts* of fortune, though they *burt* (or *bunt* or *bit*) you
mortally,

Yet glance full wandringly, &c.

Thus Tully in one of his Familiar Epistles——“*omnibus telis
fortuna proposita fit vita nostra.*” Again, Shakspeare in his *Otbello*:

“—— The shot of accident or *dart* of *chance*——”

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“The slings and *arrows* of outrageous *fortune*.”

Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: “I am glad, though you
have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your *arrow* hath
glanced.”

The sense of the passage should seem to be as follows.—All the
malice of fortune is not confined to yourself. Though her ar-
rows strike deeply at you, yet wandering from their mark, they
sometimes glance on us; as at present, when the uncertain state of
Tyre deprives us of your company at Tharsus. STEEVENS.

^s *Fear not my lord, but think,
Your grace,——]* Such is the reading of the ancient co-
pies. I believe, Shakspeare wrote,
Fear not, my lord, but *that*
Your grace, &c.

However, as the passage is intelligible, I have made no change.
MALONE.

Must

Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile⁶, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty :
But if to that my nature need a spur⁷,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation !

Per. I believe you ;

Your honour and your goodness teach me to it⁸,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unfister'd shall this heir of mine remain,
Though I shew will in't⁹. So I take my leave :
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

⁶ ——— if neglection

Should therein make me vile,——] The modern editions have *neglect*. But the reading of the old copy is right. The word is again used by Shakspeare in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ And this *neglect*ion of degree it is

“ That by a pace goes backward.” MALONE.

⁷ ——— my nature need a spur,] So in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— I have no spur

“ To prick the sides of my intent” — STEEVENS.

⁸ *Your honour and your goodness teach me to it,*] Perhaps our author wrote ——— *witch* me to't. So in *K. Hen. VI. Part II*:

“ To fit and *witch* me as Ascanius did.”

Again, in another play :

“ I'll *witch* sweet ladies with my words and look.”

Again, more appositely in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*:

“ ——— pleasing charms

“ With which weak men thou *witchest* to attend.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Though I shew will in it :*] The meaning may be—*Though I appear wilfull and perverse by such conduct.*—We might read ——— *Though I shew ill in't.* MALONE.

Unfister'd shall this babe of mine remain,

Though I shew will in't:——] i. e. till she be married,

I swear by Diana, (though I may shew [*will*, i. e.] obstinacy in keeping such an oath) this heir of mine shall have *none who can call her sister*; i. e. I will not marry and so have a chance of other children before she is disposed of.—*Obstinacy* was anciently called *wilfulness*. STEEVENS.

Dian.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o'
the shore;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune¹, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace

Your offer. Come, dearest madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter Cerimon and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer; which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's. That I was ship'd at sea,
I well remember, even on my yearning time²;

¹ ——— mask'd Neptune, ———] i. e. insidious waves that wear
a treacherous smile:

“ Subdola fallacis ridet clementia ponti. *Lucretius.*

STEEVENS.

² *I well remember, ev'n on my learning time;*] Read — *yearning*
time. So in *K. Hen. V.*:

“ ——— for Falstaff he is dead,

“ And we must *yearn* therefore.”

Rowe would read—*eaning*, a term applicable only to sheep when
they produce their young. STEEVENS.

The quarto 1619, and the folio 1664, which was printed from
it, both read *eaning*. The first quarto reads *learning*. The editor
of the second quarto seems to have corrected many of the faults in
the old copy, without any consideration of the original corrupted
reading. MALONE.

But

• But whether there delivered or no,
 By the holy gods, I cannot rightly say;
 But since king Pericles, my wedded lord,
 I ne'er shall see again, a vestal livery
 Will I take me to, and never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
 Diana's temple is not distant far,
 Where you may 'bide until your date expire³:
 Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
 Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thanks, that's all;
 Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T I V.

*Enter Gower*⁴.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
 Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
 His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
 Unto Diana there a votarefs⁵.

Now

³ *Where you may 'bide until your date expire:]* Until you die,—
 So in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“The date is out of such prolixity.” MALONE.

⁴ *Enter Gower.]* This chorus, and the two following scenes, have hitherto been printed as part of the third act. In the original edition of this play, the whole appears in an unbroken series. The editor of the folio in 1664, first made the division of acts and scenes (which has been since followed), without much propriety. The poet seems to have intended that each act should begin with a chorus. On this principle the present division is made. Gower, however, interposing eight times, a chorus is necessarily introduced in the middle of this and the ensuing act. MALONE.

⁵ *His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
 Unto Diana there a votarefs.]* Ephesus is a rhyme so ill corresponding with votarefs, that I suspect our author wrote Ephese
 of

Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find⁶
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In musick, letters⁷; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder⁸. But alack!
That monster Envy, oft the wreck

Of

or *Ephesi*; as he often contracts his proper names to suit his metre. Thus Pont for *Pontus*, Mede for *Media*, Comagene for *Comagena*, Sicils for *Sicilies*, &c. Gower, in the story on which this play is founded, has *Dionyze* for *Dionyza*, and *Tharse* for *Tharsus*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Whom our fast-growing scene must find*] The same expression occurs in the chorus to *the Winter's Tale*:

“ ——— your patience this allowing,
“ I turn my glass, and give my *scene* such *growing*,
“ As you had slept between.” MALONE.

⁷ *In musick, letters*; ———] The old copy reads, I think corruptly — *In musicks letters*. ——— The corresponding passage in Gower's *Conf. Amant.* confirms the emendation now made:

“ My doughter *Thaise* by your leve
“ I thynke shall with you be leve
“ As for a tyme: and thus I praie,
“ That she be kepte by all waie,
“ And whan she hath of age more
“ That she be fet to *bokes lore*, &c.”

Again,

“ ——— she dwelleth
“ In *Tharse*, as the cronike telleth;
“ She was well kept, she was well loked,
“ *She was well taught, she was well bokcd,*
“ So well she sped hir in hir youth,
“ That she of every wysdome couth —”

The remaining thoughts of this chorus are taken, for the most part, from the *Confessio amanti*. MALONE.

⁸ *Which makes high both the art and place
Of general wonder*: ———] Thus all the copies. I would read,

Which makes *her* both the heart and place
Of general wonder. ———

Such an education has render'd her the center and situation of general wonder. We still use the *heart* of oak for the central part of it, and the *heart* of the land in much such another sense, Shakspeare

Vail to her mistress Dian⁶; still
 This Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute Marina⁷: so
 The dove of Paphos might with the crow
 Vie feathers white⁸. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare⁹,
 A present murderer does prepare

Again, B. iv:

“ These to their nests

“ Were flunk; all but the wakeful nightingale,

“ She all night long her amorous descant sung.”

To record anciently signified to *sing*. So in Sir Philip Sydney's
Ourania, by N. B. 1606:

“ Recording songs unto the Deitie—”

Again, in the *Pilgrim*, by B. and Fletcher:

“ O sweet, sweet, how the birds record too!” MALONE.

6 ——— with rich and constant pen

Vail to her mistress Dian,—] To *vail* is to bow, to do
 homage. The author seems to mean—*When she would compose*
 supplicatory hymns to Diana, or verses expressive of her gratitude
 to Dionysia.

We might indeed read—*Hail* to her mistress Dian—i. e. salute
 her in verse. STEEVENS.

I strongly suspect that *vail* is a mis-print.—We might read:

Wail to her mistress Dian.

i. e. compose elegies on the death of her mother, of which she
 had been apprized by her nurse, Lychorida. MALONE.

7 ——— with absolute Marina,—] i. e. accomplished. So
 in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— at sea

“ He is an absolute master.” STEEVENS.

Again, in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher:

“ They are fam'd to be a pair of absolute men.”

Again, in Green's *Tu Quoque*, 1599:

“ — from an absolute and most complete gentleman, to a most
 absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover.” MALONE.

8 *Vie feathers white*.—] See note on the *Taming of a*
Shrew, last edit. vol. iii. p. 461. STEEVENS.

9 ——— with envy rare,] *Envy* is frequently used by our
 ancient writers, in the sense of *malice*. It is, however, I be-
 lieve, here used in its common acceptation. MALONE.

For

For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead,
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath
 Prest for this blow ¹. The unborn event
 I do commend to your content :
 Only I carried winged time ²
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
 Dionyza doth appear,
 With Leonine a murderer.

[Exit.

SCENE I.

Tharsus.

An open place near the sea-shore.

Enter Dionyza and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to
 do it ³ :

'Tis

¹ Prest for this blow.] Prest is ready ; pret. Fr. So in the
Tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet, 1562 :

“ I will, God lendyng lyfe, on Wensday next be prest

“ To wayte on him and you ——— ”

See note on the *Merchant of Venice*, last edit. vol. iii. p. 139.

MALONE.

² Only I carried winged time] So in the chorus to the *Winter's
 Tale* :

“ I ——— ”

“ Now take upon me, in the name of time,

“ To use my wings.”

Again, in *K. Henry V* :

“ Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,

“ In motion of no less celerity

“ Than that of thought.” MALONE.

³ Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do it :] Here, I think,
 may be traced the rudiments of the scene in which lady Mac-
 beth instigates her husband to murder Duncan :

- 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
 Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom ⁴,
 Enflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
 Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
 A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods above should have
 her ⁵.

Here she comes weeping for her only mistress.

“ I have given suck, and know

“ How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;

“ I would, while it was smiling in my face,

“ Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,

“ And dash'd the brains out, *had I but so sworn*

“ *As you have done to this.*” MALONE.

⁴ — *inflame love in thy bosom,*] The first quarto reads,—“ Let not conscience which is but cold, *in flaming thy love* bosome, enflame too nicelie, nor let pitie, &c.” The subsequent impressions afford no assistance. Some words seem to have been lost. The sentiment originally expressed, probably was this.—Let not conscience, which is but a cold monitor, deter you from executing what you have promised; nor let the beauty of Marina enkindle the flame of love in your bosom;—nor be softened by pity, which even I, a woman, have cast off.—I am by no means satisfied with the regulation that I have made, but it affords a glimmering of sense.—Nearly the same expression occurred before:

———— That have *enflam'd desire in my breast*—

I suspect, the words *enflame too nicely* were written in the margin, the author not having determined which of the two expressions to adopt; and that by mistake they were transcribed as part of the text. MALONE.

We might read,

———— inflame thy *loving bosom* :

With Mr. Malone's alteration however, the words will bear the following sense: Let not conscience, which in itself is of a cold nature, have power to raise the flame of love in you, raise it even to folly.—*Nicely*, in ancient language, signifies *foolishly*. *Niais*. Fr. STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *but yet she is a goodly creature.*

Dion. *The fitter than the gods above should have her.*] So in *K. Rich. III.*

“ O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.—

“ The fitter for the King of Heaven.” STEEVENS.

Death—

Death—thou art resolv'd⁶?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter Marina, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy grave with flowers⁷: the yellows,
blues,

The

⁶ *Here she comes weeping for her only mistress.*

Death—thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.] This passage, as at present regulated, bears a strong resemblance to one in *K. Jobn*:

K. Jobn. "Dost thou understand me?"

"Thou art his keeper.

Hub. "And I'll keep him so

"That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. Jobn. "Death.

Hub. "My lord?"

K. Jobn. "A grave.

Hub. "He shall not live."

The similitude may however be only imaginary, for perhaps the poet wrote:

Here she comes weeping for her only mistress⁸

Death——

i. e. for the death of her only mistress. MALONE.

⁷ *No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,—*

To strew thy grave with flowers:] The quartos read,

No—I will rob Tellus of her weed to strowe thy greene with flowers. The folio, 1664, reads—to strow thy grave, &c.

Mr. Rowe, for the sake of metre, introduced the word *gay*:

No, I will rob *gay* Tellus of her weed.—

We might read,

Now, I will *disrobe* Tellus of her weed,

To strew thy grave with flowers.

Weed, in old language, meant *garment*. MALONE.

No, no, *I will rob Tellus of her weed*, &c.] Before we determine which is the proper reading, let us reflect a moment on the business in which Marina is employed. She is about to strew the grave of her nurse Lychorida with flowers, and therefore makes her entry with propriety, saying,

No, no, I will rob Tellus, &c.

i. e. No, no, it shall never be said that I left the tomb of one to whom I owe so much, without some ornament. Rather than it shall remain undecorated, I will strip the earth of its robe, &c. The prose romance, already quoted, says "that always as the

- The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a chaplet hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last⁸. Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother dy'd,
This world to me is like a lasting storm^{*},
Whirring me from my friends⁹.

• *Dion.* How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?¹

came homeward, she went and washed the tombe of her nouryce,
and kept it contynually fayre and clene." STEEVENS.

⁸ *Shall as a chaplet hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last.*] So in *Cymbeline*:

“ With fairest flowers,

“ *Whilst summer lasts*, and I live here, Fidele,

“ I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack

“ The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor

“ The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins, no nor

“ The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander

“ Out-sweeten'd not thy breath.”

All the copies read—*Shall as a carpet &c.* Mr. Steevens proposes to me to read *chaplet*, which appears so probable an emendation, that I have inserted it in the text. MALONE.

• * — *like a lasting storm,*] I suspect our author wrote—*blasting*. The violence, and not the duration, of the storm, seems to have been in Marina's contemplation. MALONE.

⁹ *Whirring me from my friends.*] Thus the earliest copy; I think, rightly. The second quarto, and all the subsequent impressions, read—*Hurrying me from my friends. Whirring* or *whirring*, had formerly the same meaning. A bird that flies with a quick motion, accompanied with noise, is still said to *whirr* away. Thus Pope:

“ Now from the brake the *whirring* pheasant springs.”

The verb to *whirry* is used in the ancient ballad entitled *Robin Goodfellow. Reliques of Ancient Eng. Poet.* vol. ii. p. 203.

“ More swift than wind away I go,

“ O'er hedge and lands,

“ Thro' pools and ponds,

“ I *whirry*, laughing ho ho ho.” MALONE.

The two last lines uttered by Marina, very strongly resemble a passage in Homer's *Iliad*, b. 19 l. 377:

τὴςδ' ἐκ ἰθίλοιας αἶλλαι

Πόρτοι ἐκ' ἰχθυόεντα ΦΙΛΩΝ ΑΠΑΝΕΥΘΕ ΦΕΡΟΥΣΙΝ.

STEEVENS.

¹ *How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?*] Thus the earliest copy. So in *Macbeth*:

“ *How now, my lord! why do you keep alone?*”

The second quarto reads

———— why do you *weep* alone? MALONE.

How

How chance my daughter is not with you *? Do not
 Consume your blood with sorrowing³; you have
 A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd
 With this unprofitable woe! Come, come,
 Give me your wreath of flowers, ere the sea
 Mar it *. Walk with Leonine; the air's quick there,
 And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,
 Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
 I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
 I love the king your father, and yourself,
 With more than foreign heart⁴. We every day
 Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
 Our paragon to all reports⁵, thus blasted,
 He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
 Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
 No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
 Walk, and be chearful once again; reserve
 That excellent complexion⁶ which did steal

The

² *How chance my daughter is not with you?—*] So in *K. Henry IV. P. II.*: "How chance thou art not with the prince, thy brother?"

MALONE.

³ *Consume your blood with sorrowing;*] So in *K. Hen. VI. P. II.*:
 "— blood-consuming figs." See also vol. x. p. 367. MALONE.

* *Give me your flowers, ere the sea*

Mar it] Thus all the copies. If it be right, something must have been omitted. The words now inserted supply both the sense and metre. MALONE.

⁴ *With more than foreign heart.*] With the same warmth of affection as if I was his country-woman. MALONE.

⁵ *Our paragon to all reports,*] Our fair charge, whose beauty was once equal to all that fame said of it. So in *Othello*:

" — He hath atchiev'd a maid,

" *That paragons description and wild fame.*" MALONE.

⁶ — reserve

That excellent complexion,] To reserve is here to guard; to preserve carefully. So in *K. Lear*, quarto, 1608:

" Reserve thy state, with better judgment check

" This hideous rashness."

The eyes of young and old. Care not for me ;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go ;
But yet I have no desire to it ?

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least ;
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a
while ;

Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood :
What ! I must have a care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam. [*Exit Dionyza.*]
Is this wind westerly that blows ?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so ?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cry'd, *good seamen*, to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes ;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck ?

Leon. When was this ?

Mar. When I was born.
Never was waves nor wind more violent ;

Again, in his 32d Sonnet :

“ Reserve them, for my love, not for their rhimes.”

Again, in his 85th Sonnet :

“ While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,

“ Reserve their character with golden quill—” MALONE.

7 Well, I will go ;

But yet I have no desire to it.] So in the *Merchant of Ve-*
nice :

“ I have no mind of feasting forth to-night,

“ But I will go.” STEEVENS.

7 That almost burst the deck.] *Burst* is frequently used by our
author in an active sense. So in *K. Henry IV. Part II*: “ And
then he *burst* his head for crouding among the marshal's men.”

MALONE.

And

And from the ladder-tackle washes off⁹
 A canvas-climber : *ha*, says one, *wilt out* ?
 And with a dropping industry they skip
 From stem to stern¹ : the boat-swain whistles, and
 The master calls, and trebles their confusion².

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you ?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
 I grant it : pray ; but be not tedious,
 For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
 To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why, will you kill me ?

Leon.

⁹ *And from the ladder-tackle washes off*

A canvas-climber : ———] A ship-boy.— So in *King Henry V* :

“ ——— and in them behold

“ Upon the *bempen-tackle* ship-boys climbing.”

I suspect that a line, preceding these two, has been lost.

MALONE.

¹ *From stern to stern* :] Thus all the copies. But we clearly ought to read—From *stem* to stern. So Dryden :

“ Orontes’ barque, even in the hero’s view,

“ *From stem to stern* by waves was overborne.”

A hasty transcriber, or negligent compositor, might easily have mistaken the letters *rn*, and put an *m* in their place. MALONE.

² ——— and trebles their confusion.] So in *K. Henry V* :

“ Hear the shrill *whistle*, which doth order give

“ To sounds *confus’d*.” MALONE.

³ *Leon.* Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you ?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
 I grant it ; pray ; but be not tedious, &c.

Mar. Why, will you kill me ?]

So in *Othello* :

Oth. “ Have you pray’d to-night, Desdemona ?—

“ If you bethink yourself of any crime

“ Unreconcil’d as yet to heaven and grace,

“ Solicit for it straight.

Des. “ Alas, my lord what do you mean by that ?

Oth. “ Well, do it, and be brief—

Des. “ Talk you of killing, &c.” STEEVENS.

This circumstance is likewise found in the *Gesta Romanorum*.

“ *Peto domine*, says *Tharfia*, (the *Marina* of this play) ut si nulla

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd ?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life ;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature : believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly :
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it *. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger ?

Leon. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favour'd, and your looks fore-shew
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought :
Good sooth, it shew'd well in you ; do so now :
Your lady seeks my life ;—come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst she is struggling.

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain ! [*Leonine runs away.*]

2 *Pirate.* A prize ! a prize !

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's
have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*]

spes est mihi, permittas me deum testare. Villicus ait, “ restate ;
et Deus ipse scit quod coactus te interfecio.” Illa vero cum esset
posita in oratione, venerunt pyratæ, &c.” MALONE.

* *I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it.*] Fenton has transplanted this image
into his *Marianne* :

“ ——— when I was a child

“ I kill'd a linnet, but indeed I wept ;

“ Heaven visits not for that.” STEEVENS.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

The same. Re-enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate
Valdes⁵;

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go;
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Mitylene. A room in a brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and Boul.

Pand. Boul.

Boul. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is
full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart
by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures.
We have but poor three, and they can do no more
than they can do; and with continual action are
even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones whate'er we
pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd
in every trade, we shall never prosper⁶.

Bawd.

⁵ *These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;*] The Spanish armada, I believe, furnished our author with this name. Don Pedro de Valdes was an admiral in that fleet, and had the command of the great galleon of Andalusia. His ship being disabled, he was taken by sir Francis Drake, on the twenty-second of July, 1588, and sent to Dartmouth. This play therefore, we may conclude, was not written till after that period.—The making one of this Spaniard's ancestors a pirate, was probably relished by the audience in those days. MALONE.

⁶ *Therefore let's have fresh ones whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.*]

Bawd. Thou say'st true : 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards', as I think, I have brought up some eleven—

Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again'. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully foddren.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome o' conscience. The poor Transilvanian is dead that lay with the little baggage'.

Boult. Ay, she quickly poop'd him'; she made him roast-meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market. [Exit Boult.]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

per.] The sentiments incident to vicious professions suffer little change within a century and a half.—This speech is much the same as that of *Mrs. Cole* in the *Minor*: “Tip him an old trader! Mercy on us, where do you expect to go when you die, Mr. Loader?” STEEVENS.

¹ *Thou say'st true; 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—*] There seems to be something wanting. Perhaps—*that will do*—or some such words. The author, however, might have intended an imperfect sentence. MALONE.

² *I too eleven, and brought them down again.]* Read, Ay, to eleven, &c.—I have brought up (i. e. educated) says the bawd, some eleven. Yes, (answers Boult) to eleven, (i. e. as far as eleven years of age) and then brought them down again. The latter clause of the sentence requires no explanation.

My emendation is confirmed by the quarto, 1609.

STEEVENS.

³ *Thou say'st true; there's two unwholesome o' conscience.]* Thus all the copies. But the preceding dialogue shews that they are erroneous. The complaint had not been made of *two*, but of *all the stuff* they had.—According to the present regulation the pander merely assents to what his wife had said. The words *two* and *too* are perpetually confounded in the old copies. MALONE.

⁴ *Ay, she quickly poop'd him,]* The following passage in *the Devil's Charter*, a tragedy, 1607, will sufficiently explain this singular term:

“ ——— foul Amazonian trulls,
“ Whose lanterns are still lighted in their *poops*.”

MALONE,

Bawd.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger²: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd³. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we⁴.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling: but here comes Boulton.

Enter the Pirates, and Boulton dragging in Marina.

Boulton. Come your ways. [*To Marina.*] My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 Pirat. O fir, we doubt it not.

Boulton. Master, I have gone thorough⁵ for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boulton, has she any qualities?

Boulton. She has a good face, speaks well, and hath excellent good cloaths; there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

² ——— *the commodity wages not with the danger*: ———] i. e. is not equal to it. Several examples of this expression are given in the notes on Shakspeare, last edition:

“ ——— his taints and honours

“ *Wag'd equal with him.*” *Ant. and Cleop.* STEEVENS.

³ ——— *to keep our door hatch'd*; ———] The doors or hatches of brothels, in the time of our author, seem to have had some distinguishing mark. — So in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 16:6: — “Set some picks upon your hatch, and I pray, profess to keep a *bawdy-house*.”

MALONS.

⁴ *Come, other sorts offend as well as we.*] From her husband's answer, I suspect the poet wrote—*Other trades, &c.* MALONS.

⁵ ——— *I have gone thorough* ———] i. e. I have bid a high price for her, gone far in my attempt to purchase her.

STEEVENS.

Bawd.

Bawd. What's her price, Boul't ?

Boul't. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces ⁶.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment ⁷.

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*]

Bawd. Boul't, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first* ⁸. Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boul't. Performance shall follow. [*Exit Boul't.*]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow !

(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates,

Not enough barbarous, had but over-board
Thrown me ⁹, to seek my mother !

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one ?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

⁶ *I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.*] This speech should seem to suit the pirate. However, it may belong to *Boul't.*—I cannot get them to bate me one doit of a thousand pieces. MALONE.

⁷ ——— *that she may not be raw in her entertainment.*] Unripe, unskillfull. So in *Hamlet*:—"and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail." — MALONE.

⁸ ——— *and cry, He that will give most, shall have her first.*] The prices of first and secondary prostitution are exactly settled in the old prose romance already quoted: "Go thou and make a crye through the cyte that of all men that shall enhabyte with her carnally, the fyrst shall gyve me a pounce of golde, and after that echone a peny of golde." STEVENS.

⁹ ——— *had but over-board*

Thrown me,—] All the copies are here evidently corrupt. They read—had not o'er-board &c. MALONE.

Mar,

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault, to 'scape his hands,
where I
Was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's return'd.

Enter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou cry'd her through the market?

Boult. I have cry'd her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. 'Faith they listen'd to me, as they would have hearken'd to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so water'd, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams¹?

Bawd. Who? monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow².

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he doth but repair it³. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun⁴.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign⁴.

Bawd.

¹ — *that cowers i' the hams?*] To cower is to sink by bending the hams. So in *King Henry VI*:

“The splitting rocks cov'r'd in the sinking sands.”

Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*:

“They cov'r so o'er the coles, their eies be blear'd with smookk.” STEEVENS.

² — *he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.*] If there were no other proof of this piece's having been written by Shakspeare, this admirable stroke of humour would, in my apprehension, stamp it as his. MALONE.

³ — *here he doth but repair it.* To repair here means to renovate. So in *Cymbeline*:

“O disloyal thing!

“That should'st repair my youth—” MALONE.

⁴ — *to scatter his crowns in the sun.*] The allusion is to the *lues venerea*. It occurs frequently in our author's plays. So in *Measure for Measure*:

“Lucio. A French crown more.

“Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me”— MALONE.

— *I know he will come in our shadow to scatter his crowns in the sun.*] This passage, as the words which compose it are arranged at present, is to me unintelligible. I would correct and read: — “I know he will come in, to scatter his crowns in the shadow of our sun.—I suppose the bawd means to call Marina the sun of her house. So in *King Richard III*:

“Witness my sun, now in the shade of death.”

There is indeed a proverbial phrase alluded to in *Hamlet*, and introduced in *K. Lear*: — “out of heaven's benediction into the warm sun.” But I cannot adapt it to this passage. Let the reader try. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *we should lodge them with this sign.*] If a traveller from every part of the globe were to assemble in Mytilene, they would all

Bawd. Pray you, come hither a while. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain: To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meer profit⁵.

Mar. I understand you not.

Bowl. O take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of her's must be quench'd with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true i'faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant⁶.

Bowl. 'Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Bowl. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

refer to this house, while we had such a sign to it as this virgin.— This, I think, is the meaning. A similar eulogium is pronounced on Imogen in *Cymbeline*: "She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit." Perhaps there is some allusion to the constellation *Virgo*. MALONE.

— lodge them with this sign.] A term from the chase. So in *Cato*:

"The deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to her covert."

STEVENS.

⁵ — a mere profit.] i. e. an absolute, a certain profit. So in *Hamlet*:

"— things rank and gross in nature

"Possess it merely."

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy." MALONE.

⁶ — for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.] You say true; for even a bride, who has the sanction of the law to warrant her proceeding, will not surrender her person without some constraint. Which is her way to go, means only—to which she is entitled to go. MALONE.

Bowl.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be chang'd yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When Nature fram'd this piece, she meant thee a good turn⁷; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels⁸, as my giving out of her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep⁹, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

A room in Cleon's house at Tharsus.

Enter Cleon and Dionyza.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think you'll turn a child again.

⁷ — *When nature fram'd this piece, she meant thee a good turn;—* A similar sentiment occurs in *King Lear*:

“That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh,

“To raise my fortunes.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — *thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels,—*] Among the effects ascribed by the vulgar to a thunder-storm, is that of making fish more easy to be taken. STEEVENS.

⁹ *If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,*] So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, last edit. vol. viii. p. 278:

“—if knife, drugs, serpents, have

“Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.” STEEVENS.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poison'd too!
If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy face¹: what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child²?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the
fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve³.
She died at night⁴; I'll say so. Who can cross it⁵?
Un-

¹ *If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy face.* - -] i. e. hadst thou poisoned
thyself by pledging him, it would have been an action well be-
coming thy gratitude to him, as well as thy audacity or confidence.
Face, in the *Alchemist* is a name bestowed on the most plausible
and bold of his male cheats. Perhaps, however, we should read
fact instead of *face*. STEEVENS:

² *What canst thou say;
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?*] So in the an-
cient romance already quoted: "— tell me now what rekenynge
we shall gyve hym of his doughter, &c." STEEVENS.

So also in the *Gesta Romanorum*: "Quem [Apollonium] cum
vidisset strangulio, perrexit rabido cursu, dixitque uxori suæ Dy-
onisi—Dixisti Apollonium naufragum esse mortuum. Ecce, venit
ad repetendam filiam. Ecce, quid dicturi sumus pro filiâ?"

MALONE.

³ *Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.*] So king John, on re-
ceiving the account of Arthur's death:

"We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—

"Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?

"Think you I bear the shears of destiny?

"Have commandment on the pulse of life?" MALONE.

⁴ *She died at night; —*] I suppose Dionyza means to say
that she died suddenly; was found dead in the morning. The
words are from Gower:

"She saith that Thayse sodeynly

"By night is dead." — STEEVENS:

⁵ *I'll say so. Who can cross it?*] So in *Macbeth*:

"*Macb.* — Will it not be receiv'd,

Unless you play the impious innocent,^o
 And for an honest attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
 Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
 Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
 The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
 And open this to Pericles. I do shame
 To think of what a noble strain you are,
 And of how coward a spirit⁷.

Cle. To such proceeding
 Who ever but his approbation added,

“ When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
 “ Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
 “ That they have done't ?

“ *Lady* Who dares receive it other,

“ As we shall make our grief and clamour roar

“ Upon his death ?” MALONE.

^o *Unless you play the impious innocent,*] The folios and the modern editions have omitted the word *impious*, which is necessary to the metre, and is found in the first quarto.—She calls him, an *impious* simpleton, because such a discovery would touch the life of one of his own family, his wife.

An *innocent* was formerly a common appellation for an idiot. See Mr. Whalley's note in the preceding volume, p. 137.

MALONE.

7

———— *I do shame*

To think of what a noble strain you are,

And of how coward a spirit.] Lady Macbeth urges the same

argument to persuade her husband to commit the murder of Duncan, that Dionyza here uses to induce Cleon to conceal that of Marina :

“ ——— art thou afraid

“ T be the same in thine own act and valour,

“ As thou art in desire ? Would'st thou have that

“ Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,

“ And live a coward in thine own esteem ?

“ Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,

“ Like the poor cat i' the adage ?”

Again, after the murder, she exclaims :

“ My hands are of your colour, but I *shame*

“ *To wear a heart so white.*” MALONE.

Though

Though not his pre-consent⁸, he did not flow
From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then :

Yet none doth know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes : none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face ;
Whilst ours was blurted at⁹, and held a malkin
Not worth the time of day¹. It pierc'd me thorough ;
And though you call my course unnatural²,

You

⁸ *Though not his pre-consent,* —] The first quarto reads—*prince consent*. The second quarto, which has been followed by the modern editions, has—*whole consent*. In the second edition, the editor or printer seems to have corrected what was apparently erroneous in the first, by substituting something that would afford sense, without paying any regard to the corrupted reading, which often leads to the discovery of the true. For the emendation inserted in the text the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. A passage in *King Jobn* bears no very distant resemblance to the present :

“ ——— If thou didst but consent

“ To this most cruel act, do but despair,

“ And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread

“ That ever spider twisted from her womb

“ Will serve to strangle thee.” MALONE.

⁹ *Whilst ours was blurted at,*] Thus the quarto 1609. All the subsequent copies have—*blurred at*. MALONE.

She did disdain my child, and stood between

Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,

But cast their gazes on Marina's face ;

Whilst ours was blurted at, —] The usurping duke in *As You Like It* gives the same reasons for his cruelty to Rosalind :

“ ——— she robs thee of thy name ;

“ And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,

“ When she is gone.” STEEVENS.

¹ ——— a malkin

Not worth the time of day.] A *malkin* is a coarse wench. A kitchen-*malkin* is mentioned in *Coriolanus* *Not worth the time of day* is, not worth a good day or good morrow ; undeserving the most common and usual salutation. STEEVENS.

² *And though you call my course unnatural,*] So in *Julius Caesar* :

You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me, as an enterprize of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole daughter³.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expence 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons⁴.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously

“ Our *course* will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
“ To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs.”

MALONE.

³ *It greets me, as an enterprize of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole daughter.*] Perhaps *it greets me*, may mean, *it pleases me*; c'est a mon gré. If *greet* be used in its ordinary sense of *saluting* or *meeting with congratulation*, it is surely a very harsh phrase. I suspect the passage to be corrupt.

MALONE.

⁴ *Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.*] There is an awkwardness of construction in this passage, that leads me to think it corrupt. The sense designed seems to have been—*Thou resemblest in thy conduct the harpy, which allures with the face of an angel, that it may seize with the talons of an eagle.*—Might we read:

Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost wear thine angel's face;
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Which is here, as in many other places, for *who*.

Mr. Steevens thinks a line was omitted at the press, which, he supposes, might have been of this import:

Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost with thine angel's face
Hang out fair shews of love, that thou may'st surer
Seize with thine eagle's talons. MALONE.

Doth

Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies⁵;

But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [Exit.

Enter Gower, before the Monument of Marina at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short,

Sail seas in cockles⁶, have and wish but for't;

Making, (to take your imagination)

From bourn to bourn⁷, region to region.

By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime

To use one language, in each several clime,

Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,

To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,

⁵ *Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;*] You resemble him who is angry with heaven, because it does not control the common course of nature. Marina, like the flies in winter, was fated to perish; yet you lament and wonder at her death, as an extraordinary occurrence. MALONE.

⁶ *Sail seas in cockles,*] We are told by Reginald Scott in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, that "it was believed that witches could sail in an eggshell, a cockle or muscle shell, through and under tempestuous seas."—This popular idea was probably in our author's thoughts. MALONE.

⁷ *Making, (to take your imagination)*

From bourn to bourn, ———] *Making*, if that be the true reading, must be understood to mean—*proceeding in our course*, from bourn to bourn, &c.—It is still said at sea—*the ship makes such way*. I suspect, however, that the passage is corrupt. All the copies have—*our imagination*—which is clearly wrong. Perhaps the author wrote—to *task* your imagination

MALONE.

Making, (to take your imagination)

From bourn to bourn, &c. ———] i. e. travelling (with the hope of engaging your attention) from one part of the world to another; i. e. we hope to interest you by the variety of our scene, and the different countries through which we pursue our story. STEEVENS.

The stages of our story². Pericles
 Is now again thwarting the wayward seas³,
 (Attended on by many a lord and knight)
 To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
 Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late⁴
 Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,

Is

* ——— *who stand i' the gaps to teach you,*
The stages of our story,] So, in the chorus to the *Winter's*
Tale:

“ I slide

“ O'er fifteen years, and leave the growth untry'd

“ Of that wide gap.”

The earliest quarto reads—*with gaps*; that in 1619—*in gaps*.
 The reading that I have substituted, is nearer that of the old
 copy. MALONE.

To learn of me who stand with gaps ———] I should rather
 read:—*i' the gaps*. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ That I may sleep out this great gap of time.

“ My Antony's away.”

..I would likewise transpose and correct the following lines thus:

———— I do beseech ye

To learn of me, who stand *i' the gaps* to teach ye,

The stages of our story. Pericles

Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,

Attended on by many a lord and knight,

To see his daughter, all his *life's* delight.

Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late

Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,

Is left to govern. Bear it you in mind,

Old Helicanus goes along behind.

Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought

This king to Tharsus: think *his* pilot wrought

So with his steerage, and your thoughts shall groan

To fetch, &c. ——— STERVENS.

* ——— thwarting *the wayward seas*; So in *K. Henry V*:

“ ——— and there being seen,

“ Heave him away upon your winged thoughts

“ *Atwart the seas,*” MALONE.

∴ ² *Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late, &c.*] In the old copies these
 lines are strangely misplaced:

Old Helicanus goes along behind

Is left to governe it: you beare in mind

Old Escenes whom Helicanus late

Advancde in time to great and hie estate,

Well

Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
 Old Helicanus goes along behind.
 Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds have
 brought
 This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought²;
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on)
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone³.
 Like motes and shadows see them move a while;
 Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

Enter at one door, Pericles with his train; Cleon and Dionyza at the other. Cleon shews Pericles the tomb of Marina; whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

Well sailing ships and bounteous winds
 Have brought this king to Tharsus, &c.

The regulation suggested by Mr. Steevens renders the whole passage perfectly clear. MALONE.

———— think this pilot thought,
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts groan
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.] Thus, all the old copies; but they appear to me corrupt. I read,

———— think his pilot thought;
 Suppose that your imagination is his pilot. So in *King Henry V*:
 “ — ” ’Tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
 “ Carry them here and there; jumping o’er times.”

Again, *ibid*:

“ Hearve him away upon your winged thoughts
 “ Atwart the seas.”

In the next line the versification is defective by one word being printed instead of two. By reading *grow on* instead of *groan*, the sense and metre are both restored. So in *the Midsummer Night's Dream* (fol. 1623): ——— “ and so grow on to a point.” See vol. iii. p. 18. where various instances are produced of the word *grow* being used in the sense required here. We might read *go on*; but the other appears to me more likely to have been the author's word. MALONE.

³ ——— who first is gone.] Who has left Tharsus before her father's arrival there. MALONE.

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show !
 This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe * ;
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-
 show'r'd,

Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs ;
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you
 wit^s

The epitaph is for Marina writ
 By wicked Dionysa.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument,*

*The fairest, sweetest, best, lies here,
 Who wither'd in her spring of year.
 She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter ;
 Marina was she call'd ; and at her birth,
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth^s :
 There*

* ——— for true old woe.] So, in *K. Henry V* :

“ Sit and see,

“ Minding true things by what their mockeries be.”

MALONE.

————— for true old woe.] i. e. for such tears as were
 shed when, the world being in its infancy, dissimulation was un-
 known. All poetical writers are willing to persuade themselves
 that sincerity expired with the first ages. — Perhaps, however, we
 ought to read “ true-told woe.” STEEVENS.

————— Now please you wit] Now be pleased to know. So,
 in Gower :

“ In whiche the londe hath to him writte

“ That he would understonde and wytte” —

The editor of the second quarto (which has been copied by all
 the other editions) probably not understanding the passage, al-
 tered it thus :

— Now take we our way

To the epitaph for Marina writ by *Dionysa*. MALONE.

“ Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' th' earth :] Her
 mother, Thaisa. Our author uses nearly the same expression in
Romeo and Juliet :

“ Thou

*Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint?*

No vizor does become black villainy,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady Fortune; while our tears must play^s
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylene. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.

Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as
this, she being once gone.

"Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
"Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth"—

The modern editions read:

That is, being proud, &c. MALONE.

' ——— and swears she'll never stint,] She'll never cease. So,
in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"It stinted, and said, ay." MALONE.

' ——— while our tears must play] The old copies have,

While our *teare* must play

We might read—our *page*—or rather, our *scene* (which was formerly spelt *scæno*). So in *As You Like It*:

"This wide and universal theatre

"Presents more woeful pageants than the *scene*

"Wherein we play."

But the emendation which Mr. Steevens proposed to me, and which I have inserted in the text, appears preferable to either, because produced merely by the transposition of the letters.

MALONE.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preach'd there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

The same. A room in the Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her; she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lyfimachus, disguis'd?

Boult.

* — *Here comes the lord Lyfimachus, disguis'd.*] So in the ancient prose romance already quoted: "Than anone as Anthygoras prynce of the cyte it wyfte, went and he *dyssnyssed* hymselfe, and went to the bordell whereas Tarcy was, &c." STEEVENS.

So also in the *Gesta Romanorum*: "Cum lenone antecedente et tuba, tertia die cum symphonia ducitur [Tharsia] ad lupanar. Sed *Athenagoras princeps* primus ingreditur *velato corpore*. Tharsia autem videns eum projecit se ad pedes ejus, et ait, &c." No mention is made in the *Conf. Amant.* of this interview between

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter Lyfimachus.

Lyf. How now? How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-blefs your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lyf. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, fir, if she would—— but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lyf. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou would'st say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lyf. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, fir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but——

Lyf. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, fir, I can be modest.

tween Athenagoras (the Lyfimachus of our play) and the daughter of Appolinus. So that Shakspeare must have taken this circumstance either from *Kyng Appolyn of Tbyre*, or some other translation of the *Gesta Romanorum*. MALONE.

¹ *How now? how a dozen of virginities?*] For what price may a dozen of virginities be had? So in *K. Henry IV. Part II*:

“How a score of ewes now?” MALONE.

² *Now the gods to-blefs your honour!*] This use of *to* in composition with verbs (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes) is very common in Gower and Chaucer. See notes on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, last edit. vol. i. p. 342. STEEVENS.

³ — *wholesome iniquity?*] Thus the quarto 1609. The second quarto and the modern editions read—*impunity*.

MALONE.

Lyf.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste *.

Enter Marina.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk ; —never pluck'd yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature ?

Lys. 'Faith she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you ;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave : a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do,

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [*To Marina, whom she takes aside.*]

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed ; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly ? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

* *That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.*] This is the reading of the quarto 1619. The first quarto has—*That dignities &c.* Perhaps the poet wrote—*That dignity is the renown, &c.* The word *number* is, I believe, a misprint. MALONE.

The meaning of the passage should, seem to be this: "The mask of modesty is no less successfully worn by procuresses than by wantons. It palliates grossness of profession in the former, while it exempts a multitude of the latter from suspicion of being what they are. 'Tis politick for each to assume the appearance of this quality, though neither of them in reality possess it."

STEEVENS.

Lys.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not pac'd yet⁵; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together⁶.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Boul.*]

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, fir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend⁷.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven⁸?

Mar. Earlier too, fir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

⁵ *My lord, she's not pac'd yet,*] She has not yet learned her facts. MALONE.

⁶ *Come, we will leave his honour and her together.*] The first quarto adds — *Go thy ways.* These words, which denote both authority and impatience, I think, belong to Lyfimachus. He had before expressed his desire to be left alone with Marina: “—Well, there's for you;—leave us.” MALONE.

⁷ *Why I cannot name but I shall offend.*] I would read — *What I cannot &c.* So in *Measure for Measure*:

“*What but to speak of would offend again.*” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?*] A gamester was formerly used to signify a wanton. So in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

“*She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.*” MALONE.

Mar.

Mar. Who is my principal ?

Lys. Why your herb-woman ; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, shew it now ? ; If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this ? how's this ?—Some more ;—be sage¹.

Mar. For me, that am a maid, though most ungentle

Fortune have plac'd me in this lothsome stie,
Where since I came, diseases have been sold
Dearer than physick,—O that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i'the purer air !

Lys. I did not think
Thou could'st have spoke so well ; ne'er dream'd thou
could'st.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,

⁹ *If you were born to honour, shew it now ;*] In the *Gesta Romanorum*, Tharsia (the Marina of the present play) preserves her chastity by the recital of her story : “ Miserere me propter Deum, et per Deum te adjuro, ne me violes. Resiste libidini tuæ, et audi casus infelicitatis meæ, et unde sim diligenter considera. ” Cui cum universos casus suos exposuisset, princeps confusus et pietate plenus, ait ei—‘ Habeo et ego filiam tibi similem, de qua similes casus metuo. ’ Hæc dicens, dedit ei viginti aureos, dicens, ecce habes amplius pro virginitate quam impositus est. Dic advenientibus sicut mihi dixisti, et liberaberis.”

The affecting circumstance which is here said to have struck the mind of Athenagoras, (the danger to which his own daughter was liable), was probably omitted in the translation. It hardly, otherwise, would have escaped our author. MALONE.

¹ *Some more ; - be sage—*] Lysimachus says this with a sneer. —Proceed with your fine moral discourse. MALONE.

Thy

Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee :

Persever in that clear way thou goest *, and
The gods strengthen thee !

Mar. The good gods preserve you !

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent ; for to me
The very doors and windows favour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue †, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold ; here's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness ! If thou hear'st
From me, it shall be for thy good.

[*As Lyfimachus is putting up his purse, Boult enters.*

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper !
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away. [*Exit.*

Boult. How's this ? We must take another course
with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not
worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the
cope ‡, shall undo a whole household, let me be
gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me ?

* *Persever in that clear way thou goest,*] Continue in your present virtuous disposition. So in *the Tempest* :

“ ——— nothing but heart's sorrow

“ And a clear life ensuing.”

Again, in *the Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634 :

“ For the sake

“ Of clear virginity, be advocate

“ For us and our distresses.” MALONE.

† ——— a piece of virtue,—] This expression occurs in the *Tempest* :

“ ——— thy mother was

“ A piece of virtue ———” STEEVENS.

‡ ——— under the cope,] i. e. under the cope or covering of heaven. The word is thus used in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

Boult.

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd:

Bawd. How now ! what's the matter ?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress ; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lyfimachus.

Bawd. O abominable !

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods⁵.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever !

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball ; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away ; use her at thy pleasure : crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable⁶.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, ye gods !

Bawd. She conjures : away with her. Would she had never come within my doors ! Marry hang you ! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of

⁵ *She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.*] So in *Measure for Measure*, the Duke says to the Bawd :

“ Can't thou believe thy living is a life,

“ So stinkingly depending.

“ *Clown.* Indeed, it does stink in some sort, fir—”

STEEVENS.

⁶ — crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.] So in the *Gesta Romanorum* : “ Altera die, adhuc eam virginem audiens, iratus [leno] vocans villicum puellarum, dixit, duc eam ad te, et frange nodum virginitatis ejus.”

MALONE.

WOMEN—

women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays?!

[Exit Bawd.]

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing*?

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou art the damned door-keeper to every Coyst'rel that comes enquiring for his tib[†];

To the cholerick fisting of every rogue

Thy ear is liable; thy food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

* — my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!] Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture, during the season of Christmas. The bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue. STEEVENS.

* *Mar.* Pr'ythee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing?] So in *K. Hen. IV. P. II*

"*P. Hen.* Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?"

"*Poins.* Go to, I stand the push of your one thing."

MALONE.

————— to ev'ry

Coyst'rel that comes enquiring for his tib;] To every mean or drunken fellow that comes to enquire for a girl. *Coystrel* is properly a wine-vessel. *Tib* is, I think, a contraction of *Tabitha*.

MALONE.

————— *coystrerel* ———] i. e. paltry fellow. See notes on *Twelfth Night*, last edit. vol. iv. p. 162. STEEVENS.

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common sewers of filth ;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman ;
Any of these ways are better yet than this :
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he
Speak, would own a name too dear⁹. That the gods
Would safely from this place deliver me !
Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain aught by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast ;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars¹.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of ?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee : if
I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women ?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst
them. But since my master and mistress have bought
you, there's no going but by their consent : there-
fore I will make them acquainted with your purpose,
and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable
enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can ; come
your ways. [*Exeunt.*

⁹ *For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear.*] i. e. a baboon would think
his tribe dishonoured by such a profession. Thus says Iago—
“ Ere I would drown myself, &c. I would change my humanity
with a baboon.” STEEVENS.

¹ *I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.*] The scheme by which Marina effects
her release from the brothel, the poet adopted from the *Confessio
Amantis*. MALONE.

ACT V.

Enter Goww.

Goww. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and
 chances
 Into an honest house, our story says.
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances
 As goddess-like to her admired lays ² :
 Deep clerks she dumbs ³ ; and with her need
 composes ⁴
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or
 berry ;
 That even her art sifters the natural roses ⁵ ;
 Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry ⁶ :
 That

² ——— and she dances

As goddess-like to her admired lays :] This compound epithet (which is not common) is again used by our author in *Cymbeline* :

“ ——— and undergoes,

“ More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults

“ As would take in some virtue.” MALONE.

³ *Deep clerks she dumbs ;* ———] So in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ Where I have come, great clerks have purposed

“ To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;

“ Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,

“ Make periods in the midst of sentences,

“ Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,

“ And in conclusion dumbly have broke ope,

“ Not paying me a welcome.”

These passages are compared only on account of the similarity of expression, the sentiments being very different.—Theseus confounds those who address him, by his superior dignity ; Marina silences the learned persons with whom she converses, by her literary superiority. MALONE.

⁴ ——— and with her need composes] *Need for needle.* So in the translation of *Lucan's Pharsalia*, by Sir A. Gorges, 1614 :

“ ——— Like pricking needs, or points of swords.”

MALONE.

⁵ *That even her art sifters the natural roses ;*] I have not met with

That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
 Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
 She gives the curf'd bawd. Here we her place⁷;
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,
 Where we left him on the sea. We there him
 loft⁸:

Where driven before the winds he is arriv'd
 Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd⁹
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
 Lyfimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His banners sable, trim'd with rich expence;
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies¹.

In

with this word in any other writer. It is again used by our author in *A Lover's Complaint*, 1609:

"From off a hill, whose concave womb reworded

"A plaintful story from a fift^r ring vale"—MALONE.

⁶ Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:] Inkle is a species of tape. It is mentioned in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and in the *Winter's Tale*. All the copies read, I think corruptly—*twine* with the rubied cherry. The word which I have substituted is used by Shakspeare in *Othello*:

"—— tho' he had *twinn'd* with me,

"Both at a birth"——

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"—— who *twin* as it were in love." MALONE.

Again, more appositely, in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher:

"Her *twinning cherries* shall their sweetness fall

"Upon thy tasteful lips." STEEVENS.

⁷ —— Here *we her place*,] So, the first quarto. The other copies read,—*Leave we her place*. MALONE.

⁸ *Where we left him on the sea. We there him loft*;) The first quarto reads—*We there him left*. The editor of that in 1619, finding the passage corrupt, altered it entirely. He reads

Where we left him *at sea tumbled and toft*—

The corresponding rhyme, *coast*, shews that *left*, in the first edition, was only a misprint for *loft*. MALONE.

⁹ —— *The city striv'd*

God Neptune's annual feast to keep:] The citizens *vied* with each other in celebrating the feast of Neptune. This harsh expression was forced upon the author by the rhyme. MALONE.

¹ *And to him in his barge with fervour hies*.] This is one of the
 four

In your supposing once more put your fight ;
 Of heavy Pericles think this the bark² :
 Where, what is done in action, more, if might³,
 Shall be discover'd ; please you sit and hark.

[Exit.

few passages in this play, in which the error of the first copy is corrected in the second. The eldest quarto reads unintelligibly—
 ——— with former hies. MALONE.

² *In your supposing once more put your fight ;
 Of heavy Pericles think this the bark :*] Once more put your
 fight under the guidance of your imagination. *Suppose, you see*
 what we cannot exhibit to you ; think this stage, on which I stand,
 the bark of the melancholy Pericles.—So before :

“ In your imagination hold

“ This stage, the ship, upon whose deck

“ The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak.”

Again, in *K. Henry V* :

“ Behold

“ In the quick forge and working-house of thought.”

Again, *ibid* :

“ ——— your eyes advance

“ After your thoughts.”

Again, *ibid* :

“ Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege.”

The first quarto reads — *Of heavy Pericles.*—The second has *On*.
 If the latter be right, the passage should be regulated differently :
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies,
 In your supposing.—Once more put your fight
On heavy Pericles ; &c.

*You must now aid me with your imagination, and suppose Lyf-
 machus hastening in his barge to go on board the Tyrian ship. Once
 more behold the melancholy Pericles, &c. But the former is, in
 my opinion, the true reading.—To exhort the audience merely to
 behold Pericles, was very unnecessary ; as in the ensuing scene,
 he would of course be presented to them. Gower's principal of-
 fice in these choruses is, to persuade the spectators, not to use, but
 to disbelieve, their eyes. MALONE.*

³ *Where what is done in action, more, if might,] Where all that
 may be displayed in action, shall be exhibited ; and more should be
 shown, if our stage would permit.—The poet seems to be aware of
 the difficulty of representing the ensuing scene. More, if
 might—is the reading of the first quarto. The other copies read,
 unintelligibly,—more of might. MALONE.*

S C E N E I.

On board Pericles' ship, off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them Helicanus.

Tyr. Sail. Where is the lord Helicanus? He can resolve you. [*To the Sailor of Mitylene*—O, here he is. Sir, there is a barge put off from Mitylene, and in it is Lyfimachus the governor, who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there is some one of worth would come aboard; I pray, greet him fairly.

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*]

Enter, from thence, Lyfimachus attended; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir, this is the man that can, in aught you would, resolve you.

Lyf. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, to out-live the age I am, and die as I would do.

Lyf. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are,

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lyf. I am

The governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir, our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;

A man,

A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief ⁴.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may, but bootless
Is your sight; he will not speak to any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir: [*Pericles discovered* ⁵.] this
was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this ⁶.

Lys.

⁴ *But to prorogue his grief.*] To lengthen or *prolong* his grief.
The modern editions read unnecessarily,

But to prolong his grief.

Prorogued is used by our author in *Romeo and Juliet* for *delayed*:

“ My life were better ended by their hate,

“ Than death *prorogued* wanting of thy love.”

MALONE.

⁵ [*Pericles discovered.*] Few of the stage-directions that have
been given in this and the preceding acts, are found in the old
copy. In the original representation of this play, Pericles was
probably placed in the back part of the stage, concealed by a
curtain, which was here drawn open. The ancient narratives
represent him as remaining in the cabin of his ship. Thus in the
Confessio Amantis it is said,

“ But for all that though hem be lothe,

“ He [Athenagoras, the governor of Mitylene] fonde the
ladder and *downe* he goeth

“ And to him spake”——

So also in *K. Appolyn of Tyre*, 1510—“ he is here *benetbe* in
tenebres and obscurete, and for nothinge that I may doe he wyll
not yssue out of the place where as he is.”—But as in such a situ-
ation he would not be visible to the audience, a different stage-di-
rection is now given. MALONE.

⁶ [*Till the disaster that, one mortal night,*

Drove him to this.] The copies all read — one mortal
wight. The word which I suppose the author to have written,
affords an easy sense. *Mortal* is here used for *pernicious, destructive*.
So, in *Otello*:

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,
Royal fir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a maid⁷ in Mitylene, I durst
wager would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts⁸,
Which now are mid-way stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side⁹.

[*Whispers one of the attendant Lords.*—*Exit Lord in
the barge of Lysimachus*].

Hel.

“ The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
“ Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
“ As having sense of beauty, do omit
“ Their mortal natures, letting safe go by
“ The divine Desdemona.” MALONE.

⁷ *Sir, we have a maid, &c.*] This circumstance resembles another in *All's Well that Ends Well*, where Lafeu gives an account of Helena's attractions to the king before she is introduced to attempt his cure. STEEVENS.

⁸ *And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,*] One of the copies reads *defended*, the other *defend*. The author's word was, I suppose, *defenc'd*. So in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: “ I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, and a thousand other her *defences*, which are now too strongly embattled against me.” STEEVENS.

The earliest quarto reads *defend*. I believe, Shakspeare wrote—through his *deafen'd parts*,—i. e. his ears; which were to be assailed by the melodious voice of Marina. This kind of phraseology, though it now appears uncouth, was common in our author's time. In the old quarto few of the participles have an elision-mark,

MALONE.

⁹ *And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon
The leafy shelter*——] Marina might be said to be *under* the leafy shelter, but I know not how she could be *upon* it; nor have I a very clear idea of a *shelter* abutting against the side of an island. Might we read,

———— is now upon
The leafy *shelver* that abuts against
The island's side,

i. e. the

Hel. Sure all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But since your kindness
We

i. e. the *shelving bank* near the sea-side, shaded by adjoining trees. It appears from Gower that the feast of Neptune was celebrated on the *strand*:

- " The lordes both and the commune
- " The high festes of Neptune
- " Upon the *stronde*, at rivage,
- " As it was custome and usage
- " Solempneliche thei be figh."

So before in this scene,

Being on *shore*, honouring of Neptune's triumphs—

Marina and her fellow-maids, we may suppose, had retired a little way from the crowd, and seated themselves under the adjoining trees, to see the triumph.—This circumstance was an invention of the poet's. In *K. Appolyn of Thyre*, Tharsye, the *Marina* of this play, is brought from the *bordel* where she had been placed. In the *Confessio Amantis*, she is summoned, by order of the governor, from the *bonest house* to which she had retreated. MALONE.

The leafy shelter——] I suppose that the printer, or copyist, meeting here with an uncommon word, corrupted it. Perhaps the poet wrote—*levisfell*, i. e. *leafy seat*, from the Saxon *lefs folium*, and *setl*, *sedes*. So in Chaucer's *Persones Tale*, p. 183. last edit. "right as the gay *levesfell* at the tavern, &c." See also Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on line 4059.

Some word, however, may have been omitted, or the verse is defective. We might then read,

- " She is all happy as the fairest of all,
- " And with her fellow-maids is now upon
- " The *levisfell* that *close* abuts against
- " The island's side." STEEVENS.

¹ *Exit Lord in the barge of Lyfmacbus.*] It may seem strange that Shakspeare should have chosen a fable to form a drama upon, in which the greater part of the business of the last act should be transacted at sea; and wherein it should even be necessary to produce two vessels on the scene at the same time. But the customs and exhibitions of the modern stage give this objection to the play before us a greater weight than it really has. It appears that, when *Pericles* was originally performed, the theatres were furnished with no such apparatus as by any stretch of the imagination could be supposed to represent either a sea, or a ship; and that the audience were contented to behold vessels sailing in and out of port, in their *mind's eye* only. This licence being once granted to the poet, the lord, in the instance now before us, walked off the stage, and returned again in a few minutes, leading in Marina, without any sensible impropriety; and the present drama, exhibited
be.

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, fir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province*.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, fir³, I will recount it to you;—but see,
I am prevented.

Enter, from the barge, Lord, Marina, and a young lady.

Lys. O, here's the lady
That I sent for. Welcome, fair one! Is't not
A goodly presence⁴?

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that were I well assur'd
Came of a gentle kind, and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here⁵, where is a kingly patient:

If

before such indulgent spectators, was not more incommo-
dious in the representation than any other would have been. MALONE.

² *And so inflict our province;*] Thus all the copies. But I do
not believe *to inflict* was ever used by itself in the sense of *to*
punish. I would read—And so *afflict* our province. MALONE.

³ *Sit, fir,——*] Thus the eldest quarto. The modern editions
read—*fir, fir*. MALONE.

⁴ *—— is't not*

A goodly presence?] Is she not beautiful in her form? So,
in *King Jobn*:

“Lord of thy *presence*, and no land beside.”

All the copies read, I think corruptedly,
—— is it not a goodly *present*? MALONE.

⁵ *Fair on, all goodness that consists in beauty*
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient;] Thus the first
quarto. The editor of the second quarto in 1619, finding this
un-

If that thy prosperous and artificial fate⁶
 Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
 Thy sacred phyfick shall receive such pay
 As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
 My utmost skill in his recovery, provided
 That none but I and my companion maid
 Be suffer'd to come near him.

unintelligible, altered the text, and printed—Fair *and* all good-
 ness, &c. which renders the passage nonsense.—*One* was formerly
 written *on*. They are perpetually confounded in our ancient
 dramas The latter part of the line, which was corrupt in all
 the copies, has been happily amended by Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

I should think, that instead of *beauty* we ought to read *bounty*.
 All the good that consists in *beauty* she brought with her. But
 she had reason to expect the *bounty* of her kingly patient, if she
 proved successful in his cure. Indeed Lyfimachus tells her so
 afterwards in clearer language. The present circumstance puts
 us in mind of what passes between Helena and the King, in *All's*
Well that Ends Well. STEEVENS.

* If that thy prosperous and artificial fate
 Can draw him——] I would read:
 If that thy prosperous and artful lay
 Can draw him——

It appears from the preceding part of this scene, that the cure of
 Pericles was expected from the melody of Marina's voice, which
 has been already celebrated by the interlocutor, Gower:

—— she dances

As goddess-like to her admired lays.

So also Gower himself:

“ She goeth hir doune there as he laie,

“ Where that she harped many a lay.” STEEVENS.

If that thy prosperous and artificial fate—] “Veni ad me, Tharsia;
 (says Athenagoras) ubi nunc est ars studiorum tuorum, ut conso-
 leris dominum navis in tenebris sedentem; ut provoces eum exire
 ad lucem, quia nimis dolet pro conjuge et filia sua?—*Gesta Roman.*
 p. 586. edit. 1558. We might read,

If that thy prosperous, artificial lute——

So in the *Confessio Amantis*:

“ A messenger for hir is gone,

“ And she came with hir harpe in hande”——

In *K. Appolyn of Thyre* we are told “how kynge Appolyn ar-
 ryved at Mylytayne, and how his daughter lated afore him.”

MALONE.

Lys

Lys. Come, let us leave her, and the gods make her prosperous ! [*Marina sings* ?.

Lys. Mark'd he your musick ?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir ! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum, ha !

Mar. I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet : she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did inalign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings :
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and aukward casualties^s
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist ;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.* [*Aside.*

⁷ *Marina sings.*] This song (like most of those that were sung in the old plays) has not been preserved. Perhaps it might have been formed on the following lines in the *Gesta Romanorum*, (or some translation of them) which Tharsia is there said to have sung to King Apollonius :

“ Per scorta [f. heu !] gradior, sed scorti conscia non sum ;

“ Sic spinis rosa [f. quæ] nescit violari ullis.

“ Corruit et [f. en] raptor gladii ferientis ab ictu ;

“ Tradita lenoni non sum violata pudore.

“ Vulnere cessassent animi, lacrimæque deessent,

“ Nulla ergo melior, si noscam certa parentes.

“ Unica regalis generis sum stirpe creata ;

“ Ipsa, jubente Deo, lætari credo aliquando.

“ Fuge [f. terge] modo lacrimas, curam dissolve molestam ;

“ Redde polo faciem, mentemque ad sidera tolle :

“ Jam [f. Nam] Deus est hominum plasmator, rector et auctor,

“ Non sinit has lacrimas casso finire labore.” MALONE.

^s — and aukward casualties] *Aukward* is adverb. Our author has the same epithet in the *Second Part of K. Hen. VI.*

“ And twice by aukward wind from England's bank

“ Drove back again.” STEEVENS.

Per.

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,

You would not do me violence.

Per. I do

Think so.—Pray you turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something, that—What country-woman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square
brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;

I do

Think so.—Pray you turn your eyes upon me.

You are like something, that—What country-woman?

Here of these shores?] This passage is so strangely corrupted
in the first quarto and all the other copies, that I cannot forbear
transcribing it:

Per. I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes upon me, your
like something that, what countrey women heare of these shewes,

Mar. No nor of any shewes, &c.

For the ingenious emendation,—*shores*, instead of *shewes*—
(which is so clearly right, that I have not hesitated to insert it
in the text) as well as the happy regulation of the whole passage,
I am indebted to the patron of every literary undertaking, my
friend, the Earl of Charlemont. MALONE.

Her eyes as jewel-like,

And cas'd as richly;] So, in *K. Lear*:

“ ——— and, in this habit,

“ Met I my father with his bleeding rings,

“ Their precious stones new-lost.”

Again, *ibid*:

“ What, with this case of eyes?” MALONE.

— in pace another Juno:] So in *the Tempest*:

“ Highest queen of state

“ Great Juno comes—I know her by her gait.” MALONE.

W^h

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech³.—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe⁴?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I'll believe
thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back⁵,

³ *Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
“ ——— other women cloy

“ The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,
“ Where most she satisfies.”

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ — As if increase of appetite did grow

“ By what it fed on.” MALONE.

⁴ *And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?*] To *owe* in ancient language
is to *possess*. So, in *Othello*:

“ ——— that sweet sleep

“ That thou *ow'd'st* yesterday.”

The meaning of the compliment is:—These endowments, however valuable in themselves, are heighten'd by being in your possession. They acquire additional grace from their owner. Thus also one of Timon's flatterers:

“ You mend the jewel by the wearing it.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Didst thou not say* ———] All the copies read—*Didst thou not say*.—It was clearly a false print in the first edition.

MALONE.

(Which

(Which was when I perceiv'd thee) that thou cam'st
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been tofs'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing indeed I said, and said no
more

But what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;

If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl⁶: yet thou dost look
Like *Patience*, gazing on kings' graves⁷, and smiling
Extremity out of act⁸. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them?—Thy name, my most kind
virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me⁹.

Mar.

⁶ ——— *thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl;—*] So in *Macbeth*:
“ If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
“ The baby of a girl.” MALONE.

⁷ *Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves,—*] So, in *Twelfth Night*:
“ She sat like *Patience* on a monument,
“ Smiling at Grief.”

Again, in *the Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

“ Onward to Troy with these blunt swains he goes;
“ So mild, that *Patience* seem'd to scorn his woes.”

MALONE.

⁸ ——— *and smiling*

Extremity out of act.] By her beauty and patient meek-
ness disarming Calamity, and preventing her from using her up-
lifted sword.—*Extremity* (though not personified as here) is in
like manner used in *King Lear*, for the utmost of human suffering:

“ ——— another,

“ To amplify too much, would make much more,

“ And top *extremity*.” MALONE.

⁹ *How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?*

Recount, I do beseech thee;—come, sit by me.] All the copies
read—How lost thou thy name, my most kind virgin, recount, &c.
But

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O I am mock'd,

And thou by some incens'd god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir, or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient; thou little knowest.
How thou dost startle me, to call thyself
Marina.

Mar. The name was given me by one
That had some power; my father and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter, and call'd Ma-
rina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler ' of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion?—Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

But Marina had not said any thing about her name. She had indeed told the king, that "Time had rooted out her parentage, and to the world and aukward casualties bound her in servitude:"—Pericles, therefore, naturally asks her, by what accident she had lost her friends; and at the same time desires to know her name. Marina answers his last question first, and then proceeds to tell her history. The insertion of the word *them*, which I suppose to have been omitted by the negligence of the compositor, renders the whole clear.—The metre of the line which was before defective, and Marina's answer, both support the conjectural reading of the text. MALONE.

¹ — *a troubler of your peace,*] Thus the earliest quarto. The folios and the modern editions read—*a trouble of your peace.* MALONE.

² *Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion?—Well; speak on. Where were you born?]* I suspect that a word is wanting at the beginning of the second line, _____ and are no fairy?

No motion?—
i. e. no puppet dress'd up to deceive me. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Oh excellent motion! oh exceeding puppet!" STEEVENS.

Mar.

Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? who was thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king³;
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be
My daughter buried. [*Aside*] Well;—where were
you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did
give o'er⁴.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable⁵

Of

³ Who died the very minute I was born,] Either the construction is—My mother, who died the very minute I was born, was the daughter of a king,—or we ought to read:

She died the very minute, &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ You scorn, believe me 'twere best I did give o'er.] Thus all the copies. The reply of Pericles induces me to think the author wrote:

You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best, &c.

Pericles had expressed *no scorn* in the preceding speech, but, on the contrary, great complacency and attention. So, also before:

—— Pr'ythee speak:

Falseness cannot come from thee—

—— *I'll believe thee, &c.*

The false prints in this play are so numerous, that the greatest latitude must be allowed to conjecture. MALONE.

I think we should read:

You scorn *believing* me: (or, *belief in* me) 'twere best, &c. and this is authorised by Pericles' reply: "I will believe you"—

Marina regards the speech of Pericles as expressive of *scorn*, because he has just told her that what she has said is—the *rarest dream*; assuring her at the same time that she *cannot be his daughter*. He desires her indeed to advance in her story; but has not yet declared that he will *believe* it. It is for this reason that she styles his behaviour *contemptuous*. STEEVENS.

The words *This is the rarest dream, &c.* are not addressed to Marina, but spoken *aside*. MALONE.

⁵ *I will believe you by the syllable, &c.*] i. e. I will believe every word you say. So, in *Macbeth*:

Of what you shall deliver. Yet give me leave—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave
me;

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who being drawn to do't,
A crew of pyrates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good fir, whither
Will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be
You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general; tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, fir, of Mitylene
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd fir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;

“ To the last syllable of recorded time.”

Again, in *All's Well that Ends well*:

“ To the utmost syllable of your worthiness.” STEVENS.

— *who being drawn to do't,*] i. e. who having drawn a weapon. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ What! art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?”

Again, in *K. Henry V*:

“ O well-a-day, if he be not drawn now!”

The old copy reads—*who having drawn*. The compositor, I am persuaded, caught the word *having* from the preceding line. The phraseology of the text, as now regulated, is the same as in each of the instances above quoted. MALONE,

Left

Left this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'er-bear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness⁷. O come hi-
ther,

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget ;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again !—O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us : This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name ? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep⁸.

Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is your title ?

Per. I

Am Pericles of Tyre ; but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name ; as in the rest you said,
Thou hast been god-like-perfect⁹, the heir of
kingdoms,

And another like to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than

⁷ *And drown me with their sweetness.*] We meet a kindred thought in the *Merchant of Venice* :

“ O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstacy,
“ In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess,
“ I feel too much thy blessing ; make it less,
“ For fear I surfeit.” MALONE.

⁸ *Though doubts did ever sleep.*] i. e. in plain language, *though nothing ever happened to awake a scruple or doubt concerning your veracity.* STEEVENS.

⁹ *Thou hast been god-like perfect, the heir of kingdoms, And another like to Pericles thy father.*] I strongly suspect that some words have been here omitted.—Perhaps the poet wrote,

— As in the rest you said

Thou hast been god-like-perfect, *so go on ;*
Proceed and tell me but thy mother's name,
The heir of kingdoms, and a mother like
To Pericles thy father. MALONE.

I would read,

I am Pericles of Tyre ; but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name : In *all* the rest thou said'st
Thou hast been god-like, *perhaps* the heir of kingdoms,
And another like to Pericles thy father. STEEVENS.

To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began¹.

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my
child.

Give me fresh garments. Mine own Helicanus,
She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state²,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you. Give me
My robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what musick's
this?

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him³
O'er, point by point⁴, for yet he seems to doubt⁵,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what musick?

¹ *Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.] So, in the Winter's Tale:*

“—— Lady,

“ Dear queen, that ended when I but began,

“ Give me that hand of yours to kiss.” MALONE.

² *Who, hearing of your melancholy state,] The folios and Mr.
Rowe read,*

Who hearing of your melancholy—

The word *state*, which is necessary to the metre, has been sup-
plied from the first quarto. MALONE.

³ —— *But hark, what musick's this?*

*Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him] Thus the earliest
quarto. The quarto 1619, and all the subsequent editions read,
But hark what musick's this Helicanus? my
Marina, &c. MALONE.*

⁴ *O'er, point by point——] So in Gower:*

“ Fro *poyn* to *poyn* all she hym tolde

“ That she hath long in herte holde,

“ And never durst make hir mone

“ But only to this lorde allone.” MALONE.

⁵ —— *for yet he seems to doubt,] This is clearly a misprint. We
should certainly read—to doubt. MALONE.*

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The musick of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

Lys. Musick? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly musick:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber

Hangs on mine eyes; let me rest ⁶. [*He sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head;—so leave him all.

Well, my companion-friends, if this but answer to

My just belief, I'll well remember you ⁷.

[*Exeunt Lyfimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and attendant Lady.*]

⁶ *Most heavenly musick:*

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber

Hangs, &c.] So in Love's Labour's Lost:

“Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.”

See vol. ii. last edit. p. 464, 465. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Well, my companion friends, if this but answer to*

My just belief, I'll well remember you.] These lines clearly belong to Marina. She has been for some time silent, and Pericles having now fallen into a slumber, she naturally turns to her companion, and assures her, that if she has in truth found her royal father, (as she has good reason to believe) she shall partake of her prosperity. It appears from a former speech in which the same phrase is used, that a lady had entered with Marina:

Sir, I will use

My utmost skill in his recovery; provided

That none but I and my *companion maid*

Be suffer'd to come near him.

I would therefore read in the passage now before us,

Well, my *companion-friend*—

or, if the text here be right, we might read in the former instance—my *companion-maid*.—In the preceding part of this scene it has been particularly mentioned that Marina was with her *fellow-maids* upon the leafy shelter, &c.

There is nothing in these lines that appropriates them to Lyfimachus; nor any particular reason why he should be munificent to his friends because Pericles has found his daughter. On the other hand, this recollection of her lowly companion is perfectly suitable to the amiable character of Marina. MALONE.

S C E N E II.

The same. Pericles on deck asleep; Diana appearing to him as in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus²; hie thee thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,

Before the people all

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,

And give them repetition to the like³.

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:

Do't, and be happy: by my silver bow

Awake, and tell thy dream.

[*Diana disappears.*]

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine⁴,

I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

² *My temple stands in Ephesus;—*] This vision is formed on the following passage in Gower:

“ The hie God, which wolde hym kepe,

“ When that this kyng was fast aslepe,

“ By nightes tyme he hath hym bede

“ To sayle unto another stede:

“ To Ephesum he bad hym drawe,

“ And as it was that tyme lawe,

“ He shall do there hys sacrifice;

“ And eke he bad in all wise,

“ That in the temple amongst all

“ His fortune, as it is besalle,

“ Touchyng his daughter and his wife,

“ He shall be knowe upon his life.” MALONE.

call,

And give them repetition to the like.] I suppose he means to say—*Call hitber to thee the priestesses, and bid them repeat the same story.* The narrative being thus diffused, would be the more sure to reach those ears for which eventually it was designed.

STEVENS.

⁴ *goddess argentine,]* That is, regent of the silver moon,

MALONE.

En-

Enter Lyfimachus, Helicanus, and Marina.

My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
Th' inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; estoons I'll tell thee why.

[*To Helicanus.*

Shall we refresh us, fir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. Sir,

With all my heart; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit².

Per. You shall prevail,

Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Goww, before the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Goww. Now our sands are almost run;

More a little, and then dumb³.

This, as my last boon, give me⁴,

(For such kindness must relieve me)

² *I have another sleight.*] So all the copies. But the answer of Pericles shews clearly that they are corrupt. The sense requires some word synonymous to *request*. I therefore read,—I have another *suit*. MALONE,

I have another sleight.] i. e. another contrivance. He either means, that he intends some farther entertainment for Pericles, or that he has a design relative to Marina. STEEVENS.

³ *More a little, and then dumb.*] Permit me to add a few words more, and then I shall be silent. The old copies have *dum*; in which way I have observed in ancient books the word *dumb* was occasionally spelt.—There are many as imperfect rhimes in this play, as that of the present couplet. So, in a former Chorus, *moons* and *dooms*. Again, at the end of this, *soon* and *doom*. Mr. Rowe reads—More a little, and then *done*. MALONE.

⁴ *This my last boon give me.*] The metre is defective here. I suppose we should read,—This *as* my last boon give me,—i. e. give *it* *me* *as* it is the last kindness I shall desire of you. STEEVENS.

That you aptly will suppose
 What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
 What minstrelsy, what pretty din,
 The regent made in Mitylin,
 To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,
 That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
 To fair Marina; but in no wise,
 Till he had done his sacrifice⁵,
 As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
 The interim, pray you, all confound⁶.
 In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
 And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
 At Ephesus, the temple see,
 Our king, and all his company.
 That he can hither come so soon,
 Is by your fancy's thankful doom⁷. [Exit.

⁵ *Till he had done his sacrifice,*] That is, till *Pericles* had done his sacrifice. MALONE.

⁶ *The interim, pray you, all confound.*] So in *K. Henry V*:
 "Myself have play'd

"The interim, by remembering you 'tis past."

Again, in *Julius Caesar*:

"——— all the interim is

"Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

To *confound* here signifies to *consume*.—So in *K. Henry IV*:

"He did *confound* the best part of an hour,

"Exchanging hardiment with great Glendower."

MALONE.

⁷ *That he can hither come so soon,
 Is by your fancy's thankful doom.*] As *soon* and *doom* are not rhimes exactly corresponding, I would rather read
 ——— thankful *boon*.

Thankful boon may signify—the licence you grant us in return for the pleasure we have afforded you in the course of the play. So before in this Chorus:

This as my last *boon* give me. STEEVENS.

We had similar rhimes before:

——— if king *Pericles*

Come not home in twice six *moons*,

He, obedient to their *dooms*,

Will take the crown.

I have, therefore, not disturbed the reading of the old copy.

MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The Temple of Diana at Ephesus; Thaisa standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of virgins on each side; Cerimon and other inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter Pericles with his train; Lyfsmachus, Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady.

Per. Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed^{*}
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
At sea in child-bed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child called Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She, at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!—

You are, you are.—O royal Pericles![†]— [*She faints,*

Per. What means the woman? she dies! help,
gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'er-board with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

^{*} *Who, frighted from my country, did wed*] Country must be considered as a trisyllable. So *entrance, semblance,* and many others. MALONE.

[†] *You are, you are—O royal Pericles!—*] The similitude between this scene, and the discovery in the last act of *the Winter's Tale*, will, I suppose, strike every reader. MALONE.

Cer.

Cer. Look to the lady¹;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.
Early in blust'ring morn² this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels³; recover'd her, and plac'd
her

Here in Diana's temple⁴.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my
house,

Whither I invite you⁵. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look upon him!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed drown'd
And dead.

¹ *Look to the lady*;—] When lady Macbeth pretends to swoon, on hearing the account of Duncan's murder, the same exclamation is used. These words belong, I believe, to Pericles.

MALONE.

² *Early in blust'ring morn*,—] The author, perhaps, wrote,
Early one blust'ring morn— MALONE.

³ *Found these rich jewels*;—] Thus the second quarto; the folios and Mr. Rowe. Pericles's next question shews that this could not be the poet's word. The true reading is found in the first quarto. It should be remembered, that Cerimon delivered these jewels to Thaisa, (before she left his house) in whose custody they afterwards remained. MALONE.

⁴ *Here in Diana's temple*.] The same situation occurs again in *the Comedy of Errors*, where Ægeon loses his wife at sea, and finds her at last in a nunnery. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *they shall be brought you to my house,*

Whither I invite you.] This circumstance bears some resemblance to the meeting of Leontes and Hermione. The office of Cerimon is not unlike that of Paulina in the *Winter's Tale*,
STEEVENS.

Per;

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[*Shews a ring.*

Per. This, this; no more you gods! your present
kindness

Makes my past miseries sport⁶: You shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen⁷. O come, be buried
A second time within these arms⁸.

Mar. My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to Thaisa.*

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,
Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Blest, and mine own⁹!

⁶ *This, this; no more you gods! your present kindness*

Makes my past miseries sport:] So, in K. Lear:

"It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows

"That ever I have felt." MALONE.

⁷ ——— *I may*

*Melt, and no more be seen.—] This is a sentiment which
Shakspeare never fails to introduce on occasions similar to the pre-
sent. So, in Othello:*

"If it were now to die

"'Twere now to be most happy, &c."

Again, in *the Winter's Tale*:

"If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

"To die when I desire." MALONE.

*Melt and no more be seen,] So, in one of the Psalms——"O
spare me a little that I may recover my strength, before I go
hence and be no more seen." STEEVENS.*

⁸ ——— *O come, be buried,*

A second time within these arms.] So, in the Winter's Tale:

"Not like a corse; or if—not to be buried,

"But quick, and in mine arms." MALONE.

⁹ *Blest, and mine own!] So, in the Winter's Tale:*

"Tell me, *mine own,*

"Where hast thou been preserv'd? Where liv'd? How found

"Thy father's court?" MALONE.

Hail

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from
Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then,

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him dear Thaisa; this is he,

Now do I long to hear how you were found;

How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man, through
whom

The gods have shewn their power; that can from first
To last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir, the gods

Can have no mortal officer more like

A god than you. Will you deliver how

This dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,

Where shall be shewn you all was found with her;

How she came placed here within the temple;

No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana!

I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer

Night-oblations to thee. Thaisa, this prince,

The fair-betrothed of your daughter, shall

Marry her at Pentapolis. And now,

This ornament that makes me look so dismal,

Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;

And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,

To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

— *the fair-betrothed* —] i. e. fairly contracted, honourably affianced. STEEVENS.

PRINCE OF TYRE. 157

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my
queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Gower.

Gow. In Antioch and his daughter², you have
heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,)
Virtue preserv'd from fell Destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last³.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd
name⁴

Of

² *In Antiochus and his daughter—*] Read—*In Antioch* and his daughter. So in Shakspeare's other plays—*France* for the *K.* of *France*, *Morocco* for the *king* of, &c. STEVENS.

³ *Virtue preserv'd from fell Destruction's blast, Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.*] All the copies are here, I think, manifestly corrupt.—They read, *Virtue prefer'd* from fell Destruction's blast—

The gross and numerous errors of even the most accurate copy of this play, will, it is hoped, justify the liberty that the editor has taken on this and some other occasions.

It would be difficult to produce from the other works of Shakspeare many couplets more spirited and harmonious than this.

MALONE.

⁴ — and *honour'd name*] The first and second quarto read—*the honour'd name.* The reading of the text, which appears to me

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
 That him and his they in his palace burn,
 The gods for murder seemed so content
 To punish them; although not done, but meant.
 So, on your patience ever more attending,
 New joy wait on you! Here our play hath ending.
[Exit Gower.]

me more intelligible, is that of the folio 1664. *The city* is here used for the collective body of the citizens. MALONE.

⁵ *To punish, although not done, but meant.*] The defective metre of this line induces me to think that the word which I have supplied, was omitted by the carelessness of the printer.

MALONE.

The fragment of the Ms. Poem, mentioned in the preliminary observations, has suffered so much by time, as to be scarcely legible. The parchment on which it is written having been converted into the cover of a book, for which purpose its edges were cut off, some words are entirely lost. However from the following concluding lines the reader may be enabled to form a judgment with respect to the age of this piece:

..... thys was translatyd almost at englonde ende
 to the makers stat tak sich a mynde
 have y take hys bedys on hond and sayd hys pat. nostr.
 and crede

Thomas * vicary y understonde at wymborne maynstre in that stede

..... y thouzte zou have wryte hit is nouzt worth to be knowe

.. that wole the sothe ywyte go thider and me wol the schewe.

In a former disquisition concerning this play, I mentioned, that the dumb shows, which are found in it, induced me to doubt whether it came from the pen of Shakspeare. The sentiments that I then expressed, were suggested by a very hasty and transient survey of the piece. I am still, however, of opinion, that this consideration (our author having expressly ridiculed such exhibitions) might in a very doubtful question have some weight. But weaker proofs must yield to stronger. It is idle to lay any great stress upon such a slight circumstance, when the piece itself furnishes internal and irresistible evidence of its authenticity. The congenial sentiments, the numerous expressions bearing a striking similitude to passages in his undisputed plays, the incidents, the

* The letters in Italicks have been supplied by the conjecture of Mr. Tyrwhitt, who very obligingly examined this ancient fragment, and furnished the editor with the above extract.

Sta-

situations of the persons, the colour of the style, at least through the greater part of the play, all, in my apprehension, conspire to set the seal of Shakspeare on this performance. What then shall we say to these dumb shows? Either, that the poet's practice was not always conformable to his opinions, (of which there are abundant proofs) or, (what I rather believe to be the case) that this was one of his earliest dramas, written at a time when these exhibitions were much admired, and before he had seen the absurdity of such ridiculous pageants: probably, in the year 1590, or 1591.

Mr. Rowe in his first edition of Shakspeare says "it is owned that some part of *Pericles* certainly was written by him, particularly the last act." Dr. Farmer, whose opinion in every thing that relates to our author has deservedly the greatest weight, thinks the hand of Shakspeare may be sometimes seen in the latter part of the play, and there only. The scene, in the last act, in which *Pericles* discovers his daughter, is indeed eminently beautiful; but the whole piece appears to me to furnish abundant proofs of the hand of Shakspeare. The inequalities in different parts of it are not greater than may be found in some of his other dramas. It should be remembered also, that Dryden, who lived near enough the time to be well informed, has pronounced this play to be our author's first performance:

"Shakspeare's own Muse his *Pericles* first bore;

"*The Prince of Tyre* was elder than *the Moor*."

Let me add, that the contemptuous manner in which Ben Jonson has mentioned it, is, in my apprehension, another proof of its authenticity. In his memorable Ode, written soon after his *New Inn* had been damned, when he was comparing his own unsuccessful pieces with the applauded dramas of his contemporaries, he naturally chose to point at what he esteemed a weak performance of a rival, whom he appears to have envied and hated merely because the splendor of his genius had eclipsed his own, and had rendered the reception of those tame and disgusting imitations of antiquity, which he boastingly called the only legitimate English dramas, as cold as the performances themselves.

On this play Lillo formed a tragedy of three acts, entitled *Marina*; which was first represented in the year 1738.

As the subject is of some curiosity, I shall make no apology for laying before the reader a more minute investigation of it. It is proper, however, to inform him, that one of the following dissertations on the genuineness of this play precedes the other only for a reason assigned by Dogberry, that *where two men ride on a horse, one must ride behind*. That we might catch hints from the strictures of each other, and collect what we could mutually advance into a point, Mr. Steevens and I set forward with an agree-

agreement to maintain the propriety of our respective suppositions relative to this piece, as far as we were able; to submit our remarks, as they gradually increased, alternately to each other, and to dispute the opposite hypothesis, till one of us should acquiesce in the opinion of his opponent, or each remain confirmed in his own. The reader is therefore requested to bear in mind, that if the last series of arguments be considered as an answer to the first, the first was equally written in reply to the last :

——— *unus sese armat utroque,*

Unaque mens animat non dissociabilis ambos. MALONE.

That this tragedy has some merit, it were vain to deny; but that it is the entire composition of Shakspeare, is more than can be hastily granted. I shall not venture, with Dr. Farmer, to determine that the hand of our great poet is *only* visible in the last act, for I think it appears in several passages dispersed over each of these divisions. I find it difficult however to persuade myself that he was the original fabricator of the plot, or the author of every dialogue, chorus, &c. and this opinion is founded on a concurrence of circumstances which I shall attempt to enumerate, that the reader may have the benefit of all the lights I am able to throw on so obscure a subject.

Be first observed, that most of the choruses in *Pericles* are written in a measure which Shakspeare has not employed on the same occasion, either in the *Winter's Tale*, *Romeo and Juliet*, or *King Henry the Fifth*. If it be urged, that throughout these recitations Gower was his model, I can safely affirm that their language, and sometimes their versification, by no means resembles that of Chaucer's contemporary. One of these monologues is composed in hexameters, and another in alternate rhimes; neither of which are ever found in his printed works, or those which yet remain in manuscript; nor does he, like the author of *Pericles*, introduce four and five feet metre in the same series of lines. If Shakspeare therefore be allowed to have copied not only the general outline, but even the peculiarities of nature with ease and accuracy, we may surely suppose that, at the expence of some unprofitable labour, he would not have failed so egregiously in his imitation of antiquated style or numbers.—That he could assume with nicety the terms of affectation and pedantry, he has shewn in the characters of *Osrick* and *Armado*, *Holofernes* and *Nathaniel*. That he could successfully counterfeit provincial dialects, we may learn from *Edgar* and *Sir Hugh Evans*; and that he was no stranger to the peculiarities of foreign pronunciation, is likewise evident from several scenes of English tinged with French, in the *Merry Wives* and *King Henry the Fifth* *.

But

* Notwithstanding what I have advanced in favour of Shakspeare's uncommon powers of imitation, I am by no means sure he would have

But it is here urged by Mr. Malone, that an exact imitation of Gower would have proved unintelligible to any audience during the reign of Elizabeth. If it were, (which I am slow to admit) our author's judgment would scarce have permitted him to choose an agent so inadequate to the purpose of an interpreter; one whose years and phraseology must be set at variance before he could be understood; one who was to assume the form, office, and habit of an ancient, and was yet to speak the language of a modern.

I am ready to allow my opponent that the authors who introduced *Machiavel*, *Guicciardine*, and the *Monk of Chester*, on the stage, have never yet been blamed because they avoided to make the two former speak in their native tongue, and the latter in the English dialect of his age. The proper language of the Italian statesman and historian, could not have been understood by our common audiences; and as to *Rainulph*, he is known to have composed his chronicle in Latin. Besides, these three personages were writers in prose. They are alike called up to superintend the relations which were originally found in their respective books; and the magick that converted them into poets, might claim an equal power over their modes of declamation. The case is otherwise, when ancient bards, whose compositions were in English, are summoned from the grave to instruct their countrymen; for these apparitions may be expected to speak in the style and language that distinguishes their real age, and their known productions, when there is no sufficient reason why they should depart from them.

If the inequalities of measure which I have pointed out, be also visible in the lyrick parts of *Macbeth*, &c. I must observe that throughout these plays our author has not professed to imitate the

have proved successful in a cold attempt to copy the peculiarities of language more ancient than his own. His exalted genius would have taught him to despise so servile an undertaking; and his good sense would have restrained him from engaging in a task which he had neither leisure nor patience to perform. His talents are displayed in copies from originals of a higher rank. Neither am I convinced that inferior writers have been over-lucky in poetical mimickries of their early predecessors. It is less difficult to deform language, than to bestow on it the true cast of antiquity; and though the licentiousness of Chaucer, and the obsolete words employed by Gower, are within the reach of moderate abilities, the humour of the one, and the general idiom of the other, are not quite so easy of attainment. The best of our modern poets have succeeded *but* tolerably in short compositions of this kind, and have therefore shewn their prudence in attempting none of equal length with the assembled choruses in *Pericles*, which consist at least of three hundred lines.—Mr. Pope professes to give us a story in the manner of Chaucer; but uses a metre on the occasion in which not a single tale of that author is written.

style or manner of any acknowledged character or age; and therefore was tied down to the observation of no particular rules. Most of the irregular lines, however, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, &c. I suspect of having been prolonged by casual monosyllables, which stole into them through the inattention of the copyist, or the impertinence of the speaker.—If indeed the choruses in *Pericles* contain many such marked expressions as are discoverable in Shakspeare's other dramas, I must confess that they have hitherto escaped my notice; unless they may be said to occur in particulars which of necessity must be common to all soliloquies of a similar kind. Such interlocutions cannot fail occasionally to contain the same modes of address, and the same persuasive arguments to solicit indulgence and secure applause.

To these observations I may add, that though Shakspeare seems to have been well versed in the writings of *Chaucer*, his plays contain no marks of his acquaintance with the works of *Gower*, from whose fund of stories not one of his plots is adopted. When I quoted the *Confessio Amantis* to illustrate "Florentius' love" in the *Taming of a Shrew*, it was only because I had then met with no other book in which that tale was related.—I ought not to quit the subject of these choruses without remarking that *Gower* interposes no less than six times in the course of our play, exclusive of his introduction and peroration. Indeed he enters as often as any chasm in the story requires to be supplied. I do not recollect the same practice in other tragedies, to which the chorus usually serves as a prologue, and then appears only between the acts. Shakspeare's legitimate pieces in which these mediators are found, might still be represented without their aid; but the omission of *Gower* in *Pericles* would render it so perfectly confused, that the audience might justly exclaim with *Otello*—*Chaos is come again*.

Very little that can tend with certainty to establish or oppose our author's exclusive right in this dramattick performance, is to be collected from the *dumb shows*; for he has no such in his other plays as will serve to direct our judgment. These in *Pericles* are not introduced (in compliance with two ancient customs) at stated periods, or for the sake of adventitious splendor. They do not appear before every act, like those in *Ferrex and Porrex*; they are not, like those in *Jocasta*, merely ostentatious. Such deviations from common practice incline me to believe that originally there were no mute exhibitions at all throughout the piece; but that when Shakspeare undertook to reform it, finding some parts peculiarly long or uninteresting, he now and then struck out the dialogue, and only left the action in its room; advising the author to add a few lines to his choruses, as auxiliaries on the occasion. Those whose fate it is to be engaged in the repairs of an old mansion house, must submit to many awkward expedients which they would have escaped in a fabrick constructed on their

own plan: or it might be observed, that though Shakspeare has expressed his contempt of such *dumb shows* as were *inexplicable*, there is no reason to believe he would have pointed the same ridicule at others which were more easily understood. I do not readily perceive that the aid of a *dumb show* is much more reprehensible than that of a *chorus*:

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*

If it be observed, that the latter will admit of sentiment and poetical imagery, it may be also urged that the former will serve to furnish out such spectacles of magnificence as should by no means appear despicable in a kingdom which has ever encouraged the pomp of lord mayors' feasts, installments, and coronations.—I should extend these remarks to an unwarrantable length, or might be tempted to prove that many of Shakspeare's plays exhibit traces of these solemn pantomimes*; though they are too adroitly managed by him to have need of verbal interpretation.

Next it may be remarked, that the valuable parts of *Pericles* are more distinguished by their poetical turn, than by variety of character, or command over the passions. Partial graces are indeed almost the only improvements that the mender of a play already written can easily introduce; for an error in the first concoction can be redeemed by no future process of chemistry. A few flowery lines may here and there be strewn on the surface of a dramatick piece; but these have little power to impregnate its general mass. Character, on the contrary, must be designed at the author's outset, and proceed with gradual congeniality through the whole. In genuine Shakspeare, it insinuates itself every where, with an address like that of Virgil's snake—

— fit tortile collo
*Aurum ingens coluber; fit longæ tæniæ vittæ,
Innefitque comas, et membris lubricus errat.*

But the drama before us contains no discrimination of manners † (except in the comick dialogues), very few traces of original

* The reader who is willing to pursue this hint, may consult what are now called the *stage-directions*, throughout the folio 1623 in the following pages. I refer to this copy, because it cannot be suspected of modern interpolation. *Tempest*, p. 13, 15, 16. *All's Well*, &c. 234, 238. *K. Hen. VI. P. I.* 100, 102, 105. *Ditto, P. II.*—125, 127, 129. *Ditto, P. III.*—164. *K. Henry VIII.* 206, 207, 211, 215, 224, 226, 231. *Coriolanus*, 6, 7. *Tit. Andron.* 31. *Timon*, 82. *Macbeth*, 135, 144. *Hamlet*, 267. *Ant. and Cleop.* 351, 355. *Cymbeline*, 392, 393.

† Those opticks that can detect the smallest vestige of Shakspeare in the character of the *Pentapolitan monarch*, cannot fail with equal felicity to discover *Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt*, and to find all that should adorn the *Graces*, in the persons and conduct of the *wild sisters*. Compared with this *Simonides*, the *King of Navarre* in

ginal thought, and is evidently destitute of that intelligence and useful knowledge that pervade even the meanest of Shakspeare's undisputed performances. To speak more plainly, it is neither enriched by the gems that sparkle through the rubbish of *Love's Labour's Lost*, nor the good sense which so often fertilizes the barren fable of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.—*Pericles*, in short, is little more than a string of adventures so numerous, so inartificially crowded together, and so far removed from probability, that in my private judgment, I must acquit even the irregular and lawless Shakspeare of having constructed the fabrick of the drama, though he has certainly bestowed some decoration on its parts. Yet even this decoration, like embroidery on a blanket, only serves by contrast to expose the meanness of the original materials. That the plays of Shakspeare have their inequalities likewise, is sufficiently understood; but they are still the inequalities of Shakspeare. He may occasionally be absurd, but is seldom foolish; he may be censured, but can rarely be despised.

I do not recollect a single plot of Shakspeare's formation (or even adoption from preceding plays or novels), in which the majority of the characters are not so well connected, and so necessary in respect of each other, that they proceed in combination to the end of the story; unless that story (as in the cases of *Antigonus* and *Mercutio*) requires the interposition of death. In *Pericles* this continuity is wanting;

— *disjectas moles, avulsaque saxis*

Saxa videt; —

and even with the aid of *Gower* the scenes are rather loosely tacked together, than closely interwoven. We see no more of *Antiochus* after his first appearance. His anonymous daughter utters but one unintelligible couplet, and then vanishes. *Simonides* likewise is lost as soon as the marriage of *Thaisa* is over; and the punishment of *Cleon* and his wife, which poetick justice demanded, makes no part of the action, but is related in a kind of epilogue by *Gower*. This is at least a practice which in no instance has received the sanction of Shakspeare. From such deficiency of mutual interest, and *liaison* among the personages of the drama, I am farther strengthened in my belief that our great poet had no share in constructing it*. Dr. Johnson long ago observed that his

Love's Labour's Lost, *Theseus* in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the *Rex sylvarum* in *All's Well that Ends Well*, are the rarest compounds of *Machiavel* and *Hercules*.

• It is remarkable, that not a name appropriated by Shakspeare to any character throughout his other plays, is to be found in this. At the same time the reader will observe that, except in such pieces as are built on historical subjects, or English fables, he employs the same proper names repeatedly in his different dramas.

Antonio,

his real power is not seen in the splendor of particular passages, but in the progress of his fable, and the tenour of his dialogue :
and

| | | |
|------------|----------------|---------------------------------------|
| Antonio. | Tempest. | Two. Gent. M. Ado. T. Night. M. of V. |
| Sebastian. | _____ | Tw. Night. |
| Ferdinand. | _____ | L. L. Loft. |
| Francisco. | _____ | Hamlet. |
| Stephano. | _____ | M. of Ven. |
| Helena. | Cymbeline. | All's Well. M N. Dr. T. and Cress. |
| Demetrius. | M. N. Dr. | Ant. and Cl. |
| Valentine. | Two Gent. | Tw Night. |
| Balthazar. | Much Ado. | M. of Ven. Com. of E. R. and Jul. |
| Eſcalus. | R. and Jul. | M. for Me a |
| Claudio. | Much Ado. | _____ |
| Juliet. | R. and Jul. | _____ |
| Mariana. | M. for Meaf. | All's Well. |
| Vincentio. | Tam. the Shr. | _____ |
| Portia. | Julius Cæſar. | M. of Ven. |
| Gratiano. | Othello. | _____ |
| Rofaline. | L. L. Loft. | As You, &c. |
| Catharine. | Tam. the Shr. | L. L. Loft. |
| Maria. | Tw. Night. | _____ |
| Emilia. | Othello. | W. Tale. Com. of E. |
| Angelo. | M. for Meaf. | Com. of E. |
| Varro. | Timon. | Julius Cæſ. |
| Flavius | _____ | _____ |
| Lucilius. | _____ | _____ |
| Diomedes. | Tr. and Cress. | Ant. and Cl. |
| Varrus. | M. for Meaf. | _____ |
| Cornelius. | Hamlet. | Cymbeline. |
| Bianca. | Othello. | T. the Shr. |
| Paris. | Tr. and Cress. | R. and Jul. |
| Baptiſta. | Hamlet. | T. the Shr. |
| Claudius. | _____ | Jul. Cæſar. |
| Philo. | Ant. and Cleo. | Timon. |
| Ventidius. | _____ | _____ |
| Lucius. | Cymbeline. | _____ |
| Cefario. | Tw. Night. | Ant. and Cl. |

To theſe might be added ſuch as only differ from each other by means of freſh terminations.

| | | |
|--------------|------------------|----------------------------------|
| Launce. | —Two Gent. | and Launcelot.—M. of Ven. |
| Adrian. | —Tempeſt. | and Adriana. —Com. of Er. |
| Franciſco. | —Hamlet, &c. | and Francisca. —M. for Meaf. |
| Luce. | —Com. of Errors. | Lucina, ibid. Lucetta. Two Gent. |
| Silvius. | —As You Like It. | and Silvia. —Two Gent. |
| Egeus. | —Mid. Nights Dr. | and Egeon. —Com of Err. |
| Hortenſius.— | Timon. | and Hortenſio. —Tam. the Shr. |
| Leonato.— | Much Ado. | and Leonatus. —Cymbeline. |

Names that in ſome plays are appropriated to ſpeaking characters, in other dramas are introduced as belonging only to abſent perſons or things. Thus we have mention of a

Rofaline, a Lucio, a Helena, a Valentine, &c. in Romeo and Juliet. Iſabella, Eſcalus, Antonio, and Sebastian, in All's Well that Ends Well. Capulet and Roderigo, in Twelfth Night.

and when it becomes necessary for me to quote a decision founded on comprehensive views, I can appeal to none in which I should more implicitly confide.—*Gower* relates the story of *Pericles* in a manner not quite so desultory; and yet such a tale as that of *Prince Appolyn*, in its most perfect state, would hardly have attracted the notice of any playwright, except one who was quite a novice in the rules of his art. Mr. Malone indeed observes that our author has pursued the legend exactly as he found it in the *Confessio Amantis*, or elsewhere. I can only add, that this is by no means his practice in any other dramas, except such as are merely historical, or founded on facts from which he could not venture to deviate, because they were universally believed. Shakspeare has deserted his originals in *As You Like It*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, &c. The curious reader may easily convince himself of the truth of these assertions.

That Shakspeare has repeated in his later plays any material circumstances which he had adopted in his more early ones, I am by no means ready to allow. Some smaller coincidences with himself may perhaps be discovered. Though it be not usual for one architect to build two fabricks exactly alike, he may yet be found to have distributed many ornaments in common over both, and to have fitted up more than one apartment with the same cornice and mouldings. If *Pericles* should be supposed to bear any general and striking resemblance to the *Winter's Tale*, let me enquire in what part of the former we are to search for the slightest traces of *Leontes'* jealousy (the hinge on which the fable turns) the noble fortitude of *Hermione*, the gallantry of *Florizel*, the spirit of *Paulina*, or the humour of *Autolycus*? Two stories cannot be said to have much correspondence, when the chief features that distinguish the one, are entirely wanting in the other.

Mr. Malone is likewise willing to suppose that Shakspeare contracted his dialogue in the last act of the *Winter's Tale*, because he had before exhausted himself on the same subject in *Pericles*. But it is easy to justify this distinction in our poet's conduct, on other principles. Neither the king or queen of Tyre feels the smallest degree of self-reproach. They meet with repeated expressions of rapture, for they were parted only by unprovoked misfortune. They speak without reserve, because there is nothing in their

Ferdinand and Troilus, in the *Taming of a Shrew*, &c.

I have taken this minute trouble to gain an opportunity of observing how unlikely it is that Shakspeare should have been content to use second-hand names in so many of his more finished plays, and at the same time have bestowed original ones throughout the scenes of *Pericles*. This affords additional suspicion, to me at least, that the story, and the personæ dramatis, were not of our author's selection.—Neither *Gower* nor the translator of *K. Appolyn* has been followed on this occasion; for the names of *Pericles*, *Escanes*, *Simonides*, *Cleon*, *Symmachus*, and *Marisa*, are foreign to the old story, as related both

story

story which the one or the other can wish to be suppressed.—*Leontes*, on the contrary, seems content to welcome his return of happiness without expatiating on the means by which he had formerly lost it; nor does *Hermione* recapitulate her sufferings, through fear to revive the memory of particulars which might be construed into a reflection on her husband's jealousy. The discovery of *Marina* would likewise admit of clamorous transport, for similar reasons; but whatever could be said on the restoration of *Perdita* to her mother, would only tend to prolong the remorse of her father. Throughout the notes which I have contributed to the play of *Pericles*, I have not been backward to point out many of the particulars on which the opinion of Mr Malone is built; for as truth, not victory, is the object of us both, I am sure we cannot wish to keep any part of the evidence that may seem to affect our reciprocal opinions, out of sight.

Mr. Malone is likewise solicitous to prove, from the wildness and irregularity of the fab'e, &c. that this was either our author's first, or one of his earliest dramas. It might have been so; and yet I am sorry to observe that the same qualities predominate in his more mature performances; but there these defects are instrumental in producing beauties. If we travel in *Antony and Cleopatra* from *Alexandria* to *Rome*—to *Messina*—into *Syria*—to *Athens*—to *Aëgium*, we are still relieved in the course of our peregrinations by variety of objects, and importance of events. But are we rewarded in the same manner for our journeys from *Antioch* to *Tyre*, from *Tyre* to *Pentapolis*, from *Pentapolis* to *Tharsus*, from *Tharsus* to *Tyre*, from *Tyre* to *Mitylene*, and from *Mitylene* to *Ephesus*?—In one light, indeed, I am ready to allow *Pericles* was our poet's first attempt. Before he was satisfied with his own strength, and trusted himself to the publick, he might have tried his hand with a partner, and entered the theatre in disguise. Before he ventured to face an audience on the stage, it was natural that he should peep at them through the curtain.

What Mr. Malone has called the *inequalities of the poetry*, I should rather term the *patchwork of the style*, in which the general flow of Shakspeare is not often visible. An unwearied blaze of words, like that which burns throughout *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, and *Mariamne*, is never attempted by our author; for such uniformity could be maintained but by keeping nature at a distance. Inequality and wildness, therefore, cannot be received as criterions by which we are to distinguish the early pieces of Shakspeare from those which were written at a later period.

But one peculiarity relative to the complete genuineness of this play, has hitherto been disregarded, though in my opinion it is absolutely decisive. I shall not hesitate to affirm, that through different parts of *Pericles*, there are more frequent and more awkward ellipses than occur in all the other dramas attributed to the same author; and that these figures of speech appear only in such

worthless portions of the dialogue as cannot with justice be imputed to him. Were the play the work of any single hand, it is natural to suppose that this clipt jargon would have been scattered over it with equality. Had it been the composition of our great poet, he would be found to have availed himself of the same licence in his other tragedies; nor perhaps, would an individual writer have called the same characters and places alternately Pericles and Pericles, Thaisa and Thaisa, Pentapölis and Pentapölis. Shakspeare never varies the quantity of his proper names in the compass of one play. In *Cymbeline* we always meet with Posthūmus, not Posthūmus, Arvirāgus, and not Arvirāgus.

It may appear singular that I have hitherto laid no stress on such parallels between the acknowledged plays of Shakspeare and *Pericles*, as are produced in the course of our preceding illustrations. But perhaps any argument that could be derived from so few of these, ought not to be decisive; for the same reasoning might tend to prove that every little coincidence of thought and expression, is in reality one of the petty larcenies of literature; and thus we might in the end impeach the original merit of those whom we ought not to suspect of having need to borrow from their predecessors*. I can only add on this subject, (like Dr. Farmer) that the world is already possessed of the *Marks of Imitation*; and that there is scarce one English tragedy but bears some slight internal resemblance to another. I therefore attempt no deduction from premises occasionally fallacious, nor pretend to discover in the piece before us the draughts of scenes which were afterwards more happily wrought, or the slender and crude principles of ideas which on other occasions were dilated into consequence, or polished into lustre †. Not that such a kind of evidence, however

* Dr. Johnson once assured me, that when he wrote his *Irene* he had never read *Othello*; but meeting with it soon afterwards, was surprized to find he had given one of his characters a speech very strongly resembling that in which Cassio describes the effects produced by Desdemona's beauty on such inanimate objects as the *gutter'd rocks and congregated sands*. The doctor added, that on making the discovery, for fear of imputed plagiarism, he struck out this accidental coincidence from his own tragedy.

† Though I admit that a small portion of general and occasional relations may pass unsuspected from the works of one author into those of another, yet when multitudes of minute coincidences occur, they must have owed their introduction to contrivance and design. The surest and least equivocal marks of imitation (says Dr. Hurd) are to be found in peculiarities of phrase and diction; an identity in both, is the most certain note of plagiarism.

This observation inclines me to offer a few words in regard to Shakspeare's imputed share in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*.

On Mr. Pope's opinion relative to this subject, no great reliance can be placed; for he who reprobated the *Wispur's Tale* as a performance alien to Shakspeare, could boast of little acquaintance with the spirit

ever strong, or however skilfully applied, would divest my former arguments of their weight; for I admit without reserve that Shakspeare, “ ——— whose

spirit or manner of the author whom he undertook to correct and explain.

Dr. Warburton (vol. i. after the table of editions) expresses his belief that our great poet wrote “ the first act, but in his worst manner.” The doctor indeed only seems to have been ambitious of adding somewhat (though at random) to the decision of his predecessor.

Mr. Seward’s enquiry into the authenticity of this piece, has been fully examined by Mr. Colman, who adduces several arguments to prove that our author had no concern in it. [See Beaumont and Fletcher, last edit. vol. i. p. 118.] Mr. Colman might have added more to the same purpose; but, luckily for the publick, his pen is always better engaged than in critical and antiquarian disquisitions.

As Dr. Farmer has advanced but little on the present occasion, I confess my inability to determine the point on which his conclusion is founded.

This play, however, was not printed till eighteen years after the death of Shakspeare; and its title-page carries all the air of a canting bookseller’s imposition. Would any one else have thought it necessary to tell the world, that Fletcher and his pretended coadjutor, were “ *memorable worthies* ?” The piece too was printed for one *John Waterston*, a man who had no copy-right in any of our author’s other dramas. It was equally unknown to the editors in 1623, and 1632; and was rejected by those in 1664, and 1685.—In 1661, *Kirkman*, another knight of the *rubrick post*, issued out the *Birth of Merlin*, by Rowley and Shakspeare. Are we to receive a part of this also as a genuine work of the latter? for the authority of *Kirkman* is as respectable as that of *Waterston*.—I may add, as a similar instance of the craft or ignorance of these ancient *Curls*, that in 1640, the *Coronation*, claimed by *Shirley*, was printed in *Fletcher’s* name, and (I know not why) is still permitted to hold a place among his other dramas.

That Shakspeare had the slighted connection with B. and Fletcher, has not been proved by evidence of any kind. There are no verses written by either in his commendation; but they both stand convicted of having aimed their ridicule at passages in several of his plays. His imputed intimacy with one of them, is therefore unaccountable. Neither are the names of our great confederates enrolled with those of other wits who frequented the literary *symposia* held at the Devil Tavern in Fleet-street. As they were gentlemen of family and fortune, it is probable that they aspired to company of a higher rank than that of needy poets, or mercenary players. Their dialogue bears abundant testimony to this supposition; while Shakspeare’s attempts to exhibit such sprightly conversations as pass between young men of elegance and fashion, are very rare, and almost confined (as Dr. Johnson remarks) to the characters of Mercutio and his associates. Our author could not easily copy what he had few opportunities of observing.—So much for the unlikeliness of Fletcher’s having united with Shakspeare in the same composition.

But

“—— whose hopeful colours

“ Advance a half-fac'd sun striving to shine,”

is

But here it may be asked—why was the name of our poet joined with that of Beaumont's coadjutor in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, rather than in any other play of the same author that so long remained in manuscript? I answer,—that this event might have taken its rise from the play-house tradition mentioned by Pope, and founded, as I conceive, on a singular occurrence, which it is my present office to point out and illustrate to my readers.

The language and images of this piece coincide perpetually with those in the dramas of Shakspeare. The same frequency of coincidence occurs in no other individual of Fletcher's works; and how is so material a distinction to be accounted for? Did Shakspeare assist the survivor of Beaumont in this tragedy? Surely no; for if he had, he would not (to borrow a conceit from *Moth in Love's Labour's Lost*) have written as if he had been at a great feast of tragedies, and stolen the scraps. It was natural that he should more studiously have abstained from the use of marked expressions in this than in any other of his pieces written without assistance. He cannot be suspected of so pitiful an ambition as that of setting his seal on the portions he wrote, to distinguish them from those of his colleague. It was his business to coalesce with Fletcher, and not to withdraw from him. But, were our author convicted of this jealous artifice, let me ask where we are to look for any single dialogue in which these lines of separation are not drawn. If they are to be regarded as land-marks to ascertain our author's property, they stand so constantly in our way, that we must, on their evidence, adjudge the whole literary estate to him. I hope no one will be found who supposes our duumvirate sat down to correct what each other wrote. To such an indignity Fletcher could not well have submitted; and such a drudgery Shakspeare would as hardly have endured. In *Pericles* it is no difficult task to discriminate the scenes in which the hand of the latter is evident. I say again, let the critic try if the same undertaking is as easy in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*. The style of Fletcher on other occasions is sufficiently distinct from Shakspeare's, though it may mix more intimately with that of Beaumont:

“Ος τ' ἀποκιδνάμενος ποταμῷ κελადοντος Ἀράξειω

Φάσιδι συμφέρται ἱερὸν ῥέον.

Apol. Rhod.

From loud Araxes Lycus' streams divide,
But roll with Phasis in a blended tide.

But, that my assertions relative to coincidence may not appear without some support, I proceed to insert a few of many instances that might be brought in aid of an opinion which I am ready to subjoin.—The first passage hereafter quoted is always from the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, edit. 1750; the second from the *Plays of Shakspeare*, edit. 1778.

{ 1 ——— Dear *glass* of ladies.

p. 9. Vol. X.

{ 2 ——— he was indeed the *glass*

Wherein the noble youths did dress themselves. *K. Hen. IV. P. II.*
Vol. V. p. 487.

1 ——— *blood-*

is visible in many scenes throughout the play. But it follows not from thence that he is answerable for its worst parts, though the best

- { 1 — *blood-fiz'd field* ————— p. 9.
 2 — *o'er-fiz'd with coagulate gore.* *Hamlet*, Vol. X. p. 264.
- { 1. — as *ospreys* do the fish,
 Subdue before they touch. ————— p. 11.
 2. — as is the *osprey* to the fish, who takes it
 By sovereignty of nature. *Coriolanus*, Vol. VII. p. 467.
- { 1. *His ocean* needs not my poor drops. p. 20.
 2. — as petty to his ends
 As is the morn-dew on a myrtle leaf
 To his *grand sea*. *Ant. and Cleop.* Vol. VIII. p. 230.
- { 1. Their *intertangled roots* of love. p. 22.
 2. — Grief and patience, *rooted* in him both,
Mingle their spurs together. *Cymbeline*, Vol. IX. p. 272.
- { 1. Lord, lord, the difference of men ! p. 30.
 2. O, the difference of man and man ! *K. Lear*, Vol. IX. p. 502.
- { 1. Like *lazy clouds* ————— p. 30.
 2. — the *lazy-pacing clouds* ————— *R. and Juliet*, Vol. X. p. 55.
- { 1. — the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian. p. 31.
 2. Or, like the *Parthian*, I shall *flying* fight. *Cymbeline*, Vol. IX. p. 202
 Mr. Seward observes that this comparison occurs no where in
 Shakspeare.
- { 1. *Banish'd* the kingdom, &c. ————— p. 41.
 2. See the speech of *Romeo* on the same occasion. — *R. and Juliet*,
 Vol. X. p. 101, &c.
- { 1. — he has a tongue will tame
 Tempests. ————— p. 42.
 2. — she would sing the savageness out of a bear. — *Othello*, Vol. X.
 p. 574.
- { 1. *Theseus*.] Tomorrow, by the sun, to do *observance*
 To flowery May. p. 47.
 2. *Theseus*.] — they rose up early to *observe*
 The rite of May. *Mid. Night's Dream*. Vol. III. p. 97.
- { 1. Let all the dukes and all the *devils* roar,
 He is at liberty, ————— p. 48.
 2. And if the *devil* come and *roar* for them,
 He shall not have them, *K. Hen. IV.* Vol. V. p. 282.
- { 1. Dear *cousin* Palamon ————— p. 51.
Pal. Cozener Arcite.
 2. — Gentle Harry Percy, and kind *cousin*, —
 The devil take such *cozeners*. *K. Hen. IV.* P. I. Vol. V. p. 289.
- { 1. — this question, sick between us,
 By *bleeding* must be *cur'd*. p. 54.
 2. *Let's purge* this cholera without *letting blood*. — *K. Rich. II.* Vol. V.
 p. 137.
 2. — swim

best it contains may be, not dishonourably, imputed to him.
Both weeds and flowers appear in the same parterre, yet we do
not

1. — swim with your *body*,
And carry it sweetly— p. 61.
2. Bear your *body* more seemly, Audrey. *As You Like It*. Vol. III. p. 380.
1. And dainty duke whose doughty dismal fate. p. 64.
2. Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade. *M. N. Dr.* Vol. III. p. 111.
1. — And then she sung
Nothing but *willow, willow*— p. 79.
2. — sing *willow, willow*— *Othello*. Vol. X. p. 592.
1. Oh who can find the bent of woman's fancy! p. 84.
2. Oh undistinguish'd space of woman's will! *K. Lear*, Vol. IX. p. 533.
1. — like the *great-ey'd Juno's*, but far sweeter. p. 84.
2. — sweeter than the lids of *Juno's eyes*. *Winter's T.* Vol. IV. p. 380.
1. — better, o' my conscience,
Was never soldier's friend. p. 86.
2. A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. *Othello*, Vol. X. p. 618.
1. — his tongue
Sounds like a trumpet. p. 87.
2. Would plead like angels trumpet-tongued. *Macbeth*, Vol. IV. p. 486.
- this would shew bravely,
Fighting about the titles of two kingdoms, p. 89.
2. — such a fight as this
Becomes the field, but here shews much amiss. *Hamlet*, Vol. X. p. 415.
1. Look where she comes! you shall perceive her behaviour, p. 89.
2. Lo you where she comes! This is her very guise. *Macbeth*, Vol. IV. p. 587.
1. — the burden on't was down-a down-a. p. 90.
2. You must sing down-a down-a: oh how the wheel becomes it!
Hamlet, Vol. X. p. 355.
1. How her brain coins!— p. 90.
2. This is the very coinage of your brain. *Hamlet*, Vol. X. p. 327.
1. *Doct.*] — not an engrafted madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy — p. 91.
2. — *Doct.*] — not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies— *Macbeth*, Vol. IV. p. 596.
1. *Doct.* I think she has a perturbed mind which I cannot minister to. p. 91.
2. — perturbed spirit!
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd?
Doct. — therein the patient
Must minister to himself. *Macbeth*, Vol. IV. p. 596.

not infer from their being found together, that they were planted by the same hand.

Were

- { 1. — to him that makes the camp a cistern
Brim'd with the blood of men P. 94.
- { 2. The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. *K. Hen. IV. P. I. Vol. V. p. 338.*
- { 1. — *haft turn'd*
Green Neptune into purple. P. 94.
- { 2. — the multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red. *Macbeth, Vol. IV. p. 505.*
- { 1. — *lover, never yet*
Made truer sigh— P. 98.
- { 2. — *never man*
Sigh'd truer breath. *Coriolanus, Vol. VII. p. 452.*
- { 1. — arms in assurance
My body to this business. P. 99.
- { 2. — bends up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. *Macbeth, Vol. IV. p. 491.*
- { 1. — thy female knights— P. 99.
- { 2. — thy virgin knight. *Much Ado, &c. Vol. II. p. 367.*
- { 1. — with that thy rare green eye— P. 99.
- { 2. Hath not so quick, so green, so fair an eye. *R. and Juliet. Vol. X. p. 119.*
- { His eyes were green as léeks. *M. N. Dr. Vol. III. p. 120.*
- { 1. His costliness of spirit look'd through him.. P. 110.
- { 2. Your spirits shine through you. *Macbeth, Vol. IV. p. 529.*
- { 1. — to dis-seat his lord, P. 114.
- { 2. — or dis-seat me now. *Macbeth, Vol. IV. p. 544.*
- N. B. I have met with no other instances of the use of this word.
- { 1. Disroot his rider whence he grew. P. 115.
- { 2. This gallant grew unto his seat. *Hamlet, Vol. X. p. 365.*
- { 1. And bear us like the time. P. 117.
- { 2. — to beguile the time,
Look like the time. *Macbeth, Vol. IV. p. 480.*

It will happen, on familiar occasions, that diversity of expression is neither worth seeking, or easy to be found; as in the following instances:

- { Cer. Look to the lady. *Pericles.*
- { Macd. Look to the lady. *Macbeth.*
- { Cap. Look to the bak'd meats. *Rom. and Jul.*
- { Pal. Look to thy life well, Arcite! *Two Noble Kinsmen.*
- { Dion. How chance my daughter is not with you?— *Pericles.*
- { K. Hen. How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother? *K. Hen. IV. P. II.*
- Dion.

Were I disposed, with controversial wantonness, to reason against conviction, I might add, that as Shakspeare is known to have bor-

- { Dion. *How now, Marina? why do you keep alone?* *Pericles.*
 { Lady Macb. *How now, my lord? why do you keep alone?*—*Macbeth.*
- { Coun. — *have with you, boys!* *Two Noble Kinsmen.*
 { Bel. *Have with you, boys!* *Cymbeline.*
- { Daugh. *Yours to command, i' th' way of honesty.* *Two N. Kinsmen.*
 { Faulc. *For I was got i' th' way of honesty.* *King John.*
- { Thal. — *if I can get him within my pistol's length.* *Pericles.*
 { Phang. — *an he come but within my vice.* *K. Henry IV. P. II.*

All such examples I have obtained from producing; but the peculiar coincidence of many among those already given, suffers much by their not being viewed in their natural situations.

Let the criticks who can fix on any particular scenes which they conceive to have been written by Shakspeare, or let those who suppose him to have been so poor in language as well as ideas, that he was constrained to borrow in the compass of *half the Noble Kinsmen* from above a dozen entire plays of his own composition, advance some hypothesis more plausible than the following; and yet I flatter myself that readers may be found who will concur with me in believing this tragedy to have been written by Fletcher in silent imitation of our author's manner. No other circumstance could well have occasioned such a frequent occurrence of corresponding phrases, &c; nor, in my opinion, could any particular, but this, have induced the players to propagate the report, that our author was Fletcher's coadjutor in the piece.—There is nothing unusual in these attempts at imitation. Dryden, in his preface to *All for Love*, professes to copy the style of Shakspeare. Rowe, in his *Jane Shore*, arrogates to himself the merit of having pursued the same plan. How far these poets have succeeded, it is not my present business to examine; but Fletcher's imitation, like that of many others, is chiefly *verbal*; and yet (when joined with other circumstances) was perfect enough to have misled the judgment of the players. Those people, who in the course of their profession must have had much of Shakspeare's language recent in their memories, could easily discover traces of it in this performance. They could likewise observe that the drama opens with the same characters as first enter in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; that *Clowns* exert themselves for the entertainment of *Thousens* in both; that a *pedagogue* likewise directs the sports in *Love's Labour's Lost*; that a character of *female frenzy*, copied from *Ophelia*, is notorious in the *Jailor's Daughter*; and that this girl, like *Lady Macbeth*, is attended by a *physician* who describes the difficulties of her case, and comments on it, in almost similar terms. They might therefore conclude that the play before us was in part a production of the same writer. Over this line, the criticks behind the scenes were unable to proceed. Their sagacity was insufficient to observe that the general current of the style was even throughout the whole, and bore no marks of a divided hand. Hence perhaps the *sol geminus* and *duplices Thebæ* of these very incompetent judges, who, like staunch match-makers, were desirous that

rowed whole speeches from the authors of *Darius*, *King John*, the *Taming of a Shrew*, &c. as well as from novellists and historians without number, so he might be suspected of having taken

that the widow'd muse of Fletcher should not long remain without a bed-fellow.

Left it should be urged that one of my arguments against Shakspeare's co-operation in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, would equally militate against his share in *Pericles*, it becomes necessary for me to ward off any objection to that purpose, by remarking that the circumstances attendant on these two dramas are by no means exactly parallel. Shakspeare probably furnished his share in the latter at an early period of his authorship, and afterwards (having never owned it, or supposing it to be forgotten) was willing to profit by the most valuable lines and ideas it contained. But he would scarce have been considered himself as an object of imitation, before he had reached his meridian fame; and in my opinion, the *Noble Kinsmen* could not have been composed till after 1611, nor perhaps antecedent to the deaths of Beaumont and our author, when assistance and competition ceased, and the poet who resembled the latter most, had the fairest prospect of success. During the life of Beaumont, which concluded in 1615, it cannot well be supposed that Fletcher would have deserted him, to write in concert with any other dramatist. Shakspeare survived Beaumont only by one year, and, during that time, is known to have lived in Warwickshire, beyond the reach of Fletcher, who continued to reside in London till he fell a sacrifice to the plague in 1625; so that there was no opportunity for them to have joined in personal conference relative to the *Two Noble Kinsmen*; and without frequent interviews between confederate writers, a consistent tragedy can hardly be produced. But, at whatever time of Shakspeare's life *Pericles* was brought forth, it will not be found on examination to comprize a fifth part of the coincidences which may be detected in its successor; neither will a tenth division of the same relations be discovered in any one of his thirty-five dramas which have hitherto been published together.

To conclude, it is peculiarly apparent that this tragedy of the *Two Noble Kinsmen* was printed from a prompter's copy, as it exhibits such stage directions as I do not remember to have seen in any other drama of the same period. We may likewise take notice that there are fewer hemistichs in it than in any of Shakspeare's acknowledged productions. If one speech concludes with an imperfect verse, the next in general completes it. This is some indication of a writer more studious of neatness in composition than the pretended associate of Fletcher.

In the course of my investigation I am pleased to find I differ but on one occasion from Mr. Colman; and that is, in my disbelief that *Beaumont* had any share in this tragedy. The utmost beauties it contains, were within the reach of *Fletcher*, who has a right to wear

“ Without corival all his dignities:

“ But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!”

because there is no just reason for supposing any poet but Chaucer has a right to dispute with him the reputation which the tale of *Palamon and Arcite* has so long and so indisputably maintained.

lines,

lines, and hints for future situations, from the play of *Pericles*, supposing it were the work of a writer somewhat more early than himself. Such splendid passages occur in the scenes of his contemporaries, as have not disgraced his own: and be it remembered, that many things which we at present are content to reckon only among the adoptions of our great poet, had been long regarded as his own proper effusions, and were as constantly enumerated among his distinguished beauties. No verses have been more frequently quoted, or more loudly applauded, than those beginning with *The cloud-capt towers in the Tempest*; but if our positions relative to the date of that play are well founded, Shakspeare's share in this celebrated account of nature's dissolution, is very inconsiderable.

To conclude, the play of *Pericles* was in all probability the composition of some friend whose interest the "gentle Shakspeare" was industrious to promote. He therefore improved his dialogue in many places; and knowing by experience that the strength of a dramattick piece should be augmented towards its catastrophe, was most liberal of his aid in the last act. We cannot be surprised to find that what he has supplied is of a different colour from the rest:

Scinditur in partes, geminoque cacumine furgit,
Thebanos imitata rogos;

for like Beaumont he was not writing in conjunction with a Fletcher.

Mr. Malone has asked how it happens that no memorial of an earlier drama on the subject of *Pericles* remains. I shall only answer by another question—Why is it the fate of still-born infants to be soon forgotten? In the rummage of some mass of ancient pamphlets and papers, the first of these two productions may hereafter make its appearance. The chance that preserved *The Witch of Middleton*, may at some distant period establish my general opinion concerning the authenticity of *Pericles*, which is already strengthened by those of Rowe and Dr. Farmer, and countenanced in some degree by the omission of Heminge and Conde. I was once disposed to entertain very different sentiments concerning the authority of title-pages; but on my mended judgment (if I offend not to say it is mended) I have found sufficient reason to change my creed, and confess the folly of advancing much on a question which I had not more than cursorily considered.—To this I must subjoin, that perhaps our author produced the *Winter's Tale* at the distance of several years from the time at which he corrected *Pericles*; and, for reasons hinted at in a preceding page, or through a forgetfulness common to all writers, repeated a few of the identical phrases and ideas which he had already used in that and other dramas. I have formerly observed in a note on *King Lear*, last edit. vol. ix. p. 561, that Shakspeare has appropriated the same sentiment, in nearly the same

same words, to *Justice Shallow*, *King Lear*, and *Othello*; and may now add that I find another allusion as nearly expressed in five different places :

- “ I’d strip myself to death, as for a bed
 “ That longing I’d been sick for.” *Measure for Measure*
 “ I will encounter darkness like a bride;
 “ And hug it in my arms.” *Ibidem*
 “ I will be
 “ A bridegroom in my death; and run unto’t
 “ As to a lover’s bed.” *Antony and Cleopatra*
 “ I will die bravely like a bridegroom.” *King Lear*
 “ — in terms like bride and bridegroom
 “ Divesting them for bed.” *Othello*.

The degree of credit due to the title-page of this tragedy is but very inconsiderable. It is not mentioned by Meres in 1598; but that Shakspeare was known to have had some hand in it, was sufficient reason why the whole should be fathered on him. The name of the original writer could have promoted a bookseller’s purpose in but an inferior degree. In the year 1611, one of the same fraternity attempted to obtrude on the publick the old *King John* (in Dr. Farmer’s opinion written by Rowley) as the work of our celebrated author.

But we are told with confidence, that

- “ Shakspeare’s owl muse his *Pericles* first bore,
 “ The *Prince of Tyre* was elder than the *Moor*.”

To the testimony of Dryden respect is always due, when he speaks of things within the compass of his own knowledge. But on the present occasion he could only take report, or a title-page; for his guide; and seems to have prefer’d smoothness of versification to preciseness of expression. His meaning is completely given in the second line of his couplet. In both, he designs to say no more than that Shakspeare himself did not rise to excellence in his first plays; but that *Pericles*, one of the weakest imputed to him, was written before *Othello*, which has been always regarded as the most vigorous of his productions;—that of these two pieces, *Pericles* was the first. Dryden in all probability met with it in the folio edition, 1664, and enquired no farther concerning its authenticity. The birth of his friend Sir William Davenant happened in 1605; at least ten years below the date of this contested drama*.

The

* Shakspeare died in 1616; and it is hardly probable that his godson (a lad about ten years old) instead of searching his pockets for apples, should have enquired of him concerning the dates of his theatrical performances. It is not much more likely that afterwards, in an age devoid of literary curiosity, Sir William should have been so-

The abuse of J. Tatham would have deserved no reply, had it not been raised into consequence by its place in Mr. Malone's Preliminary Observations. I think it therefore but justice to observe, that this obscure wretch who calls our author a "plebeian driller," (dröller I suppose he meant to say) has thereby bestowed on him a portion of involuntary applause. Because Horace has pronounced that he who pleases the great is not entitled to the lowest of encomiums, are we therefore to infer that the man who has given delight to the vulgar, has no claim also to his dividend of praise?—*interdum vulgus reßum putat*. It is the peculiar merit of Shakspeare's scenes, that they are generally felt and understood. The tumid conceits of modern tragedy communicate no sensations to the highest or the meanest rank. Sentimental comedy is not much more fortunate in its efforts. But can the period be pointed out in which *King Lear* and the *Merry Wives of Windsor* did not equally entertain those who fill the boxes and the gallery, *primores populi, populamque tributim?*

Before I close this enquiry, which has swelled into an unexpected bulk, let me ask, whose opinion confers most honour on Shakspeare, my opponent's or mine. Mr. Malone is desirous that his favourite poet should be regarded as the sole author of a drama which, collectively taken, is unworthy of him. I only wish the reader to adopt a more moderate creed, that the *purpurei panni* are Shakspeare's, and the rest the production of some inglorious and forgotten playwright.

If consistently with my real belief I could have supported instead of controverting the sentiments of this gentleman, whom I have the honour to call my friend, I should have been as happy in doing so as I now am in confessing my literary obligations to him, and acknowledging how often in the course of the preceding volume he has supplied my deficiencies, and rectified my errors.

On the whole, were the intrinsic merits of *Pericles* yet less than they are, it would be entitled to respect among the curious

licitous about this circumstance, or met with any person who was capable of ascertaining it.

If it be urged against this opinion, that most of the players contemporary with Shakspeare, were yet alive, and from that quarter Sir William's information might have been derived, I answer,—from those who were at the head of their fraternity while our author flourished, he could not have received it. Had they known that *Pericles* was the entire composition of our great poet, they would certainly have printed it among his other works in the folio 1623.—Is it likely that any of our ancient histrionick troop were better acquainted with the *incunabula* of Shakspeare's Muse, than the very people whose intimate connection with him is marked by his last will, in which he calls them—"his *jellows* John Hemynge, and Henry Condell?"

in dramattick literature. As the engravings of *Mark Antonio* are valuable not only on account of their beauty, but because they are supposed to have been executed under the eye of Raffaele, so *Pericles* will continue to owe some part of its reputation to the touches it is said to have received from the hand of *Shakspeare*.

To the popularity of the *Prince of Tyre* (which is sufficiently evident from the testimonies referred to by Mr. Malone) we may impute the unprecedented corruptions in its text. What was acted frequently, must have been frequently transcribed for the use of prompters and players; and through the medium of such faithless copies it should seem that most of our early theatrical pieces were transmitted to the publick. There are certainly more gross mistakes in this than in any other tragedy attributed to *Shakspeare*. Indeed so much of it, as hitherto printed, was absolutely unintelligible, that the reader had no power to judge of the rank it ought to hold among our ancient dramattick performances.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's intimate acquaintance with the writings of *Shakspeare* renders him so well qualified to decide upon this question, that it is not without some distrust of my own judgment that I express my dissent from his decision; but as all the positions that he has endeavoured to establish in his ingenious disquisition on the merits and authenticity of *Pericles* do not appear to me to have equal weight, I shall shortly state the reasons why I cannot subscribe to his opinion with regard to this long-contested piece.

The imperfect imitation of the language and numbers of Gower, which is found in the Choruses of this play, is not in my apprehension a proof that they were not written by *Shakspeare*. To summon a person from the grave, and to introduce him by way of Chorus to the drama, appears to have been no uncommon practice with our author's contemporaries. Marlowe, before the time of *Shakspeare*, had in this way introduced Machiavel in his *Jew of Malta*; and his countryman Guicciardino is brought upon the stage in an ancient tragedy called *The Devil's Charter*. In the same manner Rainulph, the monk of Chester, appears in *The Mayor of Quinborough*, written by Thomas Middleton. Yet it never has been objected to the authors of the two former pieces, as a breach of decorum, that the Italians whom they have brought into the scene do not speak the language of their own country; or to the writer of the latter, that the monk whom he has introduced does not use the English dialect of the age in which he lived.—But it may be said, “nothing of this kind is attempted by these poets; the author of *Pericles*, on the other hand, has endeavoured to copy the versification of Gower, and has failed in the attempt: had this piece been the composition of *Shakspeare*, he would have succeeded.”

I shall very readily acknowledge, that Shakspeare, if he had thought fit, could have exhibited a tolerably accurate imitation of the language of Gower; for there can be little doubt, that what has been effected by much inferior writers, he with no great difficulty could have accomplished. But that, because these Choruses do not exhibit such an imitation, they were therefore not his performance, does not appear to me a necessary conclusion; for he might not think such an imitation proper for a popular audience. Gower, like the persons above mentioned, would probably have been suffered to speak the same language as the other characters in this piece, had he not written a poem containing the very story on which the play is formed. Like Guicciardine and the monk of Chester, he is called up to superintend a relation found in one of his own performances. Hence Shakspeare seems to have thought it proper (not, to copy his versification, for that does not appear to have been at all in his thoughts, but) to throw a certain air of antiquity over the monologues which he has attributed to the venerable bard. Had he imitated the diction of the *Confessio Amantis* with accuracy, he well knew that it would have been as unintelligible to the greater part of his audience as the Italian of Guicciardine or the Latin of Rainulph; for, I suppose, there can be no doubt, that the language of Gower (which is almost as far removed from that of Hooker and Fairfax, as it is from the prose of Addison or the poetry of Pope,) was understood by none but scholars*, even in the time of queen Elizabeth. Having determined to introduce the contemporary of Chaucer in the scene, it was not his business to exhibit so perfect an imitation of his diction as perhaps with assiduity and study he might have accomplished, but such an antiquated style as might be understood by the people before whom his play was to be represented †.

As the language of these Choruses is, in my opinion, insufficient to prove that they were not the production of Shakspeare, so also is the inequality of metre which may be observed in different parts of them; for the same inequality is found in the lyrical parts of *Macbeth* and *The Midsummer Night's Dream* ‡. It may

* Perhaps not by all of them. The treasures of Greece and Rome had not been long discovered, and to the study of ancient languages almost every Englishman that aspired to literary reputation applied his talents and his time, while his native tongue was neglected. Even the learned Ascham was but little acquainted with the language of the age immediately preceding his own. If scholars were defective in this respect, the people, we may be sure, were much more so.

† If I am warranted in supposing that the language of the *Confessio Amantis* would have been unintelligible to the audience, this surely was a sufficient reason for departing from it.

‡ See p. 6 of this vol. (note 4.)

likewise be remarked, that as in *Pericles*, so in many other of our author's early performances, *alternate rhimes* frequently occur; a practice which I have not observed in any other dramattick performances of that age, intended for publick representation*.

Before I quit the subject of the Choruses introduced in this piece, let me add, that, like many other parts of this play, they contain some marked expressions, certain *ardentia verba*, that are also found in the undisputed works of our great poet; which any one who will take the trouble to compare them with the Choruses in *King Henry V.* and *The Winter's Tale*, will readily perceive. If, in order to account for the similitude, it shall be said, that though Shakspeare did not compose these declamations of Gower, he might have *retouched* them, as that is a point which never can be ascertained, so no answer can be given to it.

That the play of *Pericles* was originally written by another poet, and afterwards improved by Shakspeare, I do not see sufficient reason to believe. It may be true, that all which the improver of a dramattick piece originally ill-constructed can do, is, to polish the language, and to add a few splendid passages; but that this play was the work of another, which Shakspeare from his friendship for the author revised and corrected, is the very point in question, and therefore cannot be adduced as a medium to prove that point. It appears to me equally improbable that *Pericles* was formed on an unsuccessful drama of a preceding period; and that all the weaker scenes are taken from thence. We know indeed that it was a frequent practice of our author to avail himself of the labours of others, and to construct a new drama upon an old foundation; but the pieces that he has thus imitated are yet extant. We have an original *Taming of a Shrew*, a *King Jobn*, a *Promos and Cassandra*, a *King Leir*, &c. but where is this old play of *Pericles* †? or how comes it to pass that no memorial of such a drama remains? Even if it could be proved that such a piece once existed, it would not warrant us in supposing that the less vigorous parts of the performance in question were taken from thence; for though Shakspeare borrowed the fables of the ancient dramas just now enumerated, he does not appear to have transcribed a single scene from any one of them.

Still however it may be urged, if Shakspeare was the original author of this play, and this was one of his earliest productions, he would scarcely, in a subsequent period, have introduced in his *Winter's Tale* some incidents and expressions which bear a strong resemblance to the latter part of *Pericles*; on the other hand, he might not scruple to copy the performance of a preceding poet.

* The plays of lord Sterline are entirely in alternate rhimes; but these seem not to have been intended for the stage, nor were they, I believe, ever performed in any theatre.

† When B. Jonson calls *Pericles* a *mouldy tale*, he alludes, I apprehend, not to the remote date of the play, but to the antiquity of the story on which it is founded.

Before we acquiesce in the justice of this reasoning, let us examine what has been his practice in those dramas concerning the authenticity of which there is no doubt. Is it true that Shakspeare has rigidly abstained from introducing incidents or characters similar to those which he had before brought upon the stage? Or rather, is not the contrary notorious? In *Much Ado about Nothing* the two principal persons of the drama frequently remind us of two other characters that had been exhibited in an early production,—*Love's Labour's Lost*. In *All's Well that Ends Well* and *Measure for Measure* we find the same artifice twice employed; and in many other of his plays the action is embarrassed, and the denouement effected, by contrivances that bear a striking similitude to each other.

The conduct of *Pericles* and *The Winter's Tale*, which have several events common to both, gives additional weight to the supposition that the two pieces proceeded from the same hand. In the latter our author has thrown the discovery of Perdita into narration, as if through consciousness of having already exhausted, in the business of Marina, all that could render such an incident affecting on the stage. Leontes too says but little to Hermione, when he finds her; their mutual situations having been likewise anticipated by the Prince of Tyre and Thaisa, who had before amply expressed the transports natural to unexpected meeting after long and painful separation.

All the objections which are founded on the want of *liaison* between the different parts of this piece, on the numerous characters introduced in it, not sufficiently connected with each other, on the various and distant countries in which the scene is laid,—may, I think, be answered, by saying that the author pursued the story exactly as he found it either in the *Confessio Amantis* * or some prose translation of the *Gesta Romanorum*; a practice which Shakspeare is known to have followed in many plays, and to which most of the faults that have been urged against his dramas may be imputed †.—If while we travel in *Antony and Cleopatra*

* Here also were found the names of the greater part of the characters introduced in this play; for of the seventeen persons represented, six of the names only were the invention of the poet.

The same quantity not being uniformly observed in some of these names, is mentioned by Mr. Steevens as a proof that this piece was the production of two hands. We find however Thaisa and Thaisa in the fifth act, in two succeeding lines. Is it to be imagined, that this play was written like French *Reuts rimés*, and that as soon as one verse was composed by one of this supposed duumvirate, the next was written by his associate?

† In the conduct of *Measure for Measure* his judgment has been arraigned for certain deviations from the Italian of Cinthio, in one of whose novels the story on which the play is built, may be read.

But,

tra* from one country to another with no less rapidity than in the present piece, the objects presented to us are more beautiful, and the prospect more diversified, let it be remembered at the same time, that between the composition of these two plays there was probably an interval of at least fifteen years; that even Shakspeare himself must have gradually acquired information like other mortals, and in that period must have gained a knowledge of many characters and various modes of life, with which in his earlier years he was unacquainted.

If this play had come down to us in the state in which the poet left it, its numerous ellipses might fairly be urged to invalidate Shakspeare's claim to the whole or to any part of it. But the argument that is founded in these irregularities of the style loses much of its weight, when it is considered, that the earliest printed copy appears in so imperfect a form, that there is scarcely a single page of it undisfigured by the grossest corruptions. As many words have been inserted, inconsistent not only with the author's meaning, but with any meaning whatsoever, as many verses appear to have been transposed, and some passages are appropriated to characters to whom manifestly they do not belong, so there is great reason to believe that many words and even lines were omitted at the press; and it is highly probable that the printer is answerable for more of these ellipses than the poet. The same observation may be extended to the metre, which might have been originally sufficiently smooth and harmonious, though now, notwithstanding the editor's best care, it is feared it will be found in many places rugged and defective.

On the appearance of Shakspeare's name in the title-page of the original edition of *Pericles*, it is acknowledged no great stress can be laid; for by the knavery of printers or booksellers it has been likewise affixed to two pieces, of which it may be doubted

But, on examination it has been found, that the faults of the piece are to be attributed not to Shakspeare's departing from, but too closely pursuing his original, which, as Dr. Farmer has observed, was not Cinthio's novel, but the *Heptameron* of Whetstone. In like manner the catastrophe of *Romeo and Juliet* is rendered less affecting than it might have been made, by the author's having implicitly followed the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, on which his play appears to have been formed. In *the Winter's Tale*, Bohemia, situated nearly in the center of Europe, is described as a maritime country, because it had been already described as such by Robert Greene in his *Dorastus and Pannia*; and in *the Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Protheus goes from one inland town to another by sea; a voyage that in some novel he had probably taken before. Many similar instances might be added.

* It is observable that the two plays of *Pericles* and *Antony and Cleopatra* were entered together at Stationers' Hall in the year 1608, by Edward Blount, a bookseller of eminence, and one of the printers of the first folio edition of our author's works.

whether a single line was written by our author. However, though the name of Shakspeare may not alone authenticate this play, it is not in the scale of evidence entirely insignificant; nor is it a fair conclusion, that, because we are not to confide in the title-pages of two dramas which are proved by the whole colour of the style and many other considerations not to have been the composition of Shakspeare, we are therefore to give no credit to the title of a piece, which we are led by very strong internal proof, and by many corroborating circumstances, to attribute to him. Though the title-pages of *The London Prodigal* and *Sir John Oldcastle* should clearly appear to be forgeries, those of *Henry IV.* and *Othello* will still remain unimpeached.

The non-enumeration of *Pericles* in Meres's Catalogue of our author's plays, printed in 1598, is undecisive with respect to the authenticity of this piece; for neither are the three parts of *King Henry VI.* nor *Hamlet* mentioned in that list; though it is certain they were written, and had been publickly performed, before his book was published.

Why this drama was omitted in the first edition of Shakspeare's works, it is impossible now to ascertain. But if we shall allow the omission to be a decisive proof that it was not the composition of our author, we must likewise exclude *Troilus and Cressida* from the list of his performances: for it is certain, this was likewise omitted by the editors of the first folio, nor did they see their error till the whole work and even the table of contents was printed; as appears from its not being paged, or enumerated in that table with his other plays. I do not, however, suppose that the editors, Heminge and Condell, did not know who was the writer of *Troilus and Cressida*, but that the piece, though printed some years before, for a time escaped their memory. The same may be said of *Pericles*. Why this also was not recovered, as well as the other, we can now only conjecture. Perhaps they thought their volume had already swelled to a sufficient size, and they did not chuse to run the risk of retarding the sale of it by encreasing its bulk and price; perhaps they did not recollect *the Prince of Tyre* till their book had been issued out; or perhaps they considered it more for their friend's credit to omit this juvenile performance. Ben. Jonson, when he collected his pieces into a volume, in the year 1616, in like manner omitted a comedy called *The Case is Altered*, which had been printed with his name some years before, and appears to have been one of his earliest productions; having been exhibited before the year 1599.

After all, perhaps, the internal evidence which this drama itself affords of the hand of Shakspeare is of more weight than any other argument that can be adduced. If we are to form our judgment by those unerring criterions which have been established by the learned author of *the Discourse on Poetical Imitation*, the

the question will be quickly decided; for who can point out two writers, that without any communication or knowledge of each other ever produced so many passages, coinciding both in sentiment and expression, as are found in this piece and the undisputed plays of Shakspeare *? Should it be said, that he did not scruple to borrow both fables and sentiments from other writers, and that therefore this circumstance will not prove this tragedy to be his, it may be answered, that had *Pericles* been an anonymous production, this coincidence might not perhaps ascertain Shakspeare's title to the play; and he might with sufficient probability be supposed to have only borrowed from another; but when, in addition to all the circumstances already stated, we recollect the constant tradition that has accompanied this piece, and that it was printed with his name, in his life-time, as acted at his own theatre, the parallel passages which are so abundantly scattered throughout every part of *Pericles* and his undisputed performances, afford no slight proof, that in the several instances enumerated in the course of the preceding observations, he borrowed, as was his frequent practice, from himself; and that this contested play was his own composition.

The testimony of Dryden to this point does not appear to me so inconsiderable as it has been represented. If he had only meant to say, that *Pericles* was produced before *Otello*, the second line of the couplet which has been already quoted, would have sufficiently expressed his meaning; nor, in order to convey this idea, was it necessary to call the former the *first* dramatick performance of Shakspeare; a particular, which he lived near enough the time to have learned from stage-tradition, or the more certain information of his friend sir William D'Avenant †.

If

* "Considering the vast variety of words which any language, and especially the more copious ones furnish, and the infinite possible combinations of them into all the forms of phraseology, it would be very strange, if two persons should hit on the same identical terms, and much more, should they agree in the same precise arrangement of them in whole sentences." *Discourse on Poetical Imitation*. Hurd's *Horace*, vol. iii. p. 109. edit. 1766.

† Sir William D'Avenant produced his first play at the theatre in *Blackfriars*, in 1629, when he was twenty-four years old, at which time his passion for apple-hunting, we may presume, had subsided, and given way to more manly pursuits. That a young poet thus early acquainted with the stage, who appears to have had a great veneration for our author, who was possessed of the only original picture of Shakspeare ever painted, who carefully preserved a letter written to him by king James, who himself altered four of his plays and introduced them in a new form on the stage, should have been altogether incurious about the early history and juvenile productions of the great luminary of the dramatick world, (then

If he had only taken the folio edition of our author's works for his guide, without any other authority, he would have named *the Tempest* as his earliest production; because it happens to stand first in the volume. But however this may be, and whether, when Dryden entitled *Pericles* our author's first composition, he meant to be understood literally or not, let it be remembered, that he calls it *his PERICLES*; that he speaks of it as the legitimate, not the spurious or adopted, offspring of our poet's muse; as the sole, not the partial, property of Shakspeare.

I am yet therefore unconvinced, that this drama was not written by our author. The wildness and irregularity of the fable, the artist's conduct of the piece, and the inequalities of the poetry, may, I think, be all accounted for, by supposing it either his first or one of his earliest essays in dramattick composition.

MALONE.

(then only thirteen years dead) who happened also to be his god-father, and was by many reputed his father, is not very credible. That he should have never made an enquiry concerning a play, printed with Shakspeare's name, and which appears to have been a popular piece at the very time when D'Avenant produced his first dramattick essay, (a *third* edition of *Pericles* having been printed in 1630) is equally improbable. And it is still more incredible, that our author's friend, old Mr. Heminge, who was alive in 1629, and principal proprietor and manager of the Globe and Blackfryar's play-houses, should not have been able to give him any information concerning a play, which had been produced at the former theatre, probably while it was under his direction, and had been acted by his company with great applause for more than thirty years.

LOCRINE.

L O C R I N E.

Persons Represented.

Brutus, *king of Britain.*

Lochrine, }
Camber, } *his sons.*
Albanact, }

Corineus, }
Affaracus, } *brothers to Brutus.*

Thrasimachus, *son of Corineus.*

Debon, *an old British officer.*

Humber, *king of the Scythians.*

Hubba, *his son.*

Segar, }
Thraffier, } *Scythian commanders.*

Strumbo, *a cobbler.*

Trompart, *his servant.*

Oliver, *a clown.*

William, *his son.*

Guendolen, *daughter to Corineus, and wife of Lochrine.*

Madan, *daughter of Lochrine and Guendolen.*

Estrild, *wife to Humber.*

Sabren, *daughter of Lochrine and Estrild.*

Dorothy, *Strumbo's wife.*

Margery, *daughter to Oliver.*

Ghosts of Albanact and Corineus.

Até, *the goddess of Revenge, as Chorus.*

Lords, a Captain, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE *Britain.*

L O C R I N E.

A C T I.

Dumb show.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Até in black, with a burning torch in one hand, and a bloody sword in the other. Presently let there come forth a lion running after a bear; then come forth an archer, who must kill the lion in a dumb show, and then depart. Até remains.

Até. IN POENAM SECTATUR ET UMBRA.

A mighty lion, ruler of the woods,
Of wond'rous strength and great proportion,

With

¹ "The lamentable Tragedie of Loocrine, the eldest Son of King Brutus, discourse the Warres of the Brittaines, &c." was entered in the Stationers' Books by Thomas Crede, July 20, 1594. It is observable, that in this entry no mention is made of the author of the piece. In the title-page of the first edition, in 1595, it is said to be *newly set forth, overseene, and corrected by W. S.* Supposing for a moment that W. S. here stood for our great poet's name (which is extremely improbable), these words prove that Shakspeare was not the *writer* of this performance. If it was only set forth, overseen and corrected, it was not composed, by him. I do not however believe that it was either corrected or published by our author; for it is scarcely credible that he who never took the trouble to superintend the impression of his own plays, when he found that surreptitious copies of them were about to be printed without his consent, or to correct in the second editions the numerous errors that he must have observed in the first, should have undertaken this irksome task for another poet. Exclusive, however, of this circumstance, the piece itself affords abundant internal evidence that not a single line of it was written by Shakspeare. In the versification, the style, and the conduct of the play, it resembles *Hieronimo, Tamburlaine the Greate, Dido Queen of Carthage, Soliman and Perseda, Titus Andronicus, Marius and Sylla, the Battle of Alcazar,* and several

With hideous noise scaring the trembling trees,
 With yelling clamours shaking all the earth,
 Travers'd the groves, and chas'd the wand'ring beasts :
 Long did he range amid the shady trees,
 And drave the silly beasts before his face ;
 When suddenly from out a thorny bush
 A dreadful archer with his bow y-bent,
 Wounded the lion with a dismal shaft :

several other tragedies, that were exhibited before our author commenced a writer for the stage. Those who have patience enough to wade through these plays, will, I think, see clearly the similitude between *Loocrine* and them, and not hesitate to ascribe this tragedy to some one of the authors of those dramas. The editor of the folio in 1664 was, I believe, the first person that interpreted the initial letters in the original title-page of *Loocrine* to mean William Shakspeare ; for it is not attributed to him in Kirkman's catalogue of plays printed in 1661 ; and therefore, we may presume, had not been ascribed to him in any preceding list.

A collection of Sonnets, entitled *Chloris or the Complaints of the passionate despised Shepheard*, by William Smith, was published at London in 1596, one year after the appearance of *Loocrine*. These initials were, I suppose, intended for that writer. One of Smith's Sonnets is printed in *England's Helicon*, 1600, subscribed in like manner with only the letters W. S.

My creed, therefore, relative to this piece is, that it was written by Christopher Marlowe, whose style it appears to me to resemble more than that of any other known dramattick author of that age. Marlowe died in 1593. The play was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, probably in the state in which the poet left it, and was, I imagine, revised and published in the following year by the above-mentioned William Smith. That the revision and additions were not made till 1595, may be inferred from a passage at the end of the drama, compared with the entry at Stationers' Hall.

Dr. Farmer supposes the writer of *Titus Andronicus* and the lines spoken by the player in the Interlude in *Hamlet* to have likewise been the author of this tragedy.

The argument of this play may be found in Milton's *History of Great Britain*, Book I. MALONE.

That this play was not the production of Shakspeare, I have attempted to show in the last edit. of that author, vol. i. p. 240, &c. I think we may safely pronounce it to be the work of some academick, whose learning was ostentatious, and whose merriment was low. STEVENS.

So he him struck, that it drew forth the blood,
 And fill'd his furious heart with fretting ire.
 But all in vain he threatneth teeth and paws,
 And sparkleth fire from forth his flaming eyes,
 For the sharp shaft gave him a mortal wound :
 So valiant Brute, the terror of the world,
 Whose only looks did scare his enemies,
 The archer Death brought to his latest end.
 O, what may long abide above this ground,
 In state of bliss and healthful happiness ! [Exit.

S C E N E I.

Enter Brutus, carried in a chair ; Locrine, Camber, Albanact, Corineus, Guendolen, Assaracus, Debon, and Thrasimachus.

Bru. Most loyal lords, and faithful followers,
 That have with me, unworthy general,
 Passed the greedy gulf of Ocean *,
 Leaving the confines of fair Italy,
 Behold, your Brutus draweth nigh his end,
 And I must leave you, though against my will.
 My sinews shrink, my numbed senses fail †,
 A chilling cold possesseth all my bones ;

* *Scene I.]* The scene of the greater part of this play being laid in a wood, through which the editor confesses himself too dim-sighted to discern his way, it has been found impracticable to give any clear description of the different places where the various personages of this drama recite their tedious and uninteresting declamations ; and therefore nothing of that kind has been attempted. MALONE.

* — *the greedy gulf of Ocean,]* Ocean is here put for *Oceanus*, the most ancient god of the sea, the son of Coelus and Vesta, and husband of Tethys. STEVENS.

† — *my numbed senses fail,]* This is the reading of the quarto. The modern editions read — *my number'd senses fail.* In the former part of the line the old copy, by an apparent error of the press, has *strunk*. MALONE.

Black ugly Death with visage pale and wan
 Presents himself before my dazled eyes,
 And with his dart prepared is to strike †.
 These arms, my lords, these never-daunted arms,
 That oft have quell'd the courage of my foes,
 And eke dismay'd my neighbours' arrogance,
 Now yield to death, o'erlaid with crooked age,
 Devoid of strength and of their proper force.
 Even as the lusty cedar worn with years,
 That far abroad her dainty odour throws,
 'Mongst all the daughters of proud Lebanon,
 This heart, my lords, this ne'er-appalled heart,
 That was a terror to the bordering lands,
 A doleful scourge unto my neighbour kings,
 Now by the weapons of impartial death
 Is clove afunder, and bereft of life :
 As when the sacred oak with thunderbolts,
 Sent from the fiery circuit of the heavens,
 Sliding along the air's celestial vaults,
 Is rent and cloven to the very roots.
 In vain therefore I struggle with this foe ;
 Then welcome death, since God will have it so.

Assar. Alas ! my lord, we sorrow at your case,
 And grieve to see your person vexed thus.
 But whatsoe'er the Fates determin'd have,
 It lieth not in us to disannul ;
 And he that would annihilate their minds *,

Soar-

* *Black ugly Death with visage pale and wan
 Presents himself before my dazzled eyes,
 And with his dart prepared is to strike :*] So in Milton's
Paradise Lost, b. xi. l. 491 :

“ And over them triumphant Death his dart
 “ Shook, but *delay'd to strike.*” STEEVENS.

* *And he that would annihilate his mind,*] Thus, the old copy.
 Either here is some gross deprivation of the text, or the sense of
 the passage is beyond my comprehension. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that the author wrote,

And he that would annihilate *their* minds—

The effort of him who should presumptuously endeavour to con-
 troll the decrees of the Fates, would be as ineffectual as that of
 Icarus,

Soaring with Icarus too near the sun,
 May catch a fall with young Bellerophon.
 For when the fatal Sisters have decreed
 To separate us from this earthly mould,
 No mortal force can countermand their minds.
 Then, worthy lord, since there's no way but one⁵,
 Cease your laments, and leave your grievous moan.

Cor. Your highness knows how many victories,
 How many trophies I erected have
 Triumphantly in every place we came.
 The Grecian monarch, warlike Pandrafus,
 And all the crew of the Molossians;
 Goffarius the arm-strong king of Gauls,
 Have felt the force of our victorious arms,
 And to their cost beheld our chivalry.
 Where-e'er Aurora, handmaid of the sun,
 Where-e'er the sun, bright guardian of the day,
 Where-e'er the joyful day with cheerful light,
 Where-e'er the light illuminates the world,
 The Trojans' glory flies with golden wings,
 Wings that do soar beyond fell Envy's flight⁶.

Icarus, whose daring attempt to fly in too high a region is said to have been frustrated by the irresistible influence of the sun.—*Mind* is here used for *will*. The same sentiment is indeed expressed nearly in the same words just afterwards:

No mortal force can countermand *their minds*.

But that is no objection to the present emendation, for throughout this play the author seldom impresses any sentiment less than twice. In the next speech the same thought, couched in different terms, is four times repeated. In the ancient English manuscripts, contractions were used for the pronouns, which were the occasion of many errors. MALONE.

⁵ ——— *since there's no way but one,*] This phrase appears to be proverbial. So in *K. Henry V.* last edit. vol. vi. p. 53.
 “ ——— I knew there was *but one way*.” See the note on this passage. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Wings that do soar beyond fell envious flight.*] Read—*Envy's flight*. THEOBALD.

For Mr. Theobald's notes on this play, I am indebted to Mr. Steevens, who furnished me with a copy of *Locrine* that had formerly belonged to that editor of Shakespeare. MALONE.

The fame of Brutus and his followers
Pierceth the skies, and, with the skies, the throne
Of mighty Jove, commander of the world.

Then, worthy Brutus, leave these sad laments;
Comfort yourself with this your great renown,
And fear not Death, though he seem terrible.

Bru. Nay, Corineus, you mistake my mind,
In construing wrong the cause of my complaints,
I fear'd to yield myself to fatal death;
God knows it was the least of all my thought.

A greater care torments my very bones,
And makes me tremble at the thought of it;
And in you, lordings, doth the substance lie.

Thra. Most noble lord, if aught your loyal peers
Accomplish may, to ease your lingering grief,
I, in the name of all, protest to you,⁷
That we will boldly enterprise the same,
Were it to enter to black Tartarus,
Where triple Cerberus, with his venomous throat,
Scareth the ghosts with high-resounding noise.
We'll either rent the bowels of the earth,
Searching the entrails of the brutish earth,
Or, with Ixion's over-daring son⁷,
Be bound in chains of ever-during steel.

Bru. Then hearken to your sovereign's latest words,
In which I will unto you all unfold
Our royal mind and resolute intent.
When golden Hebe, daughter to great Jove,
Cover'd my manly cheeks with youthful down,
The unhappy slaughter of my luckless fire
Drove me and old Assaracus, mine came⁸,
As exiles from the bounds of Italy;

⁷ Or with Ixion's over-daring soon,] Read—*son*; i. e. one of the centaurs. STEEVENS.

⁸ — mine came,] i. e. my uncle. So Fairfax:

“ Daughter, said she, fly, fly; behold thy dame
Foretells the treason of thy wretched *came*.”

STEEVENS.

So that perforce we were constrain'd to fly
 To Græcia's monarch, noble Pandrafus.
 There I alone did undertake your cause,
 There I restor'd your antique liberty,
 Though Græcia frown'd, and all Molossia storm'd;
 Though brave Antigonus, with martial band,
 In pitched field encounter'd me and mine;
 Though Pandrafus and his contributaries,
 With all the rout of their confederates,
 Sought to deface our glorious memory,
 And wipe the name of Trojans from the earth:
 Him did I captivate with this mine arm,
 And by compulsion forc'd him to agree
 To certain articles we did propound.
 From Græcia through the boisterous Hellespont
 We came unto the fields of Lestrygon,
 Whereas our brother Corineus was⁹;
 Since when we pass'd the Cilician gulf,
 And so transfreting¹ the Illyrian sea,
 Arrived on the coasts of Aquitain;
 Where, with an army of his barbarous Gauls,
 Goffarius and his brother Gathelus
 Encountering with our host, sustain'd the foil;
 And for your sakes my Turinus there I lost,
 Turinus, that slew six hundred men at arms,
 All in an hour, with his sharp battle-axe.
 From thence upon the stronds of Albion
 To Corus' haven happily we came,
 And quell'd the giants, come of Albion's race,
 With Gogmagog, son to Samotheus,
 The cursed captain of that damned crew;

⁹ Whereas our brother Corineus was; &c.] *Whereas* was anciently used in the sense of *where*. It is so employed in this place. See a note on *Pericles*, p. 36. The quarto instead of *Since when*—has *Which-when*, &c. and afterwards *Cilician* and *Illician*; all evidently misprints. MALONE.

¹ — *transfreting* —] *Transfreting* is passing over. *Transfret.* Lat. STEEVENS.

And in that isle at length I placed you.
 Now let me see, if my laborious toils,
 If all my care, if all my grievous wounds,
 If all my diligence, were well employ'd.

Cor. When first I follow'd thee and thine, brave
 king,

I hazarded my life and dearest blood
 To purchase favour at your princely hands ;
 And for the same, in dangerous attempts,
 In sundry conflicts, and in divers broils,
 I shew'd the courage of my manly mind.
 For this I combated with Gathelus,
 The brother to Goffarius of Gaul ;
 For this I fought with furious Gogmagog,
 A savage captain of a savage crew ;
 And for these deeds brave Cornwall I receiv'd,
 A grateful gift given by a gracious king ;
 And for this gift, his life and dearest blood
 Will Corineus spend for Brutus' good.

Deb. And what my friend, brave prince, hath
 vow'd to you,

The same will Debon do unto his end.

Bru. Then, loyal peers, since you are all agreed,
 And resolute to follow Brutus' hefts,
 Favour my sons, favour these orphans, lords,
 And shield them from the dangers of their foes.
 Lochrine, the column of my family,
 And only pillar of my weaken'd age,
 Lochrine, draw near, draw near unto thy fire,
 And take thy latest blessings at his hands :
 And, for thou art the eldest of my sons,
 Be thou a captain to thy brethren,
 And imitate thy aged father's steps,
 Which will conduct thee to true honour's gate :
 For if thou follow sacred virtue's lore²,
 Thou shalt be crowned with a laurel branch,

² — *sacred virtue's lore,*] That is, *lesson.* MALONE.

And

And wear a wreath of sempiternal fame,
Sorted amongst the glorious happy ones³.

Loc. If Loocrine do not follow your advice,
And bear himself in all things like a prince
That seeks to amplify the great renown
Left unto him for an inheritance
By those that were his glorious ancestors,
Let me be flung into the ocean,
And swallow'd in the bowels of the earth :
Or let the ruddy lightning of great Jove
Descend upon this my devoted head.

Bru. But for I see you all to be in doubt,
Who shall be matched with our royal son,
Loocrine, receive this present at my hand ;

[*Taking Guendolen by the hand.*

A gift more rich than are the wealthy mines
Found in the bowels of America⁴.
Thou shalt be spoused to fair Guendolen :
Love her, and take her, for she is thine own,
If so thy uncle and herself do please.

Cor. And herein how your highness honours me,
It cannot now be in my speech express'd ;
For careful parents glory not so much
At their own honour and promotion,
As for to see the issue of their blood
Seated in honour and prosperity.

Guen. And far be it from any maiden's thoughts⁵
To contradict her aged father's will.
Therefore, since he to whom I must obey,
Hath given me now unto your royal self,

³ Sorted amongst, &c] i. e. having thy lot among. *Sors.* Lat. STEVENS.

⁴ ——— the wealthy mines

[*Found in the bowels of America.*] Perhaps alluding to Sir Walter Raleigh's voyage. THEOBALD.

⁵ And far be it from my maiden's thoughts] Read—any maiden's thoughts. THEOBALD.

The folio 1664, and Mr. Rowe, read—my pure maiden thoughts. MALONE.

I will not stand aloof from off the lure ⁶,
Like crafty dames that most of all deny
That which they most desire to possess.

Bru. Then now, my son, thy part is on the stage,
[Turning to Loocrine, who kneels.

For thou must bear the person of a king.

[Puts the crown on his head.

Loocrine stand up, and wear the regal crown,
And think upon the state of majesty,
That thou with honour well may'st wear the crown:
And, if thou tend'rest these my latest words,
As thou requir'st my soul to be at rest,
As thou desir'st thine own security,
Cherish and love thy new-betrothed wife.

Loc. No longer let me well enjoy the crown,
Than I do honour peerless Guendolen ⁷.

Bru. Camber.

Cam. My lord.

Bru. The glory of mine age,
And darling of thy mother Innogen ⁸,
Take thou the South for thy dominion.
From thee there shall proceed a royal race,
That shall maintain the honour of this land,
And sway the regal scepter with their hands,
And Albanact, thy father's only joy,
Youngest in years, but not the young'st in mind,
A perfect pattern of all chivalry,
Take thou the North for thy dominion;

⁶ *I will not stand aloof from off the lure,]* The *lure*, in the amusement of hawking, was a technical term for the *bait*. So in the *Taming of a Shrew*:

“ — she must not be full-gorg'd,

“ For then she never looks upon her *lure*.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Than I do peerless Guendolen.]* A word seems to have been omitted, which I have supplied. The author of this piece appears to have been so attentive to a certain stately march of versification, that whenever the metre is defective, we may be certain that it arose from the negligence of the printer. MALONE.

⁸ — *thy mother Junoger,]* Read *Innogen*. See Holinshed, p. 8. THEOPHILUS.

A country full of hills and ragged rocks,
 Replenished with fierce, untamed, beasts,
 As correspondent to thy martial thoughts.
 Live long, my sons, with endless happiness,
 And bear firm concordance among yourselves.
 Obey the counsels of these fathers grave,
 That you may better bear out violence.—
 But suddenly, through weakness of my age,
 And the defect of youthful puissance,
 My malady increaseth more and more,
 And cruel Death hasteneth his quickned pace,
 To dispossess me of my earthly shape.
 Mine eyes wax dim, o'er-cast with clouds of age,
 The pangs of death compass my crazed bones ;
 Thus to you all my blessings I bequeath,
 And, with my blessings, this my fleeting soul.
 My soul in haste flies to the Elyfian fields ;
 My glass is run, and all my miseries
 Do end with life ; death closeth up mine eyes. [*Dies.*

Loc. Accursed stars, damn'd and accursed stars,
 To abbreviate my noble father's life !

Hard-hearted gods, and too envious fates *,

Thus to cut off my father's fatal thread !

Brutus, that was a glory to us all,

Brutus, that was a terror to his foes,

Alas ! too soon by Demogorgon's knife

The martial Brutus is bereft of life :

No sad complaints may move just Æacus.

Cor. No dreadful threats can fear judge Rhadamant^h †.

* *Hard-hearted gods and too envious fates,*] The word *envy* seems to have been sometimes accented on the second syllable. So, in Shakspeare's 128th *Sonnet* :

" Do I *envy* those jacks that nimble leap— MALONE.

† — can fear judge *Rhadamant^h.*] i. e. can appal him. So Shakspeare :

" For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all."

The quarto has *Lacus* and *Rhodomonth*. The author delighting in repetition, I suspect that *judge* was also a misprint for *just*.

MALONE.

Wert thou as strong as mighty Hercules,
 That tam'd the huge monsters of the world,
 Play'dst thou as sweet on the sweet-sounding lute
 As did the spouse of fair Eurydice,
 That did enchant the waters with his noise,
 And made stones, birds, and beasts, to lead a dance,
 Constrain'd the hilly trees to follow him,
 Thou could'st not move the judge of Erebus,
 Nor move compassion in grim Pluto's heart ;
 For fatal Mors expecteth all the world,
 And every man must tread the way of death ^r.
 Brave Tantalus, the valiant Pelops' fire,
 Guest to the gods, suffer'd untimely death ;
 And old Tithonus, husband to the morn,
 And eke grim Minos, whom just Jupiter
 Deign'd to admit unto his sacrifice.
 The thundring trumpets of blood-thirsty Mars,
 The fearful rage of fell Tisiphone,
 The boisterous waves of humid ocean,
 Are instruments and tools of dismal death.
 Then, noble cousin, cease to mourn his chance,
 Whose age and years were signs that he should die,
 It resteth now that we inter his bones,
 That was a terror to his enemies.
 Take up the corse, and princes hold him dead,
 Who while he liv'd upheld the Trojan state.
 Sound drums and trumpets ; march to Troynovant,
 There to provide our chieftain's funeral. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Strumbo above, in a gown, with ink and paper in his hand.

Strum. Either the four elements, the seven planets, and all the particular stars of the pole antastick, are adverstative against me, or else I was be-

^r *And every man must tread the way of death ;] — omnibus est-
 eanda semel via lethi, THEOBALD.*

gotten

gotten and born in the wane of the moon, when every thing, as Lactantius in his fourth book of Consultations² doth say, goeth arseward. Ay, masters, ay, you may laugh, but I must weep; you may joy, but I must sorrow; shedding salt tears from the watry fountains of my most dainty-fair eyes along my comely and smooth cheeks, in as great plenty as the water runneth from the bucking-tubs, or red wine out of the hogs-heads. For trust me, gentlemen and my very good friends, and so forth, the little god, nay the desperate god, Cuprit, with one of his vengible bird-bolts³, hath shot me into the heel: so not only, but also, (oh fine phrase!) *I burn, I burn, and I burn-a; in love, in love, and in love-a*⁴. Ah! Strumbo, what hast thou seen? not Dina with the ass Tom⁵? Yea, with these eyes thou hast seen her; and therefore pull them out, for they will work thy bale⁶. Ah! Strumbo, what hast thou heard[†]? not the voice of the nightingale, but a voice sweeter than hers; yea, with these ears hast thou heard it, and therefore cut them off, for they have caus'd thy for-

² *Lactantius in his fourth book of Consultations*—] In Strumbo (who is far beneath the meanest of Shakspeare's comick characters) I know not how much literature was intended to appear. The reader who is unwilling to suppose him designed for a blunderer, instead of *consultations* will substitute *constellations*, for *aliquant*—*elegant*, for *Cuprit*—*Cupid*, &c. STEEVENS.

³ — *bird-bolts*,—] See note on *Much Ado about Nothing*, last edit. vol. ii. p. 254. STEEVENS.

⁴ *I burn, I burn, and I burn-a, &c.*] I suppose these words are the burthen of some old song. MALONE.

⁵ — *not Dina with the ass Tom?*—] Meaning, I suppose, *Diana*, with *Aëleon*; and yet Strumbo could utter the name of *Lactantius* without mis-pronunciation. STEEVENS.

From the structure of the next sentence, I imagine some words have been here omitted. Perhaps—*but one more beautiful than her*; yea, with these eyes &c. MALONE.

⁶ — *will work thy bale.*—] i. e. thy destruction.—The word is frequently used by our ancient writers. MALONE.

† *Ab! Strumbo, what hast thou heard?*] *What* is wanting in the old copies. MALONE.

row. Nay Strumbo, kill thyself, drown thyself, hang thyself, starve thyself. Oh, but then I shall leave my sweetheart. Oh my heart! Now, pate, for thy master⁶! I will 'dite an aliquant love-pistle to her, and then she hearing the grand verbosity of my scripture, will love me presently. [Writes.

My pen is naught; gentlemen, lend me a knife⁷; I think the more haste the worst speed.

[Writes again, and then reads.

So it is, mistress Dorothy, and the sole essence of my soul, that the little sparkles of affection kindled in me towards your sweet self, hath now increas'd to a great flame, and will, ere it be long, consume my poor heart, except you with the pleasant water of your secret fountain quench the furious heat of the same. Alas, I am a gentleman of good fame and name, in person majestic, in 'parel comely, in gait portly⁸. Let not therefore your gentle heart be so hard as to despise a proper tall young man of a handsome life; and by despising him, not only but also, to kill him. Thus expecting time and tide, I bid you farewell.

Your servant,

Signior Strumbo.

⁶ — Now, pate, for thy master!] i. e. now good head-piece assist me! STEEVENS.

⁷ — gentlemen, lend me a knife;—] Strumbo here, and in many other places in this play, addresses the *groundlings*, for whose entertainment alone he seems to have been introduced. In some of B. Jonson's plays the same licence, I think, is taken.

MALONE.

There is nothing uncommon in these appeals to the audience. So in *A mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1608: "An old man's ventry is very chargeable, *my masters*; there's much cookery belongs to it." STEEVENS.

⁸ — of good fame and name, majestic, in 'parel comely, in gait portly.—] The context, I think, shews, that the word *person* was omitted by the negligence of the copyist or printer. Stephen Gosson, in a work entitled *Playes confuted in five several actions*, bl. no date, speaking of his antagonist, describes him as "one in wit simple; in learning ignorant; in attempt rash; in name *Lodge*." Perhaps in the present passage this writer was intended to be ridiculed. MALONE.

O wit!

O wit! O pate! O memory! O hand! O ink!
O paper! Well, now I will send it away. Trom-
part, Trompart. What a villain is this? Why firrah,
come when your master calls you. Trompart.

Enter Trompart.

Trom. Anon, fir.

Strum. Thou knowest, my pretty boy, what a
good master I have been to thee ever since I took
thee into my service?

Trom. Ay, fir.

Strum. And how I have cherished thee always, as
if thou hadst been the fruit of my loins, flesh of my
flesh, and bone of my bone.

Trom. Ay, fir.

Strum. Then shew thyself herein a trusty servant;
and carry this letter to mistress Dorothy, and tell
her——

[Whispers him. Exit Trompart.]

Strum. Nay, masters, you shall see a marriage by
and by. But here she comes. Now must I frame
my amorous passions.

Enter Dorothy and Trompart.

Dor. Signior Strumbo, well met. I receiv'd your
letters by your man here, who told me a pitiful story
of your anguish; and so understanding your passions
were so great, I came hither speedily.

Strum. Oh, my sweet and pigfney, the fecundity
of my ingeny is not so great that may declare unto
you the sorrowful sobs and broken sleeps that I suf-
fer'd for you sake; and therefore I desire you to
receive me into your familiarity;

* *Thou knowest, my pretty boy, &c.*] The author seems here to
have had the first scene of the *Andria* of Terence in his thoughts,
MALONE.

For your love doth lie
 As near and as nigh
 Unto my heart within;
 As mine eye to my nose,
 My leg unto my hose,
 And my flesh unto my skin.

Dor. Truly, Master Strumbo, you speak too learnedly for me to understand the drift of your mind; and therefore tell your tale in plain terms, and leave off your dark riddles.

Strum. Alas, mistress Dorothy, this is my luck, that when I most would, I cannot be understood; so that my great learning is an inconvenience unto me. But to speak in plain terms, I love you, mistress Dorothy, if you like to accept me into your familiarity.

Dor. If this be all, I am content.

Strum. Say'st thou so, sweet wench, let me lick thy toes. Farewel, mistress. If any of you be in love, [*Turning to the audience*] provide ye a cap-case full of new-coin'd words, and then shall you soon have the *succado de labres*¹, and something else.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Lochrine, Guendolen, Camber, Albanact, Corineus, Assaracus, Debon, and Thrasimachus.

Loc. Uncle, and princes of brave Britany,
 Since that our noble father is entomb'd,
 As best beseem'd so brave a prince as he,
 If so you please, this day my love and I,
 Within the temple of Concordia,

¹ — and then you shall soon have the *succado de labres*,—] The meaning is sufficiently clear; but unless the reader happens to be possessed of a Strumonian dictionary, I believe, he will seek for an explanation of the word *succado* in vain. MALONE.

Will

Will solemnize our royal marriage.

Thra. Right noble lord, your subjects every one
Must needs obey your highness at command;
Especially in such a case as this,
That much concerns your highness' great content.

Loc. Then frolick, lordings, to fair Concord's walls,
Where we will pass the day in knightly sports,
The night in dancing and in figur'd masks,
And offer to god Rîsus all our sports². [Exeunt.]

A C T II.

Enter Até as before. After a little lightning and thundering, let there come forth this show. Enter at one door Perseus and Andromeda, hand in hand, and Cepheus also, with swords and targets. Then let there come out of another door Phineus, in black armour, with Æthiopians after him, driving in Perseus; and having taken away Andromeda, let them depart. Até remains.

Até. REGIT OMNIA NUMEN.

When Perseus married fair Andromeda,
The only daughter of king Cepheus,
He thought he had establish'd well his crown,
And that his kingdom should for aye endure.
But lo! proud Phineus with a band of men,
Contriv'd of sun-burnt Æthiopians,

² — god Rîsus—] i. e. the deity who was supposed to preside over merriment and laughter. STEEVENS.

This deity is likewise introduced by Marston in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

“ — to Rîsus will we consecrate this evening.”

I think it probable that the Act closed with a rhyme, and that the author wrote,

And offer to god Rîsus all our *tasks*.

The compositor might have caught the word *sports* from a preceding line. MALONE.

By

By force of arms the bride he took from him,
 And turn'd their joy into a flood of tears.
 So fares it with young Lochrine and his love ;
 He thinks this marriage tendeth to his weal,
 But this foul day, this foul accursed day,
 Is the beginning of his miseries.

Behold where Humber and his Scythians
 Approacheth nigh with all his warlike train.
 I need not, I, the sequel shall declare,
 What tragick chances fall out in this war. [Exit.

S C E N E I.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Estrild, Segar, and their Soldiers.

Hum. At length the snail doth climb the highest
 tops,

Ascending up the stately castle walls ;
 At length the water with continual drops
 Doth penetrate the hardest marble stone ;
 At length we are arriv'd in Albion.
 Nor could the barbarous Dacian sovereign,
 Nor yet the ruler of brave Belgia,
 Stay us from cutting over to this isle,
 Whereas I hear a troop of Phrygians
 Under the conduct of Posthumius' son,
 Have pitched up lordly pavillions,
 And hope to prosper in this lovely isle.
 But I will frustrate all their foolish hope,
 And teach them that the Scythian emperor
 Leads Fortune tied in a chain of gold,
 Constraining her to yield unto his will,
 And grace him with their regal diadem ;
 Which I will have, maugre their treble hosts,
 And all the power their petty kings can make.

Hub. If she that rules fair Rhamnus' golden gate*

* *If she that rules fair Rhamnus' golden gate,] That is, Fortune.* One of the chief places where she was worshipped, was Rhamnus, a town in Attica. STEEVENS.

Grant us the honour of the victory,
 As hitherto she always favour'd us,
 Right noble father, we will rule the land
 Enthronized in seats of topaz stones ;
 That Locrine, and his brethren all may know,
 None must be king but Humber and his son.

Hum. Courage, my son ; Fortune shall favour us,
 And yield to us the coronet of bay,
 That decketh none but noble conquerors.
 But what saith Estrild to these regions ?
 How liketh she the temperature thereof ?
 Are they not pleasant in her gracious eyes ?

Est. The plains, my lord, garnish'd with Flora's
 wealth,
 And over-spread with party-colour'd flowers,
 Do yield sweet contentation to my mind.
 The airy hills enclos'd with shady groves,
 The groves replenish'd with sweet chirping birds,
 The birds resounding heavenly melody,
 Are equal to the groves of Thessaly ;
 Where Phœbus with the learned ladies nine,
 Delight themselves with musick's harmony,
 And from the moisture of the mountain tops
 The silent springs dance down with murmuring
 streams,
 And water all the ground with crystal waves.
 The gentle blasts of Eurus' modest wind,
 Moving the pittering leaves³ of Silvan's woods,

³ — *the pittering leaves*—] A word coined to express the noise made by the fluttering of leaves. Thomson in his *Seasons* applies *pattering*, I think, to the sound of hail, or rain. STEEVENS.

Rowe in this place reads *pattering* ; but *pittering* is right. The word is used by other authors. In the following passage by R. Greene, quoted in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, it seems to mean *bubbling* :

“ When summer's heat hath dried up the spring,
 “ And when his *pittering* streams are low and thin.”

MALONE.

Do equal it with Tempe's paradise ;
 And thus comforted all ⁴ to one effect,
 Do make me think these are the happy isles,
 Most fortunate, if Humber may them win.

Hub. Madam, where resolution leads the way,
 And courage follows with embolden'd pace,
 Fortune can never use her tyranny :
 For valiantness is like unto a rock,
 That standeth in the waves of ocean ;
 Which though the billows beat on every side,
 And Boreas fell, with his tempestuous storms,
 Bloweth upon it with a hideous clamour,
 Yet it remaineth still unmoveable.

Hum. Kingly resolv'd, thou glory of thy fire.
 But, worthy Segar, what uncouth novelties
 Bring'st thou unto our royal majesty ?

Seg. My lord, the youngest of all Brutus' sons,
 Stout Albanact, with millions of men,
 Approacheth nigh, and meaneth ere the morn
 To try your force by dint of fatal sword.

Hum. Tut, let him come with millions of hosts,
 He shall find entertainment good enough,
 Yea, fit for those that are our enemies ;
 For we'll receive them at the lances' points,
 And massacre their bodies with our blades :
 Yea, though they were in number infinite,
 More than the mighty Babylonian queen,
 Semiramis, the ruler of the West ⁵,
 Brought 'gainst the emperor of the Scythians,

⁴ *And thus comforted all—*] All the old copies read *comforted*.
 The present reading was introduced by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁵ — *though they were in number infinite,*
More than the mighty Babylonian queen,
Semiramis, &c.] Milton has much the same allusion in his
Paradise Regained, b. iii :

“ — what numbers numberless —

“ Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp

“ When Agrican with all his northern powers

“ Besieg'd Albracca, &c. STEEVENS.

Yet would we not start back one foot from them,
That they might know we are invincible.

Hub. Now, by great Jove, the supreme king of
heaven,

And the immortal gods that live therein,
When as the morning shews his chearful face,
And Lucifer, mounted upon his steed,
Brings in the chariot of the golden sun,
I'll meet young Albanact in the open field,
And crack my lance upon his burgonet⁶;
To try the valour of his bovisb strength.
There will I shew such ruthful spectacles;
And cause so great effusion of blood,
That all his boys shall wonder at my strength:
As when the warlike queen of Amazons,
Penthesilea, armed with her lance,
Girt with a corslet of bright-shining steel,
Coop'd up the faint-heart Grecians in the camp.

Hum. Spoke like a warlike knight, my noble son;
Nay, like a prince that seeks his father's joy.
Therefore to-morrow, ere fair Titan shine,
And bashful Eos, messenger of light,
Expels the liquid sleep from out mens' eyes,
Thou shalt conduct the right wing of the host,
The left wing shall be under Segar's charge,
The rearward shall be under me myself.
And lovely Estrild, fair and gracious,
If Fortune favour me in mine attempts,
Thou shalt be queen of lovely Albion.
Fortune shall favour me in mine attempts,
And make thee queen of lovely Albion.
Come, let us in, and muster up our train,
And furnish up our lusty soldiers;
That they may be a bulwark to our state,
And bring our wished joys to perfect end. [Exeunt.

⁶ — upon his burgonet,] i. e. his helmet. See note on *Ant.*
and *Cleopatra*, vol. viii. p. 152. last edit. MALONE.

S C E N E II.

Enter Strumbo, Dorothy, and Trompart, cobling shoes, and singing.

Trom. *We coblers lead a merry life :*

All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

Strum. *Void of all envy and of strife :*

All. *Dan diddle dan.*

Dor. *Our ease is great, our labour small :*

All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

Strum. *And yet our gains be much withal :*

All. *Dan diddle dan.*

Dor. *With this art so fine and fair :*

All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

Trom. *No occupation may compare :*

All. *Dan diddle dan.*

Dor. *For merry pastime and joyful glee :*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Strum. *Most happy men we coblers be :*

Dan diddle dan.

Trom. *The can stands full of nappy ale :*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Strum. *In our shop still withouten fail :*

Dan diddle dan.

Dor. *This is our meat, this is our food :*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Trom. *This brings us to a merry mood :*

Dan diddle dan.

Strum. *This makes us work for company :*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. *To pull the tankards cheerfully :*

Dan diddle dan.

Trom. *Drink to thy husband, Dorothy :*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. *Why then my Strumbo there's to thee :*

Dan diddle dan.

Strum

Strum. Drink thou the rest, Trompart, amain :

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. When that is gone, we'll fill't again :

Dan diddle dan.

Enter a Captain.

Cap. The poorest state is farthest from annoy :
How merrily he sitteth on his stool !
But when he sees that needs he must be press'd,
He'll turn his note, and sing another tune.
Ho, by your leave, master cobler.

Strum. You are welcome, gentleman. What will you any old shoes or buskins, or will you have your shoes clouted ? I will do them as well as any cobler in Cathness whatsoever.

Cap. O master cobler, you are far deceiv'd in me ; for don't you see this ? [*Shewing him press-money.*] I come not to buy any shoes, but to buy yourself. Come, fir, you must be a soldier in the king's cause.

Strum. Why, but hear you, fir. Has your king any commission to take any man against his will ? I promise you, I can scant believe it : or did he give you commission ?

Cap. O, fir, you need not care for that ; I need no commission. Hold here. I command you, in the name of our king Albanact, to appear to-morrow in the town-house of Cathness.

Strum. King Nactaball ! I cry God mercy ; what have we to do with him, or he with us ? But you, fir, master Capontail, draw your pastboard, or else I promise you, I'll give you a canvasado with a bastinado over your shoulders, and teach you to come hither with your implements.

Cap. I pray thee, good fellow, be content ; I do the king's command.

Strum. Put me out of your book then.

Cap. I may not.

Strum. No! Well, come, fir, will your stomach serve you? By gogs blue-hood⁷ and halidom, I will have a bout with you. [*Strumbo snatches up a staff. They fight.*]

Enter Thrasimachus.

Thra. How now!
What noise, what sudden clamour's this?
How now!
My captain and the cobler so hard at it!
Sirs, what is your quarrel?

Cap. Nothing, fir, but that he will not take pres-money.

Thra. Here, good fellow, take it at my command, Unless you mean to be stretch'd.

Strum. Truly, master gentleman, I lack no money: if you please I will resign it to one of these poor fellows.

Thra. No such matter.
Look you be at the common house⁸ to-morrow.

[*Exeunt Thrasimachus and Captain.*]

Strum. O wife, I have spun a fair thread! If I had been quiet, I had not been pres'd, and therefore well may I waiment⁹. But come, firrah, shut up, for we must to the wars. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Albany, Debon, Thrasimachus, and Lords.

Alba. Brave cavaliers, princes of Albany,
Whose trenchant blades, with our deceased fire

⁷ — *blew hood* —] i. e. blood. MALONE.

So in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1615, by R. A. [perhaps Robert Armin] Morgan, a Welchman, says,

“ Cads *blue-hood*, cousin, take hur to hur heeles, &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *the common house* —] i. e. the rendezvous. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *well may I waiment*;] i. e. lament. SAX.—The word is used by Chaucer. STEEVENS.

Passing the frontiers of brave Græcia,
 Were bathed in our enemies' lukewarm blood,
 Now is the time to manifest your wills,
 Your haughty minds and resolutions.
 Now opportunity is offered
 To try your courage and your earnest zeal,
 Which you always protest to Albanact ;
 For at this time, yea at this present time,
 Stout fugitives, come from the Scythians' bounds,
 Have pester'd every place with mutinies.
 But trust me, lordings, I will never cease
 To persecute the rascal runagates,
 Till all the rivers, stained with their blood,
 Shall fully shew their fatal overthrow.

Deb. So shall your highness merit great renown,
 And imitate your aged father's steps.

Alba. But tell me, cousin, cam'st thou through the
 plains ?

And saw'st thou there the faint-heart fugitives,
 Mustering their weather-beaten soldiers ?
 What order keep they in their marshalling ?

Thra. After we past the groves of Caledon,
 Where murmuring rivers slide with silent streams,
 We did behold the straggling Scythians' camp,
 Replete with men, stor'd with munition.
 There might we see the valiant-minded knights,
 Fetching careers ' along the spacious plains.
 Humber and Hubba arm'd in azure blue,
 Mounted upon their courfers white as snow,
 Went to behold the pleasant flowering fields :
 Hector and Troilus, Priamus' lovely sons,
 Chasing the Grecians over Simois,
 Were not to be compar'd to these two knights.

Alba. Well hast thou painted out in eloquence
 The portraiture of Humber and his son.

¹ *Fetching careers*—] The old copies read corruptly—*carriers*.
 MALONE.

As fortunate as was Polycrates²,
 Yet should they not escape our conquering swords,
 Or boast of ought but of our clemency.

Enter Strumbo and Trompart, crying often,

Wild-fire and pitch, wild-fire and pitch.

Thra. What, firs, what mean you by these clamours made,

These outcries raised in our stately court?

Strum. Wild-fire and pitch, wild-fire and pitch.

Thra. Villains, I say, tell us the cause hereof.

Strum. Wild-fire and pitch, wild-fire and pitch.

Thra. Tell me, you villains, why you make this noise,

Or with my lance I'll prick your bowels out.

Alba Where are your houses? where's your dwelling-place?

Strum. Place! Ha, ha, ha! laugh a month and a day at him. Place! I cry God mercy: Why do you think that such poor honest men as we be, hold our habitacles in kings' palaces? Ha, ha, ha! But because you seem to be an abominable chieftain, I will tell you our state:

From the top to the toe,
 From the head to the shoe,
 From the beginning to the ending,
 From the building to the brenning³.

This honest fellow and I had our mansion-cottage
 in the suburbs of this city, hard by the temple of

² *As fortunate as was Polycrates;*] Polycrates the tyrant of Samos, who having never suffered from any real misfortune, was determined to try the effect of an imaginary one. *Cicero de Finibus, &c* STEEVENS.

A line preceding this seems to have been lost; perhaps of this import:

But were they brave as Phthia's arm-strong chief—MALONE.

³ *From the building to the brenning.*] This reading is proposed by Mr. Theobald in the margin of his copy. The old copies all read—*burning*. MALONE,

Mercury; and by the common soldiers of the Shittens, the Scythians, (what do you call them?) with all the suburbs, were burnt to the ground; and the ashes are left there for the country wives to wash bucks withal:

And that which grieves me most,
 My loving wife,
 (O cruel strife!)
 The wicked flames did roast.
 And therefore, captain Crust,
 We will continually cry,
 Except you seek a remedy,
 Our houses to re-edify,
 Which now are burnt to dust.

[Both cry *Wild-fire and pitch, wild-fire and pitch.*]

Alba. Well, we must remedy these outrages,
 And throw revenge upon their hateful heads.
 And you, good fellows, for your houses burnt,
 We will remunerate you store of gold,
 And build your houses by our palace-gate.

Strum. Gate! O petty treason to my person, no where else but by your backside? Gate! O how I am vexed in my choler! Gate! I cry God mercy. Do you hear, master king? If you mean to gratify such poor men as we be, you must build our houses by the tavern.

Alba. It shall be done, sir.

Strum. Near the tavern; ay, by our lady. Sir, it was spoken like a good fellow. Do you hear, sir? When our house is builded, if you do chance to pass or re-pass that way, we will bestow a quart of the best wine upon you. [*Exeunt Strumbo and Trompart.*]

Alba. It grieves me, lordings, that my subjects' goods should thus be spoiled by the Scythians, who, as you see, with lightfoot foragers, depopulate the places where they come: But, cursed Humber, thou shalt rue the day,
 That e'er thou cam'st unto Cathnesia. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thraffer, and their forces,

Hum. Hubba, go take a coronet of our horse,
As many lancers, and light-armed knights,
As may suffice for such an enterprife,
And place them in the grove of Caledon :
With these, when as the skirmish doth encrease,
Retire thou from the shelters of the wood,
And set upon the weaken'd Trojans' backs ;
For policy, joined with chivalry,
Can never be put back from victory. [*Exit Hubba.*]

Enter Albanact ; Strumbo and Clowns with him.

Alba. Thou base-born Hun, how durst thou be
so bold,
As once to menace warlike Albanact,
The great commander of these regions ?
But thou shalt buy thy rashness with thy death,
And rue too late thy over-bold attempts ;
For with this sword, this instrument of death,
That hath been drenched in my foe-mens' blood,
I'll separate thy body from thy head,
And set that coward blood of thine abroad.

Strum. Nay, with this staff, great Strumbo's in-
strument,
I'll crack thy cockscomb, paltry Scythian.

Humb. Nor reck I of thy threats, thou princox
boy †,
Nor do I fear thy foolish insolency :
And, but thou better use thy bragging blade,
Than thou dost rule thy overflowing tongue,

† *Thou princox boy,*] i. e. thou conceited fellow. This term of contempt occurs frequently in our ancient dramattick writers. See note on *Romeo and Juliet*, vol. X. p. 47. last edit.

Superbious Briton, thou shalt know too soon
The force of Humber and his Scythians.

[They fight. Humber and his soldiers fly. Albanaët and his forces follow.

Strum. O horrible, terrible!

[Exit,

S C E N E V.

Alarum. Enter Humber and his Soldiers.

Humb. How bravely this young Briton, Albanaët,
Darteth abroad the thunderbolts of war,
Beating down millions with his furious mood,
And in his glory triumphs over all,
Moving the massy squadrons off the ground!
Heaps hills on hills, to scale the starry sky:
As when Briareus, arm'd with an hundred hands,
Flung forth an hundred mountains at great Jove:
As when the monstrous giant Monychus
Hurl'd mount Olympus at great Marfis targe,
And shot huge cedars at Minerva's shield.⁵
How doth he overlook with haughty front
My fleeting hosts, and lifts his lofty face
Against us all that now do fear his force!
Like as we see the wrathful sea from far,
In a great mountain heap'd, with hideous noise,
With thousand billows beat against the ships,
And tofs them in the waves like tennis balls.

[An alarum sounded.

Ah me! I fear my Hubba is surpris'd.

Alarum again. Enter Albanaët, Camber, Thrasymachus, Debon, and their forces.

Alba. Follow me, soldiers, follow Albanaët;
Pursue the Scythians flying through the field.

† ——— giant Monychus ———

— shot huge cedars at Minerva's shield.]

† — quantas jaculetur Monychus ornos."

Juv. Sat. I.

STEEVENS.

Let none of them escape with victory ;
That they may know the Britons' force is more
Than all the power of the trembling Huns.

Thra. Forward, brave soldiers, forward ; keep the
chase.

He that takes captive Humber or his son,
Shall be rewarded with a crown of gold.

*An alarum sounded ; then they fight. Humber and his army
retreat. The Britons pursue. Hubba enters at their
rear, and kills Debon : Strumbo falls down ; Albanact
runs out, and afterwards enters wounded.*

Alba. Injurious Fortune, hast thou cross'd me thus ?
Thus in the morning of my victories,
Thus in the prime of my felicity,
To cut me off by such hard overthrow !
Hadst thou no time thy rancour to declare,
But in the spring of all my dignities ?
Hadst thou no place to spit thy venom out,
But on the person of young Albanact ?
I that e'erwhile did scare mine enemies,
And drove them almost to a shameful flight ;
I that e'erwhile full lion-like did fare
Amongst the dangers of the thick-throng'd pikes,
Must now depart, most lamentably slain
By Humber's treacheries and Fortune's spites.
Curst be her charms, damn'd be her cursed charms,
That do delude the wayward hearts of men,
Of men that trust unto her fickle wheel,
Which never leaveth turning upside-down !
O gods, O heavens, allot me but the place
Where I may find her hateful mansion.
I'll pass the Alps to watry Meroe,
Where fiery Phœbus in his chariot,
The wheels whereof are deck'd with emeralds,
Casts such a heat, yea such a scorching heat,

And

And spoileth Flora of her chequer'd grafs⁶ ;
 I'll overturn the mountain Caucasus,
 Where fell Chimæra in her triple shape,
 Rolleth hot flames from out her monstrous paunch,
 Scaring the beasts with issue of her gorge ;
 I'll pass the frozen zone, where icy flakes
 Stopping the passage of the fleeting ships^{*},
 Do lie, like mountains, in the congeal'd sea :
 Where if I find that hateful house of hers,
 I'll pull the fickle wheel from out her hands,
 And tye herself in everlasting bands.
 But all in vain I breathe these threatenings ;
 The day is lost, the Huns are conquerors,
 Debon is slain, my men are done to death,
 The currents swift swim violently with blood,
 And last, (O that this last night so long last † !)
 Myself with wounds past all recovery,
 Must leave my crown for Humber to possess.

Strum. Lord have mercy upon us, masters, I think this is a holy-day ; every man lyes sleeping in the fields : but God knows full sore against their wills.

Tbra. Fly, noble Albanact, and save thyself,
 The Scythians follow with great celerity,
 And there's no way but flight or speedy death ;
 Fly, noble Albanact, and save thyself.

[*Exit Tbra. Alarum.*

Alba. Nay, let them fly that fear to die the death,
 That tremble at the name of fatal Mors.
 Ne'er shall proud Humber boast or brag himself,
 That he hath put young Albanact to flight :
 And lest he should triumph at my decay,
 This sword shall reave his master of his life,

⁶ chequer'd grafs ;] We meet with " chequer'd shadow" in *Titus Andronicus*, and Milton has

" — many a youth and many a maid

" Dancing in the chequer'd shade." STEEVENS.

* — *fleeting*—] i. e. floating. The word is thus used in *Antony and Cleopatra*. STEEVENS.

† *And last, (O that this last night so long last !)* This is to me unintelligible. Perhaps the author wrote—*might* so long last !

MALONE.

That

That oft hath fav'd his master's doubtful life :
But oh, my brethren, if you care for me,
Revenge my death upon his traiterous head.

*Et vos queis domus est nigrantis regia Ditis,
Qui regitis rigido Stygios moderamine lucos,
Nox cæci regina poli, furialis Erinnyis,
Diique deæque omnes, Albanum tollite regem,
Tollite flumineis undis rigidaque palude.
Nunc me fata vocant, hoc condam pectore ferrum.*

[Stabs himself.

Enter Trompart.

O, what hath he done ? his nose bleeds ; but I smell
a fox : look where my master lies. Master, master.

Strum. Let me alone, I tell thee, for I am dead.

Trom. Yet one word *, good master.

Strum. I will not speak, for I am dead, I tell thee.

Trom. *And is my master dead ?* [Singing.

O sticks and stones, brickbats and bones,

And is my master dead ?

O you cockatrices, and you bablatrices,

That in the woods dwell :

You briars and brambles, you cook-shops and shambles,

Come howl and yell.

With howling and screeking, with wailing and weeping,

Come you to lament,

O colliers of Croydon, and rusticks of Roydon †,

And fishers of Kent.

For Strumbo the cobbler, the fine merry cobbler

Of Cathness town,

At this same stoure ‡, at this very hour,

Lies dead on the ground.

† O colliers of Croydon, and rusticks of Roydon,] In *Ulysses upon Ajax*, an answer to *An Anatomie of the Metamorphosis of Ajax* by sir John Harrington, are the two following burlesque verses :

“ O vos de Croidon, o vos de rustico Roidon,

“ Bibite blackjacks, per gaudia solvite faccos.”

I know not whether the English or the Latin poet claims the merit of originality. STEEVENS.

* *Yet one, good, good master.*] Thus, the quarto and the folio. The first good seems to have been a misprint for word. MALONE,

‡ *At this same stoure,*—] *Stour* is battle, tumult, incursion. The word is often used by Spenser. STEEVENS,

O master, thieves, thieves, thieves!

Strum. Where be they? cox me tunny, bobekin!
let me be rising: be gone; we shall be robb'd by
and by. [*Exeunt Strumbo and Trompart.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thrassier, Estrild, and Soldiers.

Hum. Thus from the dreadful flocks of furious
Mars,

Thund'ring alarums, and Rhamnusia's drum*,
We are retir'd with joyful victory.
The slaughter'd Trojans, squeltring in their blood*,
Infect the air with their carcasses,
And are a prey for every ravenous bird.

Esf. So perish they that are our enemies!
So perish they that love not Humber's weal!
And, mighty Jove, commander of the world,
Protect my love from all false treacheries!

Hum. Thanks, lovely Estrild, solace to my soul:
But, valiant Hubba, for thy chivalry
Declar'd against the men of Albany,
Lo! here a flow'ring garland wreath'd of bay,
As a reward for this thy forward mind.

[*Sets it on Hubba's head.*]

Hub. This unexpected honour, noble fire,
Will prick my courage unto braver deeds,
And cause me to attempt such hard exploits,
That all the world shall sound of Hubba's name.

Hum. And now, brave soldiers, for this good success,
Carouse whole cups of Amazonian wine,

* Rhamnusia's drum,] *Rhamnusia* was one of the titles of *Nemesis*, the goddess of vengeance, who had a temple at Rhamnus, a town in Attica.

Exiget ad dignas ultrix Rhamnusia poenas. MALONE.

* — squeltring—] i. e. *sweltering*. So in *Macbeth*:

"Swelter'd venom sleeping got." STEVENS.

Sweeter than Nectar or Ambrosia¹;
 And cast away the clods of cursed care,
 With goblets crown'd with Semeleius' gifts¹.
 Now let us march to Abis' silver streams,
 That clearly glide along the champain fields,
 And moist the grassy meads with humid drops.
 Sound drums and trumpets, sound up cheerfully,
 Sith we return with joy and victory. [Exit.

A C T III.

Enter Até as before. Then this dumb show. A crocodile sitting on a river's bank, and a little snake stinging it. Both of them fall into the water.

Até. SCELERA IN AUTHOREM CADUNT.
 High on a bank, by Nilus' boisterous streams,
 Fearfully sat the Egyptian crocodile,
 Dreadfully grinding in her sharp long teeth
 The broken bowels of a silly fish.
 His back was arm'd against the dint of spear,
 With shields of brass that shin'd like burnish'd gold:
 And as he stretched forth his cruel paws,
 A subtle adder creeping closely near,
 Thrusting his forked sting into his claws,
 Privily shed his poison through his bones,
 Which made him swell, that there his bowels burst,
 That did so much in his own greatness trust.
 So Humber having conquer'd Albanact,
 Doth yield his glory unto Locrine's sword.
 Mark what ensues, and you may easily see
 That all our life is but a tragedy. [Exit.

¹ — *with Semeleius' gifts*] With the gifts of Bacchus, the son of Jupiter and Semele.—No one but a pedant would have used this title in an English tragedy. MADONE.

S C E N E I.

*Enter Lochrine, Guendolen, Corineus, Affaracus, Thrafi-
machus, and Camber.*

Loc. And is this true? Is Albanaet slain?
Hath cursed Humber with his straggling host,
With that his army made of mungrel curs,
Brought our redoubted brother to his end?
O that I had the Thracian Orpheus' harp,
For to awake out of the infernal shade
Those ugly devils of black Erebus,
That might torment the damned traitor's soul!
O that I had Amphion's instrument,
To quicken with his vital notes and tunes
The stony joints of every stony rock,
By which the Scythians might be punished!
For, by the lightning of almighty Jove,
The Hun shall die, had he ten thousand lives:
And would to God he had ten thousand lives,
That I might with the arm-strong Hercules
Crop off so vile an hydra's hissing heads!
But say, my cousin, (for I long to hear)
How Albanaet came by untimely death.

Thra. After the traiterous host of Scythians
Enter'd the field with martial equipage,
Young Albanaet, impatient of delay,
Led forth his army 'gainst the straggling mates;
Whose multitude did daunt our soldiers minds.
Yet nothing could dismay the forward prince;
But with a courage most heroical,
Like to a lion 'mong'st a flock of lambs,
Made havock of the faint-heart fugitives,
Hewing a passage through them with his sword.
Yea, we had almost given them the repulse,
When, suddenly from out the silent wood,
Hubba, with twenty thousand soldiers,
Cowardly came upon our weaken'd backs,
And murder'd all with fatal massacre:

Amongst

Amongst the which old Debon, martial knight,
 With many wounds was brought unto the death ;
 And Albanact, oppress'd with multitude,
 Whilst valiantly he fell'd his enemies,
 Yielded his life and honour to the dust.
 He being dead, the soldiers fled amain ;
 And I alone escaped them by flight,
 To bring you tidings of these accidents.

Loc. Not aged Priam, king of stately Troy,
 Grand emperor of barbarous Asia,
 When he beheld his noble-minded son
 Slain traiterously by all the Mirmidons,
 Lamented more than I for Albanact.

Guen. Not Hecuba the queen of Iliion,
 When she beheld the town of Pergamus,
 Her palace, burnt with all-devouring flames,
 Her fifty sons and daughters, fresh of hue,
 Murther'd by wicked Pyrrhus' bloody sword,
 Shed such sad tears as I for Albanact.

Cam. The grief of Niobe, fair Athens' queen *,
 For her seven sons magnanimous in field,
 For her seven daughters, fairer than the fairest,
 Is not to be compar'd with my laments.

Cor. In vain you sorrow for the slaughter'd prince,
 In vain you sorrow for this overthrow.
 He loves not most that doth lament the most,
 But he that seeks to venge the injury.
 Think you to quell the enemies' warlike train
 With childish sobs and womanish laments ?
 Unsheath your swords, unsheath your conquering
 swords,
 And seek revenge, the comfort for this fore.
 In Cornwall, where I hold my regiment ²,

* — *Niobe, fair Athens' queen,*] Niobe was the wife of Amphion, king of Thebes. The poet, therefore, either wrote :

The grief of Niobe, fair Amphion's queen,
 — (So lord Sterline has Darius, and Shakspeare Hyperion)
 or has made a blunder. MALONE.

² — *where I hold my regiment,*] i. e. my government. The old translation of the *Schola Salernitana* is entitled *The Regiment of Health*. MALONE.

Even

Even just ten thousand valiant men at arms
 Hath Corineus ready at command.
 All these and more, if need shall more require,
 Hath Corineus ready at command.

Cam. And in the fields of martial Cambria,
 Close by the boisterous Iscan's silver streams,
 Where light-foot fairies skip from bank to bank,
 Full twenty thousand brave courageous knights
 Well exercis'd in feats of chivalry,
 In manly manner most invincible,
 Young Camber hath, with gold and victual.
 All these and more, if need shall more require,
 I offer up to venge my brother's death,

Loc. Thanks, loving uncle, and good brother too;
 For this revenge, for this sweet word, revenge,
 Must ease and cease my wrongful injuries:
 And by the sword of bloody Mars I swear,
 Ne'er shall sweet quiet enter this my front,
 Till I be venged on his traiterous head,
 That slew my noble brother Albanast.
 Sound drums and trumpets; muster up the camp;
 For we will straight march to Albania. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Humber, Estrild, Hubba, Thrassier, and Soldiers.

Hum. Thus are we come victorious conquerors
 Unto the flowing current's silver streams,
 Which, in memorial of our victory,
 Shall be agnominated by our name³,
 And talked of by our posterity:
 For sure I hope before the golden sun
 Posteth his horses to fair Thetis' plains*,

³ *Shall be agnominated by our name,*] Here again is a pedantick display of minute learning. This word (formed from the *agnomen* of the Romans) is, I believe, used by no other English writer.

MALONE.

* — *fair Thetis' plains,*] i. e. the level of the sea. *Æquor. Lat.*

STEEVENS.

To see the water turned into blood,
 And change his blueish hue to rueful red,
 By reason of the fatal massacre
 Which shall be made upon the virent plains⁴.

Enter the Ghost of Albanat *.

Ghost. See how the traitor doth presage his harm;
 See how he glories at his own decay;
 See how he triumphs at his proper loss;
 O Fortune vile, unstable, fickle, frail!

Hum. Methinks I see both armies in the field.
 The broken lances climb the crystal skies⁵;
 Some headless lie, some breathless, on the ground,
 And every place is strew'd with carcasses:
 Behold the grass hath lost his pleasant green,
 The sweetest sight that ever might be seen.

Ghost. Ay, traiterous Humber, thou shalt find
 it so,

Yea to thy cost thou shalt the same behold,
 With anguish, sorrow, and with sad laments.
 The grassy plains, that now do please thine eyes,
 Shall ere the night be colour'd all with blood.
 The shady groves which now inclose thy camp,
 And yield sweet favour to thy damned corps,
 Shall ere the night be figur'd all with blood.
 The profound stream that passeth by thy tents,
 And with his moisture serveth all thy camp,
 Shall ere the night converted be to blood,
 Yea with the blood of those thy straggling boys:
 For now revenge shall ease my lingering grief,
 And now revenge shall glut my longing soul. [*Exit.*]

⁴ — *the virent plains.*] i. e. green. The affected *Brown* uses this word in his *Vulgar Errors*. STEEVENS.

⁵ *The broken lances climb the chrystal skies;*] So in Marlowe's *Lucrece's Dominion*:

“ Veins why crack you not,

“ And tilt your blood into the face of heaven?” MALONE.

* *Enter the Ghost of Albanat.*] Why this personage is summoned from the dead, it is not easy to say. Though an interlocutor in the scene, he neither addresses Humber, nor is seen by him. MALONE.

Hub.

Hub. Let come what will, I mean to bear it out ;
 And either live with glorious victory,
 Or die with fame renown'd for chivalry.
 He is not worthy of the honey-comb,
 That shuns the hives because the bees have stings.
 That likes me best that is not got with ease,
 Which thousand dangers do accompany ;
 For nothing can dismay our regal mind,
 Which aims at nothing but a golden crown,
 The only upshot of mine enterprizes.
 Were they enchanted in grim Pluto's court *,
 And kept for treasure 'mongst his hellish crew,
 I would either quell the triple Cerberus,
 And all the army of his hateful hags,
 Or roll the stone with wretched Syphus.

Hum. Right martial be thy thoughts, my noble son,
 And all thy words favour of chivalry. [*Enter Segar.*
 But, warlike Segar, what strange accidents
 Make you to leave the warding of the camp⁶ ?

Segar. To arms, my lord, to honourable arms ;
 Take helm and targe in hand : The Britons come
 With greater multitude than erst the Greeks
 Brought to the ports of Phrygian Tenedos.

Hum. But what saith Segar to these accidents ?
 What counsel gives he in extremities ?

Segar. Why this, my lord, experience teacheth us ;
 That resolution's a sole help at need.
 And this, my lord, our honour teacheth us,
 That we be bold in every enterprize.
 Then, since there is no way but fight or die,
 Be resolute, my lord, for victory.

Hum. And resolute, Segar, I mean to be.

* *Were they enchanted in grim Pluto's court,*] The author, I believe, wrote *enchained*. A line preceding this seems to have been lost. MALONE.

⁶ — *the warding of the camp ?*] i. e. the defence of it. So in *Titus Andronicus* :

“ Tell him it was a hand that *warded* him
 “ From thousand dangers.” STEVENS.

Perhaps some blisful star will favour us,
 And comfort bring to our perplexed state.
 Come, let us in, and fortify our camp,
 So to withstand their strong invasion.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Strumbo, Trompart, Oliver, and William.

Strum. Nay, neighbour Oliver, if you be so hot, come, prepare yourself, you shall find two as stout fellows of us, as any in all the North.

Oliv. No, by my dorth⁷, neighbour Strumbo; Ich zee dat you are a man of small zideration, dat will zeeke to injtore your old vrendes, one of your vamiliar guests; and derefore zeeing your pinion is to deal withouten reason, Ich and my zon William will take dat course dat shall be fardest vrom reason. How zay you? will you have my daughter or no?

Strum. A very hard question, neighbour; but I will solve it as I may. What reason have you to demand it of me?

Will. Marry fir, what reason had you, when my sifter was in the barn, to tumble her upon the hay, and to fish her belly⁸?

Strum. Mafs, thou say'st true. Well, but would

⁷ *No, by my dorth—*] He means—by my *trotb*. MALONE.

No, by my dorth—] I know not what this word can signify. The western dialect seems (from its frequent introduction) to have given great entertainment to our early audiences. I am sure it is an equal plague to the present race of commentators. Perhaps he means—By my *trotb*. To combat at once with printers' blunders, and provincial jargon, is a severe tax on patience. STEVENS.

⁸ — *and to fish her belly?*] Shakspeare hath a similar allusion in *the Winter's Tale*:

“ Many a man there is, even at this present,

“ Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,

“ That little thinks she hath been sluic'd in his absence,

“ And his pond *fish'd* by his next neighbour—”

He again presenteth to us the same wanton image in *Measure for Measure*:

“ *Bawd.* But what's his offence?

“ *Clown.* *Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.*” AMNER.

you have me marry her therefore? No, I scorn her, and you, and you: ay, I scorn you all.

Oliv. You will not have her then?

Strum. No, as I am a true gentleman.

Will. Then will we school you, ere you and we part hence. [*They fight.*

Enter Margery. *She snatches the staff out of her brother's hand, as he is fighting.*

Strum. Ay, you come in pudding-time, or else I had dress'd them.

Mar. You, master sawcebox, lobcock, cockscorn; you, slop-sawce, lickfingers, will you not hear?

Strum. Who speak you to? me?

Mar. Ay, sir, to you, John Lack-honesty, Little-wit. Is it you that will have none of me?

Strum. No, by my troth, mistress Nicebice*. How fine you can nick-name me! I think you were brought up in the University of Bridewell, you have your rhetorick so ready at your tongue's end, as if you were never well warn'd when you were young.

Mar. Why then, goodman Cods-head, if you will have none of me, farewell.

Strum. If you be so plain, mistress Driggle-draggle, fare you well.

Mar. Nay, master Strumbo, ere you go from hence, we must have more words. You will have none of me? [*They fight.*

Strum. Oh my head, my head! Leave, leave, leave; I will, I will, I will.

Mar. Upon that condition I let thee alone.

Oliv. How now, master Strumbo? Hath my daughter taught you a new lesson?

Strum. Ay, but hear you, goodman Oliver; it will not be for my ease to have my head broken every

* — *mistress Nicebice.* —] As Margery hath just demominated Strumbo *slop-sawce* and *lick-fingers*, perhaps in return he is disposed to call her *Nice-bit*. It is plain that he had already *tasted* her, and was no stranger to her sweetness or her *nicety*. AMNR.

day : therefore remedy this, and we shall agree.

Oliv. Well, zon, well, (for you are my zon now) all shall be remedied. Daughter be friends with him.

[*They shake hands. Exeunt Oliver, William, and Margery.*

Strum. You are a sweet nut ; the devil crack you ! Masters, I think it be my luck. My first wife was a loving quiet wench ; but this, I think, would weary the devil. I would she might be burnt as my other wife was ; if not, I must run to the halter for help. O codpiece, thou hast done thy master * ! this it is to be meddling with warm plackets. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Lochrine, Camber, Corineus, Tbrasimachus, and Asfarachus.

Loc. Now am I guarded with an host of men,
Whose haughty courage is invincible.

Now am I hemm'd with troops of soldiers,

Such as might force Bellona to retire,

And make her tremble at their puissance.

Now sit I like the mighty god of war,

When, armed with his coat of adamant,

Mounted his chariot drawn with mighty bulls,

He drove the Argives over Xanthus' streams.

Now, cursed Humber, doth thy end draw nigh,

Down goes the glory of his victories,

And all his fame, and all his high renown,

Shall in a moment yield to Lochrine's sword,

Thy bragging banners cross'd with argent streams,

The ornaments of thy pavillions,

Shall all be captivated with this hand ;

And thou thyself at Albanactus' tomb

Shalt offer'd be, in satisfaction

Of all the wrongs thou didst him when he liv'd.

* — *thou hast done thy master !*] That is, *destroyed*. So in Shakspeare's *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ — And if possessed, as soon decay'd and *done*.”

The folio and Mr. Rowe read, without authority or necessity, *undone*. MALONE.

But

But canst thou tell me, brave Thrasimachus,
How far we distant are from Humber's camp?

Thra. My lord, within yon foul accursed grove,⁹
That bears the tokens of our overthrow,
This Humber hath entrench'd his damned camp.
March on, my lord, because I long to see
The treacherous Scythians squeltring in their gore.

Loc. Sweet Fortune, favour Locrine with a smile,
That I may venge my noble brother's death!
And in the midst of stately Troynovant,
I'll build a temple to thy deity,
Of perfect marble, and of jacinth stones,
That it shall pass the high pyramides,
Which with their top surmount the firmament.

Cam. The arm-strong offspring of the doubled
night¹,

Stout Hercules, Alcmena's mighty son,
That tam'd the monsters of the three-fold world,
And rid the oppressed from the tyrants' yokes,
Did never shew such valiantness in fight,
As I will now for noble Albanact.

Cor. Full fourscore years hath Corineus liv'd,
Sometimes in war, sometimes in quiet peace,
And yet I feel myself to be as strong
As erst I was in summer of mine age;
Able to toss this great unwieldy club,
Which hath been painted with my foe-mens' brains:
And with this club I'll break the strong array

⁹ *My lord, within yon foul accursed grove,*] The old copies all read—*your* foul accursed grove. The alteration was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

¹ *The arm-strong offspring of the doubted knight,*] Read—of the *doubled night*—i. e. the night protracted to twice its usual length, while Jupiter begot Hercules. STEEVENS.

The following lines in *the Tragical History of Romens and Juliet*, 1562, fully support Mr. Steevens's emendation:

“ So that I deeme, if they might have (as of Alcume
[Alcmena] we heare)

“ The sunne bond to theyr will, if they the heavens
might gyde,

“ Black shade of *nights* and *doubled darke* should straight all
over-hyde.” MALONE,

Of Humber and his straggling soldiers,
 Or lose my life amongst the thickest press,
 And die with honour in my latest days :
 Yet, ere I die, they all shall understand,
 What force lies in stout Corineus' hand.

Thra. And if Thrasimachus detract the fight*,
 Either for weakness, or for cowardice,
 Let him not boast that Brutus was his came,
 Or that brave Corineus was his fire.

Loc. Then courage, soldiers, first for your safety,
 Next for your peace, last for your victory. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Alarum. Enter Hubba and Segar at one side of the stage,
 and Corineus at the other.

Cor. Art thou that Humber, prince of fugitives,
 That by thy treason slew'st young Albanact ?

Hub I am his son that slew young Albanact ;
 And if thou take not heed, proud Phrygian,
 I'll send thy soul unto the Stygian lake,
 There to complain of Humber's injuries.

Cor. You triumph, sir, before the victory,
 For Corineus is not so soon slain.
 But, curst Scythians, you shall rue the day,
 That e'er you came into Albania.
 So perish they that envy Britain's wealth,
 So let them die with endless infamy ;
 And he that seeks his sovereign's overthrow,
 Would this my club might aggravate his woe.

[*Strikes them with his club. Exeunt fighting.*]

S C E N E VI,

Enter Humber.

Hum. Where may I find some desert wilderness,
 Where I may breathe out curses as I would,

* — detract the fight,] i. e. withdraw from it ; a very harsh
 and, I believe, an unprecedented expression, STEEVENS,

And

And scare the earth with my condemning voice ;
 Where every echo's repercussion
 May help me to bewail mine overthrow,
 And aid me in my sorrowful laments ?
 Where may I find some hollow uncouth rock,
 Where I may damn, condemn, and ban my fill,
 The heavens, the hell, the earth, the air, the fire ;
 And utter curses to the concave sky,
 Which may infect the airy regions,
 And light upon the Briton Locrine's head ?
 You ugly spirits that in Cocytus mourn,
 And gnash your teeth with dolorous laments ;
 You fearful dogs, that in black Lethe howl,
 And scare the ghosts with your wide open throats ;
 You ugly ghosts, that flying from these dogs
 Do plunge yourselves in Puryflegethon³ ;
 Come all of you, and with your shrieking notes
 Accompany the Britons' conquering host.
 Come, fierce Erinnyes, horrible with snakes ;
 Come, ugly furies, armed with your whips ;
 You threefold judges of black Tartarus,
 And all the army of your hellish fiends,
 With new-found torments rack proud Locrine's
 bones !

O gods and stars ! damn'd be the gods and stars,
 That did not drown me in fair Thetis' plains !
 Curst be the sea, that with outrageous waves,
 With surging billows, did not rive my ships
 Against the rocks of high Ceraunia,
 Or swallow me into her watry gulf !
 Would God we had arriv'd upon the shore
 Where Polyphemus and the Cyclops dwell ;
 Or where the bloody Anthropophagi
 With greedy jaws devour the wandering wights !

³ *Do plunge yourselves in Puryflegethon,*] i. e. *Pyriphlegethon*,
 one of the infernal rivers, commonly called *Phlegethon*.

STEVENS.

Enter

Enter the Ghost of Albanact.

But why comes Albanactus' bloody ghost,
To bring a corsive to our miseries ⁴?
Is't not enough to suffer shameful flight,
But we must be tormented now with ghosts,
With apparitions fearful to behold?

Ghost. Revenge, revenge for blood.

Hum. So, nought will satisfy your wandering ghost
But dire revenge; nothing but Humber's fall;
Because he conquer'd you in Albany.
Now, by my soul, Humber would be condemn'd
To Tantal's hunger, or Ixion's wheel,
Or to the vultur of Prometheus,
Rather than that this murder were undone.
When as I die, I'll drag thy cursed ghost
Through all the rivers of foul Erebus,
Through burning sulphur of the limbo-lake,
To allay the burning fury of that heat,
That rageth in mine everlasting soul.

Ghost. *Vindicta! vindicta!*

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

Enter Até as before. Then Omphale, having a club in her hand, and a lion's skin on her back; Hercules following with a distaff. Omphale turns about, and taking off her pantofle ⁵, strikes Hercules on the head; then they depart. Até remains.

Até. QUEM NON ARGOLICI MANDATA SEVERA TY-
RANNI,

NON POTUIT JUNO VINCERE, VICIT AMOR.

Stout Hercules, the mirror of the world,
Son to Alcmena and great Jupiter,

⁴ To bring a corsive to our miseries (!) i. e. a corrosive. So in the Spanish Tragedy:

“His son distressed, a corsive to his heart.” MALONE.

⁵ — taking off her pantofle, —] i. e. her slipper. MALONE.

After

After so many conquests won in field,
 After so many monsters quell'd by force,
 Yielded his valiant heart to Omphale,
 A fearful woman, void of manly strength.
 She took the club, and wore the lion's skin ;
 He took the wheel, and maidenly 'gan spin.
 So martial Loocrine, cheer'd with victory,
 Falleth in love with Humber's concubine,
 And so forgetteth peerless Guendolen :
 His uncle Corineus storms at this,
 And forceth Loocrine for his grace to sue.
 Lo here the sum ; the process doth ensue. [Exit.

S C E N E I.

Enter Loocrine, Camber, Corineus, Assaracus, Thrasmachus, and Soldiers.

Loc. Thus from the fury of Bellona's broils,
 With sound of drum, and trumpets' melody,
 The Britain king returns triumphantly.
 The Scythians slain with great occision⁶,
 Do equalize the grass in multitude ;
 And with their blood have stain'd the streaming
 brooks,
 Offering their bodies, and their dearest blood,
 As sacrifice to Albanactus' ghost.
 Now, cursed Humber, hast thou paid thy due,
 For thy deceits and crafty treacheries,
 For all thy guiles, and damned stratagems,
 With loss of life and ever-during shame.
 Where are thy horses trapp'd with burnish'd gold ?
 Thy trampling coursers rul'd with foaming bits ?
 Where are thy soldiers strong and numberless ?
 Thy valiant captains, and thy noble peers ?
 Even as the country clowns with sharpest scythes

⁶ — *with great occision,*] i. e. slaughter. MALONE.

This affected word was coined, I believe, by the author of this play. STEVENS,

Do mow the wither'd grafs from off the earth,
 Or as the ploughman with his piercing fhare
 Renteth the bowels of the fertile fields,
 And rippeth up the roots with razors keen,
 So Locrine, with his mighty curtle-axe
 Hath cropped off the heads of all thy Huns :
 So Locrine's peers have daunted all thy peers,
 And drove thine hoft unto confufion,
 That thou may'ft fuffer penance for thy fault,
 And die for murdering valiant Albanact.

Cori. And thus, yea thus, fhall all the reft be ferv'd
 That feek to enter Albion 'gainft our wills.
 If the brave nation of the Troglodytes,
 If all the coal-black Æthiopians,
 If all the forces of the Amazons,
 If all the hofts of the Barbarian lands,
 Should dare to enter this our little world,
 Soon fhould they rue their over-bold attempts ;
 That after us our progeny may fay,
 There lie the beafts that fought to ufurp our land.

Loc. Ay, they are beafts that feek to ufurp our land,
 And like to brutifh beafts they fhall be ferv'd.
 For, mighty Jove, the fupreme king of heaven,
 That guides the concourfe of the meteors,
 And rules the motion of the azure fky,
 Fights always for the Britons' fafety *.
 But ftay ; methinks I hear fome fhrieking noife,
 That draweth near to our pavilion.

Enter Soldiers, leading in Eftriid.

Eft. What prince fo'er †, adorn'd with golden crown
 Doth fway the regal fceptre in his hand,
 And thinks no chance can ever throw him down,
 Or that his ftate fhall everlafting ftand,
 Let him behold poor Eftriid in this plight,

* — for the Britons' fafety. *Safety* is here ufed as trifyllable.

MALONE.

† *What prince fo'er, &c.* —] It is obfervable that this fpeech
 confifts entirely of fextains. MALONE.

The

The perfect platform of a troubled wight⁷.
 Once was I guarded with Mavortial bands⁸,
 Compass'd with princes of the noble blood;
 Now am I fallen into my foe-men's hands,
 And with my death must pacify their mood⁹.
 O life, the harbour of calamities!
 O death, the haven of all miseries!
 I could compare my sorrows to thy woe,
 Thou wretched queen of wretched Pergamus,
 But that thou view'd'st thy enemies' overthrow.
 Nigh to the rock of high Caphareus
 Thou saw'st their death, and then departed'st thence:
 I must abide the victors' insolence.
 The gods that pitied thy continual grief,
 Transform'd thy corps, and with thy corps thy care:
 Poor Estrild lives, despairing of relief,
 For friends in trouble are but few and rare.
 What, said I, few? ay, few, or none at all,
 For cruel Death made havock of them all.
 Thrice happy they, whose fortune was so good
 To end their lives, and with their lives their woes!
 Thrice hapless I, whom Fortune so withstood,
 That cruelly she gave me to my foes!
 O soldiers, is there any misery
 To be compar'd to fortune's treachery?

Loc. Camber, this same should be the Scythian queen.

Cam. So may we judge by her lamenting words.

Loc. So fair a dame mine eyes did never see;
 With floods of woes she seems o'erwhelm'd to be.

Cam. O, hath she not a cause for to be sad?

Loc. [*Aside.*] If she have cause to weep for Humber's death,

⁷ *The perfect platform—*] i. e. plan, model. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Once was I guarded with Mavortial bands,*] Here we have another Latinism. *Mavors* is a poetical name for Mars, quod magna vertat.—Hence *Mavortial*. MALONE.

⁹ — *must pacify their mood.*] i. e. their anger. So in *Othello*:

“You are but now cast in his mood—” MALONE.

And

And shed salt tears for her overthrow,
 Lochrine may well bewail his proper grief,
 Lochrine may move his own peculiar woe.
 He, being conquer'd, died a speedy death;
 And felt not long his lamentable smart :
 I, being conqueror, live a lingering life,
 And feel the force of Cupid's sudden stroke ¹.
 I gave him cause to die a speedy death ;
 He left me cause to wish a speedy death.
 O, that sweet face, painted with nature's dye,
 Those roſeal cheeks mix'd with a ſnowy white,
 That decent neck ſurpaſſing ivory,
 Thoſe comely breſts which Venus well might ſpoil,
 Are like to ſnares which wily fowlers wrought,
 Wherein my yielding heart is priſoner caught!
 The golden trefſes of her dainty hair,
 Which ſhine like rubies glittering with the ſun,
 Have ſo entrapp'd poor Lochrine's love-ſick heart,
 That from the ſame no way it can be won.
 How true is that which oft I heard declar'd,
 One dram of joy muſt have a pound of care.

Eſt. Hard is their fall, who from a golden crown
 Are caſt into a ſea of wretchedneſs.

Loc. Hard is their thrall, who by Cupido's frown
 Are wrapp'd in waves of endleſs carefulneſs. [*Aſide.*]

Eſt. O kingdom, object to all miſeries ² !

Loc. O love, the extream'ſt of all extremities ! [*Aſide.*
 [*Goes into his chair.*]

Sold. My lord, in ransacking the Scythian tents,
 I found this lady, and to manifeſt
 That earneſt zeal I bear unto your grace,
 I here preſent her to your majeſty.

¹ — *the force of Cupid's sudden stroke.*] Mr. Theobald propoſes to read *dart*, for the ſake of the rhyme. MALONE.

² — *object to all miſeries!*] i. e. expoſ'd. I have elſewhere given an example of this uſe of the word, from Chapman.

2 Sold. He lies, my lord; I found the lady first,
And here present her to your majesty.

1 Sold. Presumptuous villain, wilt thou take my
prize?

2 Sold. Nay, rather thou depriv'st me of my right.

1 Sold. Resign thy title, caitiff, unto me,
Or with my sword I'll pierce thy coward's loins.

2 Sold. Soft words, good sir; 'tis not enough to
speak:

A barking dog doth seldom strangers bite.

Loc. Unreverent villains, strive you in our fight?
Take them hence, jailor, to the dungeon;
There let them lie, and try their quarrel out.
But thou, fair princess, be no whit dismay'd,
But rather joy that Locrine favours thee.

Est. How can he favour me that slew my spouse?

Loc. The chance of war, my love, took him from
thee.

Est. But Locrine was the causer of his death.

Loc. He was an enemy to Locrine's state,
And slew my noble brother Albanact.

Est. But he was link'd to me in marriage-bond,
And would you have me love his slaughterer?

Loc. Better to live, than not to live at all?

Est. Better to die renown'd for chastity,
Than live with shame and endless infamy.

What would the common sort report of me;
If I forget my love, and cleave to thee?

Loc. Kings need not fear the vulgar sentences.

Est. But ladies must regard their honest name.

Loc. Is it a shame to live in marriage-bonds?

Est. No, but to be a strumpet to a king.

¹ *Better to live, than not to live at all.*] Read, *Better to love, &c.*
STEVENS.

Perhaps the author meant only to say—That it is better to live
on any terms, than to die.—He has many similar truisms in this
play, delivered with the same pomp of versification. MALONE.

Loc. If thou wilt yield to Loctrine's burning love,
Thou shalt be queen of fair Albania.

Est. But Guendolen will undermine my state.

Loc. Upon mine honour thou shalt have no harm.

Est. Then lo! brave Loctrine, Estrild yields to thee;
And, by the gods, whom thou dost invoke,
By the dread ghost of thy deceased fire,
By thy right-hand, and by thy burning love,
Take pity on poor Estrild's wretched thrall.

Cori. Hath Loctrine then forgot his Guendolen,
That thus he courts the Scythian's paramour?
What, are the words of Brute so soon forgot?
Are my deserts so quickly out of mind?
Have I been faithful to thy fire now dead?
Have I protected thee from Humber's hand,
And do'st thou quit me with ingratitude?
Is this the guerdon * for my grievous wounds?
Is this the honour for my labours past?
Now, by my sword, Loctrine, I swear to thee,
This injury of thine shall be repaid.

Loc. Uncle, scorn you your royal sovereign,
As if we stood for cyphers in the court?
Upbraid you me with those your benefits?
Why, 'twas a subject's duty so to do.
What you have done for our deceased fire,
We know; and all know, you have your reward.

Cori. Avaunt, proud princex⁵! brav'st thou me
withal?

Affure thyself, though thou be emperor,
Thou ne'er shalt carry this unpunished.

Camb. Pardon, my brother, noble Corineus,
Pardon this once, and it shall be amended.

Assa. Cousin, remember Brutus' latest words,
How he desired you to cherish them:

* *Is this the guerdon* —] i. e. the reward. The word is frequently used by our ancient poets. MALONE.

⁵ *Avaunt, proud princex!* —] See p. 216. note (4.)

Let not this fault so much incense your mind,
Which is not yet pass'd all remedy.

Cori. Then, Locrine, lo I reconcile myself;
But as thou lov'st thy life, so love thy wife.
But if thou violate those promises,
Blood and revenge shall light upon thy head.
Come, let us back to stately Troynovant,
Where all these matters shall be setted.

Loc. Millions of devils wait upon thy soul!

[*Aside.*

Legions of spirits vex thy impious ghost!
Ten thousand torments rack thy curst bones!
Let every thing that hath the use of breath,
Be instruments and workers of thy death! [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Humber, his hair hanging over his shoulders, his arms all bloody, and a dart in his hand.

Hum. What basilisk was hatched in this place,
Where every thing consumed is to nought?
What fearful fury haunts these curst groves,
Where not a root is left for Humber's meat?
Hath fell Alecto, with envenom'd blasts,
Breathed forth poison in these tender plains?
Hath triple Cerberus, with contagious foam,
Sow'd aconitum 'mongst these wither'd herbs?
Hath dreadful Fames^e, with her charming rods,
Brought barrenness on every fruitful tree?
What, not a root, no fruit, no beast, no bird,
To nourish Humber in this wilderness!
What would you more, you fiends of Erebus?
My very entrails burn for want of drink;
My bowels cry, Humber give us some meat;
But wretched Humber can give you no meat,

^e *Hath dreadful Fames—*] i. e. hunger personified.

MALONE.

These foul accursed groves afford no meat,
 This fruitless soil, this ground, brings forth no meat,
 The gods, hard-hearted gods, yield me no meat:
 Then how can Humber give you any meat?

Enter Strumbo, wearing a Scotch-cap, with a pitch-fork in his hand.

Strum. How do you, masters, how do you? how have you scap'd hanging this long time? I'faith I have scaped many a scouring this year; but I thank God I have past them all with a good coraggio, and my wife and I are in great love and charity now, I thank my manhood and my strength. For I will tell you, masters: Upon a certain day at night I came home, to say the very truth, with my stomach full of wine, and ran up into the chamber, where my wife soberly sat rocking my little baby, leaning her back against the bed, singing lullaby. Now when she saw me come with my nose foremost, thinking that I had been drunk (as I was indeed), she snatch'd up a faggot-stick in her hand, and came furiously marching towards me, with a big face, as though she would have eaten me at a bit; thundering out these words unto me: *Thou drunken knave, where hast thou been so long? I shall teach thee how to benight me * another time:* and so she began to play knaves trumps. Now, although I trembled, fearing she would set her ten commandments ⁷ in my face, I ran within her, and taking her lustily by the middle, I carried her valiantly to the bed, and flinging her upon it, flung myself upon her, and there I delighted her so with the sport I made, that ever after she would call me *sweet husband*; and so banish'd brawling for ever. And to see the good will of the

* — *to benight me*—] To come home to me so late at night.

MALONE.

⁷ — *her ten commandments*—] i. e. her nails. This is a constant joke in ancient moralities, interludes, comedies, &c. See note on *K. Hen. VI.* last edit. vol. vi. p. 312. STEVENS.

wench!

wench!—she bought with her portion a yard of land, and by that I am now become one of the richest men in our parish. Well, masters, what's a'clock? It is now breakfast time; you shall see what meat I have here for my breakfast.

[Sits down, and takes out his viſtuals,

Hum. Was ever land ſo fruitleſs as this land?
Was ever grove ſo graceleſs as this grove?
Was ever ſoil ſo barren as this ſoil?
Oh no: the land where hungry Fames dwelt,
May no ways equalize this curſed land;
No, even the climate of the torrid zone
Brings forth more fruit than this accurſed grove.
Ne'er came ſweet Ceres, ne'er came Venus here;
Triptolemus, the god of husbandmen,
Ne'er ſow'd his ſeed in this foul wilderneſs.
The hunger-bitten dogs of Acheron,
Chas'd from the nine-fold Pyriphlegethon,
Have ſet their foot-ſteps in this damned ground.
The iron-hearted Furies, arm'd with ſnakes,
Scatter'd huge Hydras over all the plains;
Which have conſum'd the graſs, the herbs, the trees,
Which have drunk up the flowing water-ſprings.

[Strumbo hearing his voice ſtarts up, and puts his meat in his pocket, endeavouring to hide himſelf.

Hum. Thou great commander of the ſtarry ſky,
That guid'ſt the life of every mortal wight,
From the encloſures of the fleeting clouds
Rain down ſome food, or elſe I faint and die:
Pour down ſome drink, or elſe I faint and die.
O Jupiter, haſt thou ſent Mercury
In clowniſh ſhape to miniſter ſome food?
Some meat, ſome meat, ſome meat.

Strum. O alas, ſir, you are deceiv'd. I am not Mercury; I am Strumbo.

Hum. Give me ſome meat, villain; give me ſome meat,

Or 'gainſt this rock I'll daſh thy curſed brains,

And rent thy bowels with my bloody hands.
Give me some meat, villain ; give me some meat.

Strum. By the faith of my body, good fellow, I had rather give an whole ox, than that thou should'st serve me in that sort. Dash out my brains ! O horrible ! terrible ! I think I have a quarry of stones in my pocket.

[*Afide.*
He makes as though he would give him some, and as he puts out his hand, the Ghost of Albanaet enters, and strikes him on the hand. Strumbo runs out, Humber following him.

Ghost. Lo, here the gift of fell ambition,
Of usurpation and of treachery !

Lo, here the harms that wait upon all those
That do intrude themselves in others' lands,
Which are not under their dominion !

[*Exit;*

S C E N E III.

Enter Locrine.

Loc. Seven years hath aged Corineus liv'd
To Locrine's grief, and fair Estrilda's woe,
And seven years more he hopeth yet to live.
O supreme Jove, annihilate this thought !
Should he enjoy the air's fruition,
Should he enjoy the benefit of life,
Should he contemplate the radiant sun,
That makes my life equal to dreadful death ?
Venus, convey this monster from the earth,
That disobeyeth thus thy sacred hefts !
Cupid, convey this monster to dark hell,
That disannuls thy mother's sugar'd laws !
Mars, with thy target all beset with flames,
With murdering blade bereave him of his life,
That hindreth Locrine in his sweetest joys !
And yet, for all his diligent aspect,
His wrathful eyes, piercing like lynxes' eyes,
Well have I overmatch'd his subtilty.

Nigh

Nigh Durolitum, by the pleasant Ley²,
 Where brackish Thamis slides with silver streams,
 Making a breach into the grassy downs,
 A curious arch of costly marble fraught *
 Hath Locrine framed underneath the ground ;
 The walls whereof, garnish'd with diamonds,
 With opals, rubies, glistering emeralds,
 And interlac'd with sun-bright carbuncles,
 Lighten the room with artificial day :
 And from the Lee with water-flowing pipes
 The moisture is deriv'd into this arch,
 Where I have plac'd fair Estrild secretly.
 Thither estsoons, accompanied with my page,
 I visit covertly my heart's desire,
 Without suspicion of the meanest eye,
 For love aboundeth still with policy.
 And thither still means Locrine to repair,
 'Till Atropos cut off mine uncle's life.

[Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Humber.

Hum. *O vita, misero longa, felici brevis!*
Eheu malorum fames extremum malum!
 Long have I lived in this desert cave,
 With eating haws and miserable roots,
 Devouring leaves and beastly excrements.
 Caves were my beds, and stones my pillowberes,
 Fear was my sleep, and horror was my dream ;
 For still, methought, at every boisterous blast,
 Now Locrine comes, now, Humber, thou must die ;
 So that for fear and hunger Humber's mind
 Can never rest, but always trembling stands.

² *Nigh Durolitum, by the pleasant Ley,*] i. e. the river of that name. MALONE.

The old copy corruptedly reads *Deucolium*. Durolitum, according to Camden, is *Leyton* in Essex ; i. e. a town upon the *Ley*, *Durolitum* being in ancient British *the water of the Ley*. STEEVENS.

* *A curious arch of costly marble fraught*] I would read *wrought*. STEEVENS.

O, what Danubius now may quench my thirst?
 What Euphrates, what light-foot Euripus
 May now allay the fury of that heat,
 Which raging in my entrails eats me up?
 You ghastly devils of the ninefold Styx,
 You damned ghosts of joyless Acheron,
 You mournful souls, vex'd in Abyffus' vaults,
 You coal-black devils of Avernus' pond,
 Come, with your flesh-hooks rent my famish'd arms,
 These arms that have sustain'd their master's life.
 Come, with your razors rip my bowels up,
 With your sharp fire-forks crack my starved bones;
 Use me as you will, so Humber may not live.
 Accursed gods, that rule the starry poles,
 Accursed Jove, king of the cursed gods,
 Cast down your lightning on poor Humber's head,
 That I may leave this death-like life of mine!
 What! hear you not? and shall not Humber die?
 Nay I will die, though all the gods say nay.
 And, gentle Aby, take my troubled corpse,^o
 Take it, and keep it from all mortal eyes,
 That none may say, when I have lost my breath,
 The very floods conspir'd 'gainst Humber's death^{*}.

[Flings himself into the river¹.

^o *And gentle Aby take my troubled corpse.*] In a preceding scene this river has been called Abis. There is, I believe, no river in England of this name. *Aber*, says Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, signifies in British the mouth of a river.—The river *Humber*, perhaps, was formerly called *Aby*. MALONE.

^{*} — *conspir'd 'gainst Humber's death.*] The rhyme led the author into an inaccuracy. He should either have written—'gainst Humber's life, or, for Humber's death. MALONE.

¹ *Flings himself into the river.*] So Spenser. Book iv. Cant. xi.

“ But past not long, ere Brutus' warlike son,

“ *Locrinus*, them aveng'd, and the same date

“ Which the proud *Humber* unto them had done,

“ By equal doom repaid on his own pate :

“ For in the self-same river, where he late

“ Had drenched them, he drowned him again,

“ And nam'd the river of his wretched fate :

“ Whose bad condition yet it doth retain,

“ Oft tossed with his storms, which therein still remain.”

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter the Ghost of Albanact.

Ghost. *En cædem sequitur cædes, in cæde quiesco.*
 Humber is dead. Joy heavens, leap earth, dance trees!
 Now may'st thou reach thy apples, Tantalus,
 And with them feed thy hunger-bitten limbs.
 Now Sisyphus, leave the tumbling of thy rock *,
 And rest thy restless bones upon the same.
 Unbind Ixion, cruel Rhadamanth,
 And lay proud Humber on the whirling wheel.
 Back will I post to hell-mouth Tænarus,
 And pass Cocytus, to the Elyfian fields,
 And tell thy father Brutus of this news. [Exit.

A C T V.

Enter Até as before. Then enter Jason, leading Creon's daughter; Medea following, with a garland in her hand. She puts the garland on the head of Creon's daughter; sets it on fire; and then killing her and Jason, departs.

Até. NON TAM TRINACRIIS EXÆSTUAT ÆTNA
 CAVERNIS,

LESÆ PURTIVO QUAM COR MULIERIS AMORE..

Medea seeing Jason leave her love,
 And chuse the daughter of the Theban king,

* *Now Sisyphus, &c.] Thus Mr. Pope in his Ode on St. Cecilia's Day:*

“ Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,

“ Ixion rests upon his wheel,

“ And the pale spectres dance.”

but he may have stolen the whole thought from Warner's *Albion's England*, b. iii. ch. 18.

“ The elves and fairies, taking fists, did hop a merrie round.

“ Upon his stone sat Cifaphus, Ixion on his wheel.”

STERVENS.

R 4.

Went

Went to her devilish charms to work revenge ;
 And raising up the triple Hecate,
 With all the rout of the condemned fiends,
 Framed a garland by her magick skill,
 With which she wrought Jason and Creon's ill,
 So Guendolen, seeing herself misus'd,
 And Humber's paramour possess her place,
 Flies to the dukedom of Cornubia,
 And with her brother, stout Thrasimachus,
 Gathering a power of Cornish soldiers,
 Gives battle to her husband and his host,
 Nigh to the river of great Mercia.
 The chances of this dismal massacre
 That which ensueth shortly will unfold. [Exit.

S C E N E. I.

Enter Lochrine, Camber, Assaracus, and Thrasimachus,

Assa. But tell me, cousin, dy'd my brother so ?
 Now who is left to helpless Albion,
 That as a pillar might uphold our state,
 That might strike terror to our daring foes ?
 Now who is left to hapless Britany,
 That might defend her from the barbarous hands
 Of those that still desire her ruinous fall,
 And seek to work her downfal and decay ?

Cam. Ay uncle, death's our common enemy,
 And none but death can match our matchless power,
 Witness the fall of Albioneus' crew,
 Witness the fall of Humber and his Huns ;
 And this foul death hath now increas'd our woe,
 By taking Corineus from this life,
 And in his room leaving us worlds of care.

Thra. But none may more bewail his mournful
 hearse,
 Than I that am the issue of his loins.
 Now foul befall that cursed Humber's throat,
 That was the causer of his lingring wound !

Loc. Tears cannot raise him from the dead again.—
But where's my lady mistress, Guendolen?

Tbra. In Cornwall, Lochrine, is my sister now,
Providing for my father's funeral.

Loc. And let her there provide her mourning
weeds,

And mourn for ever her own widow-hood.
Ne'er shall she come within our palace gate,
To countercheck brave Lochrine in his love.
Go, boy, to Durolitum, down the Ley,
Unto the arch where lovely Estrild lies;
Bring her and Sabren straight unto the court:
She shall be queen in Guendolena's room.
Let others wail for Corineus' death;
I mean not so to macerate my mind²,
For him that barr'd me from my heart's desire.

Tbra. Hath Lochrine then forsook his Guendolen?
Is Corineus' death so soon forgot?
If there be gods in heaven, as sure there be,
If there be fiends in hell, as needs there must,
They will revenge this thy notorious wrong,
And pour their plagues upon thy cursed head.

Loc. What, prat'st thou, peasant, to thy sovereign?
Or art thou stricken in some ecstasy?
Dost thou not tremble at our royal looks?
Dost thou not quake, when mighty Lochrine frowns?
Thou beardless boy, were't not that Lochrine scorns
To vex his mind with such a heartless child,
With the sharp point of this my battle-axe
I'd send thy soul to Pyriphlegethon.

Tbra. Though I be young and of a tender age,
Yet will I cope with Lochrine when he dares.
My noble father with his conquering sword
Slew the two giants, kings of Aquitain.
Thrasimachus is not so degenerate,

² I mean not so to macerate my mind,] i. e. to mortify.—Another word formed from the Latin. MALONE.

That he should fear and tremble at the looks
Or taunting words of a Venerean squire ³.

Loc. Menacest thou thy royal sovereign?
Uncivil, not befitting such as you.
Injurious traitor, (for he is no less
That at defiance standeth with his king)
Leave these thy taunts, leave these thy bragging
words,

Unless thou mean'st to leave thy wretched life.

Thra. If princes stain their glorious dignity
With ugly spots of monstrous infamy,
They lose ⁴ their former estimation,
And throw themselves into a hell of hate.

Loc. Wilt thou abuse my gentle patience,
As though thou didst our high displeasure scorn?
Proud boy, that thou may'st know thy prince is
mov'd,

Yea, greatly mov'd at this thy swelling pride,
We banish thee for ever from our court.

Thra. Then, lofel Loocrine ⁵, look unto thyself;
Thrasimachus will venge this injury. [Exit.]

Loc. Farewel, proud boy, and learn to use thy
tongue ⁶.

Alfa. Alas, my lord, you should have call'd to mind
The latest words that Brutus spake to you;
How he desir'd you, by the obedience
That children ought to bear unto their sire,
To love and favour lady Guendolen.
Consider this, that if the injury

³ ——— a Venerean squire.] A follower of Venus,

STEVENS,

⁴ They lose —] i. e. they loose. The word is now obsolete,

MALONE.

⁵ Then, lofel Loocrine, —] *Lofel* is an unworthy wretch.
The word is frequently used by our ancient poets. MALONE.

⁶ — and learn to use thy tongue.] Theobald would in this place
read—to rule thy tongue, But there is no need of change. To use
thy tongue—is, to use it with propriety; not to abuse it. MALONE.

Do move her mind, as certainly it will,
 War and diffention follows speedily.
 What though her power be not so great as yours?
 Have you not seen a mighty elephant
 Slain by the biting of a filly mouse?
 Even so the chance of war inconstant is.

Loc. Peace, uncle, peace, and cease to talk hereof;
 For he that seeks, by whispering this or that,
 To trouble Locrine in his sweetest life,
 Let him persuade himself to die the death.

Enter Estrild, Sabren, and a Page.

Est. O say me, page¹, tell me, where is the king.
 Wherefore doth he send for me to the court?
 Is it to die? is it to end my life?
 Say me, sweet boy; tell me and do not feign.

Page. No, trust me, madam: if you will credit the
 little honesty that is yet left me, there is no such danger
 as you fear. But prepare yourself; yonder's the
 king.

Est. Then, Estrild, lift thy dazzled spirits up,
 And bless that blessed time, that day, that hour,
 That warlike Locrine first did favour thee.
 Peace to the king of Britany, my love!

[*Kneeling.*

Peace to all those that love and favour him!

Loc. Doth Estrild fall with such submission
 Before her servant, king of Albion?
 Arise, fair lady, leave this lowly cheer;

[*Taking her up.*

Lift up those looks that cherish Locrine's heart,
 That I may freely view that roseal face,
 Which so intangled hath my love-sick breast.
 Now to the court, where we will court it out,

¹ *Ob say me, page, &c.*] i. e. tell me, say to me. This phrase,
 I think, has occurred before in the play. STEEVENS.

And

And pass the night and day in Venus' sports.
Frolick, brave peers; be joyful with your king.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Guendolen, Thrasimachus, Madan, and Soldiers.

Guen. You gentle winds, that with your modest
blasts

Pass through the circuit of the heavenly vault,
Enter the clouds, unto the throne of Jove,
And bear my prayers to his all-hearing ears,
For Locrine hath forsaken Guendolen,
And learn'd to love proud Humber's concubine.
You happy sprites, that in the concave sky
With pleasant joy enjoy your sweetest love,
Shed forth those tears with me, which then you shed.
When first you woo'd your ladies to your wills:
Those tears are fittest for my woeful case,
Since Locrine shuns my nothing-pleasant face.
Blush heavens, blush sun, and hide thy shining beams;
Shadow thy radiant locks in gloomy clouds;
Deny thy chearful light unto the world,
Where nothing reigns but falsehood and deceit.
What said I? falsehood? ay, that filthy crime,
For Locrine hath forsaken Guendolen.
Behold the heavens do wail for Guendolen;
The shining sun doth blush for Guendolen;
The liquid air doth weep for Guendolen;
The very ground doth groan for Guendolen.
Ay, they are milder than the Britain king,
For he rejecteth luckless Guendolen.

Thra. Sister, complaints are bootless in this cause,
This open wrong must have an open plague,
This plague must be repaid with grievous war,
This war must finish with Locrinus' death:
His death must soon extinguish our complaints.

Guen.

Guen. O no; his death will more augment my woes :

He was my husband, brave Thrasimachus,
More dear to me than the apple of mine eye;
Nor can I find in heart to work his scathe^s.

Thra. Madam, if not your proper injuries,
Nor my exile, can move you to revenge,
Think on our father Corineus' words;
His words to us stand always for a law.
Should Locrine live, that caus'd my father's death;
Should Locrine live, that now divorceth you?
The heavens, the earth, the air, the fire reclaims⁹;
And then why should all we deny the same?

Guen. Then henceforth farewell womanish complaints!

All childish pity henceforth then farewell!
But cursed Locrine, look unto thyself;
For Nemesis, the mistress of revenge,
Sits arm'd at all points on our dismal blades:
And cursed Estrild, that inflam'd his heart,
Shall, if I live, die a reproachful death.

Mad. Mother, though nature makes me to lament
My luckless father's froward lechery,
Yet, for he wrongs my lady mother thus,
I, if I could, myself would work his death.

Thra. See, madam, see! the desire of revenge
Is in the children of a tender age.
Forward, brave soldiers, into Mercia,
Where we shall brave the coward to his face.

[*Exeunt.*

^s ——— to work his scathe.] i. e. his destruction. So in *Solyman and Perseda*, 1599:

“Millions of men oppress with ruin and scathe.”

The word is now obsolete. MALONE.

⁹ ——— the air, the fire reclaims;] i. e. cries out against.—Another Latinism. MALONE.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Locrine, Estrild, Sabren, Affaracus, and Soldiers.

Loc. Tell me, Affaracus, are the Cornish chuffs
In such great number come to Mercia?
And have they pitched there their petty host,
So close unto our royal mansion?

Affa. They are, my lord, and mean incontinent
To bid defiance to your majesty.

Loc. It makes me laugh, to think that Guendolen
Should have the heart to come in arms against me.

Estr. Alas, my lord, the horse will run amain,
When as the spur doth gall him to the bone:
Jealousy, Locrine, hath a wicked sting.

Loc. Sayst thou so, Estrild, beauty's paragon?
Well, we will try her choler to the proof,
And make her know, Locrine can brook no braves.
March on, Affaracus; thou must lead the way,
And bring us to their proud pavilion. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Thunder and lightning. Enter the Ghost of Corineus.

Ghost. Behold, the circuit of the azure sky
Throws forth sad throbs, and grievous suspires,
Prejudicating Locrine's overthrow.
The fire casteth forth sharp darts of flames;
The great foundation of the triple world
Trembleth and quaketh with a mighty noise,
Presaging bloody massacres at hand.
The wandering birds that flutter in the dark,
(When bellish night in cloudy chariot seated*,

* — *Cornish chuffs.*] A *chuff* or *chough* is a thievish bird that collects its prey by the sea shore. These birds are common on the coasts of Cornwall. STEEVENS.

* — *in cloudy chariot seated.*] So Milton, *Par Lost*, b. ii.

“As in a cloudy chair ascending rides.” STEEVENS.

Casteth her mists on shady Tellus' face,
 With fable mantles covering all the earth *)
 Now flies abroad amid the chearful day,
 Foretelling some unwonted misery.
 The snarling curs of darken'd Tartarus,
 Sent from Avernus' ponds by Rhadamanth,
 With howling ditties pester every wood.
 The watry ladies †, and the lightfoot fawns,
 And all the rabble of the woody nymphs,
 All trembling hide themselves in shady groves,
 And shroud themselves in hideous hollow pits.
 The boisterous Boreas thundreth forth revenge :
 The stony rocks cry out on sharp revenge :
 The thorny bush pronounceth dire revenge. [*Alarum.*
 Now, Corineus, stay and see revenge,
 And feed thy soul with Loocrine's overthrow.
 Behold they come; the trumpets call them forth ;
 The roaring drums summon the soldiers.
 Lo where their army glistereth on the plains.
 Throw forth thy lightning, mighty Jupiter,
 And pour thy plagues on cursed Loocrine's head !
[*Stands aside.*

Enter Loocrine, Estrild, Assaracus, Sabren and their Soldiers at one side ; Thrasimachus, Guendolen, Madan, and their followers at another.

Loc. What, is the tiger started from his cave ?
 Is Guendolen come from Cornubia,
 That thus she braveth Loocrine to the teeth ?
 And hast thou found thine armour, pretty boy,
 Accompanied with these thy straggling mates ?

* *With fable mantles covering all the earth*] So Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. iv :

“ And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.” STEEVENS.

† *The watry ladies*,—] Theobald would read *Naiads*, because they are mentioned in *the Tempest*; but he seems to have forgot that *ladies of the lake*, were, in the time of Elizabeth, well-known characters. STEEVENS.

Believe me, but this enterprize was bold,
And well deserveth commendation.

Guen. Ay, Lochrine, traiterous Lochrine, we are
come,

With full pretence to seek thine overthrow.
What have I done, that thou shouldst scorn me thus?
What have I said, that thou shouldst me reject?
Have I been disobedient to thy words?
Have I bewray'd thy arcane secrecy?³
Have I dishonoured thy marriage bed
With filthy crimes, or with lascivious lusts?
Nay, it is thou that hast dishonour'd it;
Thy filthy mind, o'ercome with filthy lusts,
Yieldeth unto affection's filthy darts.
Unkind, thou wrong'st thy first and truest feere⁴;
Unkind, thou wrong'st thy best and dearest friend;
Unkind, thou scorn'st all skilful Brutus' laws,
Forgetting father, uncle, and thyself.

Est. Believe me, Lochrine, but the girl is wise,
And well would seem to make a vestal nun:
How finely frames she her oration!

Thra. Lochrine, we came not here to fight with
words,

Words that can never win the victory;
But, for you are so merry in your frumps⁵,
Unsheath your swords, and try it out by force,
That we may see who hath the better hand.

Loc. Think'st thou to dare me, bold Thrasimachus?
Think'st thou to fear me with thy taunting braves?
Or do we seem too weak to cope with thee?

³ *thy arcane secrecy?*] i. e. thy secret secrecy; another affected word of the author's coinage. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Thou wrong'st thy first and truest feere*] i. e. mate. So in *Titus Andronicus*:

“And swear with me, as with the woeful feere

“And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,

“Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape.”

MALONE.

⁵ ——— *frumps,*] i. e. gibes, sneers. STEEVENS.

Soon shall I shew thee my fine cutting blade,
 And with my sword, the messenger of death,
 Seal thee an acquittance for thy bold attempts.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter *Lochrine*, *Assaracus*, and *Soldiers* at one door; *Guendolen*, *Thrasimachus*, and his forces at another. They fight. *Lochrine* and his followers are driven back. Then re-enter *Lochrine* and *Estrilda*.

Loc. O fair *Estrilda*, we have lost the field;
Thrasimachus hath won the victory,
 And we are left to be a laughing-stock,
 Scoff'd at by those that are our enemies.
 Ten thousand soldiers, arm'd with sword and shield,
 Prevail against an hundred thousand men.
Thrasimachus, incens'd with fuming ire,
 Rageth amongst the faint-heart soldiers,
 Like to grim *Mars*, when, cover'd with his targe,
 He fought with *Diomedes* in the field,
 Close by the banks of silver *Simois*. [*Alarum.*]
 O lovely *Estrilda*, now the chase begins:
 Ne'er shall we see the stately *Troynovant*,
 Mounted on coursers garnish'd all with pearls;
 Ne'er shall we view the fair *Concordia*,
 Unless as captives we be thither brought.
 Shall *Lochrine* then be taken prisoner
 By such a youngling as *Thrasimachus*?
 Shall *Guendolena* captivate my love?
 Ne'er shall mine eyes behold that dismal hour,
 Ne'er will I view that ruthless spectacle;
 For with my sword, this sharp curtle-axe,
 I'll cut in sunder my accursed heart.
 But, O you judges of the nine-fold *Styx*,
 Which with incessant torments rack the ghosts
 Within the bottomless abyssus' pits;
 You gods, commanders of the heav'nly spheres,
 Whose will and laws irrevocable stand,

Forgive, forgive, this foul accursed sin !
 Forget, O gods, this foul condemned fault !
 And now, my sword, that in so many fights

[*Kisses his sword.*

Hast sav'd the life of Brutus and his son,
 End now his life that wisheth still for death,
 Work now his death that wisheth still for death,
 Work now his death that hateth still his life !
 Farewel, fair Estrild, beauty's paragon,
 Fram'd in the front of forlorn miseries !
 Ne'er shall mine eyes behold thy sun-shine eyes,
 But when we meet in the Elyfian fields :
 Thither I go before with hasten'd pace.
 Farewel, vain world, and thy inticing snares !
 Farewel, foul sin, and thy inticing pleasures !
 And welcome, death, the end of mortal smart,
 Welcome to Locrine's over-burthen'd heart !

[*Stabs himself, and dies.*

Est. Break, heart, with sobs and grievous suspires!
 Stream forth you tears from forth my watry eyes ;
 Help me to mourn for warlike Locrine's death !
 Pour down your tears, you watry regions,
 For mighty Locrine is bereft of life !
 O fickle Fortune ! O unstable world !
 What else are all things that this globe contains,
 But a confus'd chaos of mishaps ?
 Wherein, as in a glass, we plainly see
 That all our life is but a tragedy ;
 Since mighty kings are subject to mishap,
 (Ay, mighty kings are subject to mishap ;)
 Since martial Locrine is bereft of life.
 Shall Estrild live then after Locrine's death ?
 Shall love of life bar her from Locrine's sword ?
 O no ; this sword that hath bereft his life,
 Shall now deprive me of my fleeting soul.
 Strengthen these hands, O mighty Jupiter,
 That I may end my woeful misery !
 Locrine, I come ; Locrine, I follow thee. [*Kills herself.*

Alarm.

Alarum. Enter Sabren.

Sab. What doleful sight, what ruthless spectacle
Hath Fortune offer'd to my hapless heart?
My father slain with such a fatal sword,
My mother murder'd by a mortal wound!
What Thracian dog, what barbarous Myrmidon⁶,
Would not relent at such a ruthless case?
What fierce Achilles, what hard stony flint,
Would not bemoan this mournful tragedy?
Lochrine, the map of magnanimity,
Lies slaughter'd in this foul accursed cave.
Estrild, the perfect pattern of renown,
Nature's sole wonder, in whose beauteous breasts
All heavenly grace and virtue was enshrind,
Both massacred, are dead within this cave;
And with them dies fair Pallas and sweet Love:
Here lies a sword, and Sabren hath a heart;
This blessed sword shall cut my cursed heart,
And bring my soul unto my parents' ghosts,
That they that live and view our tragedy,
May mourn our case with mournful plaudite.

[*Attempts to kill herself.*]

Ah me, my virgin hands are too too weak!
To penetrate the bulwark of my breast.
My fingers, us'd to tune the amorous lute,
Are not of force to hold this steely glaive⁷:
So I am left to wail my parents' death,
Not able for to work my proper death.
Ah, Lochrine, honour'd for thy nobleness,

⁶ — *what barbarous Myrmidon,*]

“ — — — Quis talia fando

“ *Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulixi*

“ *Temperet a lachrymis? Virg. Æneid. 2.* STEEVENS.

⁷ — *to hold this steely glaive:*] i. e. a broad sword. So Fairfax:

“ — — — each a glaive had pendant by his side” MALONE.

Ah, Estrild, famous for thy constancy,
 Ill may they fare that wrought your mortal ends !

Enter Guendolen, Thrasimachus, Madan, and Soldiers.

Guen. Search soldiers, search ; find Locrine and his
 love,

Find the proud strumpet, Humber's concubine,
 That I may change those her so pleasing looks
 To pale and ignominious aspect.
 Find me the issue of their cursed love,
 Find me young Sabren, Locrine's only joy,
 That I may glut my mind with lukewarm blood,
 Swiftly distilling from the bastard's breast.
 My father's ghost still haunts me for revenge,
 Crying, *revenge my over-hasten'd death.*
 My brother's exile and mine own divorce
 Banish remorse clean from my brazen heart,
 All mercy from mine adamantine breasts.

Tbra. Nor doth thy husband, lovely Guendolen,
 That wonted was to guide our stayless steps,
 Enjoy this light : see where he murder'd lies
 By luckless lot and froward frowning fate ;
 And by him lies his lovely paramour,
 Fair Estrild, gored with a dismal sword,
 And, as it seems, both murder'd by themselves ;
 Clasping each other in their feeble arms,
 With loving zeal, as if for company
 Their uncontented corps were yet content
 To pass foul Styx in Charon's ferry-boat.

Guen. And hath proud Estrild then prevented me ?
 Hath she escaped Guendolena's wrath,
 By violently cutting off her life ?
 Would God she had the monstrous Hydra's lives,
 That every hour she might have died a death
 Worse than the swing of old Ixion's wheel,
 And every hour revive to die again !
 As Tityus, bound to houseless Caucasus,

Doth

Doth feed the substance of his own mishap,
 And every day for want of food doth die,
 And every night doth live, again to die.
 But stay; methinks, I hear some fainting voice,
 Mournfully weeping for their luckless death.

Sab. You mountain nymphs which in these deserts
 reign,

Cease off your hasty chase of savage beasts!
 Prepare to see a heart oppress'd with care;
 Address your ears to hear a mournful stile!
 No human strength, no work can work my weal,
 Care in my heart so tyrant-like doth deal.
 You Dryades, and light-foot Satyri,
 You gracious fairies, which at even-tide
 Your closets leave, with heavenly beauty stor'd,
 And on your shoulders spread your golden locks;
 You savage bears, in caves and darken'd dens,
 Come wail with me the martial Locrine's death;
 Come mourn with me for beauteous Estrild's death!
 Ah! loving parents, little do you know
 What sorrow Sabren suffers for your thrall.

Guen. But may this be, and is it possible?
 Lives Sabren yet to expiate my wrath?
 Fortune, I thank thee for this courtesy;
 And let me never see one prosperous hour,
 If Sabren die not a reproachful death.

Sab. Hard-hearted Death, that, when the wretched
 call,

Art farthest off, and seldom hear'st at all;
 But in the midst of fortune's good success
 Uncalled com'st, and sheer'st out life in twain;
 When will that hour, that blessed hour draw nigh,
 When poor distressed Sabren may be gone?
 Sweet Atropos, cut off my fatal thread!
 What art thou, Death*? shall not poor Sabren die?

* What art thou, Death? I would read—Where art thou,
 Death? STEEVENS.

Guen. Yes, damsel, yes, Sabren shall surely die,
Though all the world should seek to save her life.
And not a common death shall Sabren die,
But, after strange and grievous punishments,
Shortly inflicted on thy bastard's head,
Thou shalt be cast into the cursed streams,
And feed the fishes with thy tender flesh.

Sab. And think'st thou then, thou cruel homicide,
That these thy deeds shall be unpunished?
No traitor, no; the gods will venge these wrongs,
The fiends of hell will mark these injuries.
Never shall these blood-sucking mastiff curs
Bring wretched Sabren to her latest home.
For I myself, in spite of thee and thine,
Mean to abridge my former destinies;
And that which Locrine's sword could not perform,
This present stream shall present bring to pass.

[*She drowns herself.*]

Guen. One mischief follows on another's neck.
Who would have thought so young a maid as she
With such a courage would have sought her death?
And, for because this river was the place
Where little Sabren resolutely died,
Sabren for ever shall this same be call'd.

*And, for because the river was the place
Where little Sabren resolutely dy'd,
Sabren for ever shall the same be call'd.]*

So Milton, in his *Masque presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634*:

“ There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
“ That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
“ *Sabrina* is her name, a virgin pure.
“ Whilome she was the daughter of *Locrine*,
“ That had the scepter from his father-Brute.
“ She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
“ Of her enraged stepdame *Guendolen*,
“ Commended her fair innocence to the flood
“ That stay'd her flight, &c.”

The curious reader will find the same story in *Drayton's Poly-*
olbion, and *Albion's England*. The legends of *Albanact*, *Humber*,
Locrine, *Estrild*, and *Sabrina*, are also in the *Mirror for Magis-*
trates. STEEVENS.

And

And as for Locrine, our deceased spouse,
 Because he was the son of mighty Brute,
 To whom we owe our country, lives, and goods,
 He shall be buried in a stately tomb,
 Close by his aged father Brutus' bones,
 With such great pomp and great solemnity,
 As well befits so brave a prince as he.
 Let Estrild lie without the shallow vaults,
 Without the honour due unto the dead,
 Because she was the author of this war.
 Retire, brave followers, unto Troynovant,
 Where we will celebrate these exequies,
 And place young Locrine in his father's tomb.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter Até.*

Até. Lo! here the end of lawless treachery,
 Of usurpation and ambitious pride.
 And they that for their private amours dare
 Turmoil our land, and set their broils abroad,
 Let them be warned by these premises.
 And as a woman was the only cause
 That civil discord was then stirred up,
 So let us pray for that renowned maid
 That eight and thirty years the scepter sway'd¹,

¹ *Lo! here the end—*] What Theseus says to Bottom in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, may not unaptly be applied to this concluding speech—"No epilogue, I pray you; your play needs no excuse—for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed".

The following is the dead list of this lamentable tragedy, as it is very properly entitled in the first edition: Brutus—Debon—Corineus—Humber—Albanact—Hubba—Locrine—Estrild—Segar and Sabren. MALONE.

¹ *That eight and thirty years the scepter sway'd,*] It appears from this passage that the play was printed after the 17th of November, 1595, when the thirty-eighth year of queen Elizabeth's reign began. STEEVENS.

It was, however, written before. See the entry on the Stationers' books, ante, p. 189. This passage therefore must have been added by the person who revised and corrected the play. MALONE.

In quiet peace and sweet felicity ;
 And every wight that seeks her grace's smart,
 Would that this sword were pierced in his heart ² !

[*Exit.*

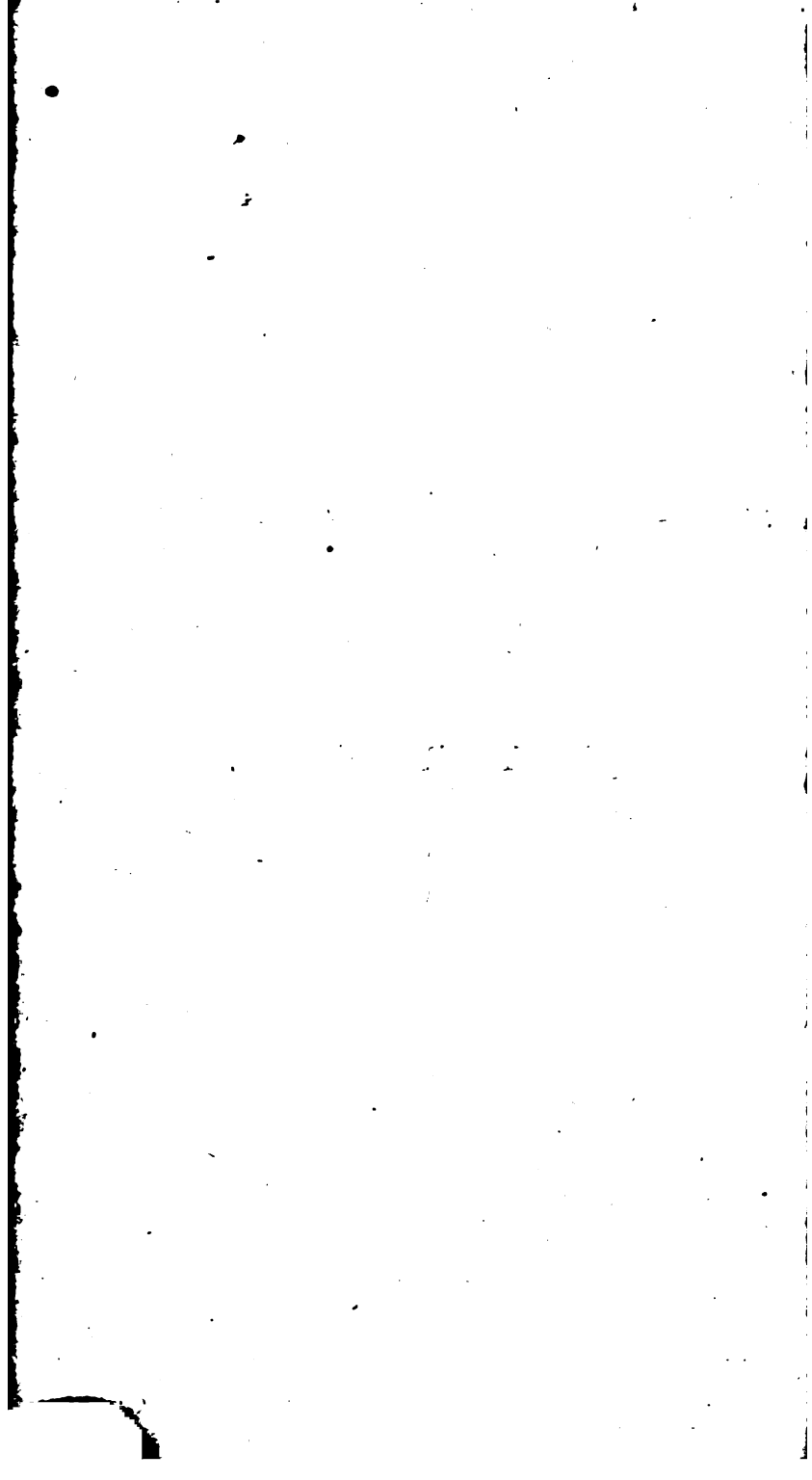
² This play is to be regarded as a chronicle in metre, rather than as a story contrived for the purpose of moving the passions or promoting any moral end. There is no intricacy in the plot. The scenes follow the thread of history on which the drama is founded. The serious part is tumid, though not always without poetical merit. The comick intrusions are licentious, and sink alike beneath criticism and contempt. The massacre indeed is more gradual, but almost as general as that in *Titus Andronicus*, which, in point of style and versification, the tragedy of *Lochrine* will be found to resemble, few disyllable or trisyllable terminations being admitted from the beginning to the end of the piece.

STEVENS.

SIR

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE.

P A R T I.



P R O L O G U E.

*The doubtful title, gentlemen, prefix'd
 Upon the argument we have in hand,
 May breed suspence, and wrongfully disturb
 The peaceful quiet of your settled thoughts.
 To stop which scruple, let this brief suffice:
 It is no pamper'd glutton we present,
 Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,
 But one, whose virtue shone above the rest,
 A valiant martyr, and a virtuous peer;
 In whose true faith and loyalty, express'd
 Unto his sovereign and his country's weal,
 We strive to pay that tribute of our love
 Your favours merit. Let fair truth be grac'd,
 Since forg'd invention former time defac'd.*

* The sarcasm which this prologue contains on some writer who in a preceding drama had exhibited *a pampered glutton and an aged counsellor to youthful sin*—(by which description either sir John Oldcastle, a character in the old *King Henry V.* or sir John Falstaff, seems to have been pointed at) induced me on a former occasion to doubt whether Shakspeare was the author of the present play. The apparent allusion also to this prologue, in the epilogue to *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* (“for Oldcastle died a martyr—and this is not the man”) appeared to me a strong circumstance against the authenticity of this piece. I am still of the same opinion; nor do I see how it could have been the production of an author who had before exhibited sir John Falstaff on the stage. The present play was written, I believe, after the representation of the *First Part*, and before that of the *Second Part of King Henry IV.* MALONE.

Persons

Persons Represented.

King Henry the Fifth.

Sir John Oldcastle, lord Cobham.

Lord Herbert.

Lord Powis.

The duke of Suffolk.

The earl of Huntington.

The earl of Cambridge,

Lord Scroope,

Sir Thomas Grey,

Sir Roger Acton,

Sir Richard Lee,

Master Bourn,

Master Beverley,

Murley, a brewer of Dunstable,

The bishop of Rochester.

Two Judges of assize.

Lord warden of the cinque-ports.

Mr. Butler, gentleman of the privy-chamber.

Chartres, a French agent.

Cromer, sheriff of Kent.

The Mayor of Hereford, and Sheriff of Herefordshire,

Sir John, the parson of Wrotham.

Lieutenant of the Tower.

The Mayor, and Goaler of St. Albans.

A Kentish constable, and an ale-man.

Dick and Tom, servants to Murley.

An Irishman.

Harpool, servant to lord Cobham.

Gough, servant to lord Herbert.

Owen and Davy, servants to lord Powis,

Clun, sumner to the bishop of Rochester.

Lady Cobham.

Lady Powis.

Doll, concubine to the parson of Wrotham.

Kate, the carrier's daughter.

*An Host, Ostler, Carriers, Soldiers, Beggarmen, Constables,
Wardens of the Tower, Bailiffs, Messengers, and other
Attendants.*

SCENE, England.

FIRST PART OF SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE:

ACT I. SCENE I.

Hereford. A street.

Enter lord Herbert, lord Powis, Owen, Gough, Davy, and several other followers of the lords Herbert and Powis; they fight. Then enter the sheriff of Herefordshire and a bailiff.

Sher. My lords, I charge ye, in his highness' name,
To keep the peace; you and your followers.

Her.

² The history of sir John Oldcastle (who, having married the heiress of lord Cobham, was summoned to parliament by that title on the 18th of December, 1409) may be found in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, vol. ii. p. 544. & seq. and in many other books. In order to heighten his character, the author of this drama has departed from historical truth; for the conspiracy of the earl of Cambridge, lord Scroope, &c. against king Henry V. was discovered by Edmund earl of March, and not by sir John Oldcastle, who was himself engaged in a traitorous design against Henry, and hanged about four years after the execution of those conspirators.—The present play was entered on the Stationers' books on the 4th of August, 1600, by Thomas Pavier, under the title of "*The First Part of the History of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham.*" At the same time was entered "*The Second Part of the History of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, with his Martyrdom;*" but this was never published.

In the title-page of the original edition, in 1600, the name of William Shakspeare is printed at length.

I do not perceive the least trace of our great poet in any part of this play. It is observable that in the entry on the Stationers' books the author's name is not mentioned. The printer, Pavier, (whose name is not prefixed to any of Shakspeare's undisputed performance, except *King Henry V.* and two parts of *King Henry VI.* of which plays he issued out copies manifestly spurious and imperfect) when he published it, was induced, I imagine, to ascribe it

1 *Judge.* Convey him hence, let not his wounds
take air;

And get him dress'd with expedition.

[*Exeunt Lord Herbert and Gough.*

Master mayor of Hereford, master sheriff o'the shire,
Commit lord Powis to safe custody,
To answer the disturbance of the peace,
Lord Herbert's peril, and his high contempt
Of us, and you the king's commissioners:
See it be done with care and diligence.

Sher. Please it your lordship, my lord Powis is
gone past all recovery.

2 *Judge.* Yet let search be made,
To apprehend his followers that are left.

Sher. There are some of them: Sirs, lay hold of
them.

Owen. Of us? and why? what has hur done, I
pray you?

Sher. Disarm them, bailiffs.

May. Officers, assist.

Davy. Hear you, lord shudge, what reffon is for
this?

Owen. Cofsoon, pe'puse for fighting for our lord?

1 *Judge.* Away with them.

Davy. Harg you, my lord.

Owen. Gough, my lord Herbert's man, is a shitten
knave.

Davy. Ice live and tye in good quarrel.

Owen. Pray you do shustice, let awl be prison.

Davy. Prison! no; lord shudge, I wool give you
pail, good surety.

2 *Judge.* What bail? what sureties?

Davy. Hur cozen ap Rice, ap Evan, ap Morice,
ap Morgan, ap Lluellyn, ap Madoc, ap Meredith,
ap Griffin, ap Davy, ap Owen, ap Skinken, ap Shones.

2 *Judge.* Two of the most sufficient are enough.

Sher. An it please your lordship, these are all but
one.

1 *Judge.*

1 *Judge.* To gaol with them, and the lord Herbert's men :

We'll talk with them, when the affize is done.

[*Exeunt bailiffs, Owen, Davy, &c.*

Riotous, audacious, and unruly grooms,
Must we be forced to come from the bench,
To quiet brawls, which every constable
In other civil places can suppress ?

2 *Judge.* What was the quarrel that caus'd all this stir ?

Sher. About religion, as I heard, my lord.
Lord Powis detracted from the power of Rome,
Affirming Wickliff's doctrine to be true,
And Rome's erroneous : hot reply was made
By the lord Herbert ; they were traitors all
That would maintain it. Powis answered,
They were as true, as noble, and as wise
As he ; they would defend it with their lives ;
He nam'd for instance sir John Oldcastle,
The lord Cobham : Herbert reply'd again,
He, thou, and all are traitors that so hold.
The lie was given, the several factions drawn,
And so enraged that we could not appease it.

1 *Judge.* This case concerns the king's prerogative,
And 'tis dangerous to the state and commonwealth.
Gentlemen, justices, master mayor, and master sheriff,
It doth behove us all, and each of us,
In general and particular, to have care
For the suppressing of all mutinies,
And all assemblies, except soldiers' musters,
For the king's preparation into France.
We hear of secret conventicles made,
And there is doubt of some conspiracies,
Which may break out into rebellious arms,
When the king's gone, perchance before he go :
Note as an instance, this one perilous fray :
What factions might have grown on either part,
To the destruction of the king and realm ?

Yet, in my conscience, sir John Oldcastle's
 Innocent of it; only his name was us'd.
 We therefore from his highness give this charge:
 You, master mayor, look to your citizens;
 You, master sheriff, unto your shire; and you
 As justices, in every one's precinct
 There be no meetings: when the vulgar sort
 Sit on their ale-bench, with their cups and cans,
 Matters of state be not their common talk,
 Nor pure religion by their lips profan'd.
 Let us return unto the bench again,
 And there examine further of this fray.

Enter a Bailiff and a Serjeant.

Sher. Sirs, have ye taken the lord Powis yet?

Bail. No, nor heard of him.

Ser. No, he's gone far enough.

2 Judge. They that are left behind, shall answer all.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Eltham.

An anti-chamber in the palace.

*Enter the duke of Suffolk, bishop of Rochester, Butler, and
 sir John of Wrotham.*

Suff. Now, my lord bishop, take free liberty
 To speak your mind: what is your suit to us?

Roch. My noble lord, no more than what you know,
 And have been oftentimes invested with.
 Grievous complaints have pass'd between the lips
 Of envious persons, to upbraid the clergy;
 Some carping at the livings which we have,
 And others spurning at the ceremonies
 That are of ancient custom in the church:

Amongst

Amongst the which, lord Cobham is a chief.
 What inconvenience may proceed hereof,
 Both to the king, and to the commonwealth,
 May easily be discern'd, when, like a frenzy,
 This innovation shall possess their minds.
 These upstarts will have followers to uphold
 Their damn'd opinion, more than Henry shall,
 To undergo his quarrel 'gainst the French.

Suf. What proof is there against them to be had,
 That what you say the law may justify?

Roch. They give themselves the name of Pro-
 testants,
 And meet in fields and solitary groves.

S. John. Was ever heard, my lord, the like till now?
 That thieves and rebels, s'blood, my lord, hereticks,
 Plain hereticks, (I'll stand to't to their teeth)
 Should have, to colour their vile practices,
 A title of such worth, as *Protestant*?

*Enter a Messenger with a letter, which he gives to the
 duke of Suffolk.*

Suf. O, but you must not swear; it ill becomes
 One of your coat to rap out bloody oaths.

Roch. Pardon him, good my lord; it is his zeal.
 An honest country prelate, who laments
 To see such foul disorder in the church.

S. John. There's one, they call him sir John Old-
 castle;

He has not his name for nought; for, like a castle,
 Doth he encompass them within his walls:
 But till that castle be subverted quite,
 We ne'er shall be at quiet in the realm.

Roch. That is our suit, my lord; that he be ta'en,
 And brought in question for his heresy.
 Beside, two letters brought me out of Wales,
 Wherein my lord of Hereford⁴ writes to me,

⁴ *Wherein my lord of Hertford*—] It should be, I think, my lord
 of Hereford. MALONE.

What tumult and sedition was begun,
 About the lord Cobham, at the 'sises there,
 (For they had much ado to calm the rage)
 And that the valiant Herbert is there slain.

Suf. A fire that must be quench'd. Well, say no more;

The king anon goes to the council chamber,
 There to debate of matters touching France.
 As he doth pass by, I'll inform his grace
 Concerning your petition. Master Butler,
 If I forget, do you remember me^s.

But. I will, my lord.

Roch. Not as a recompence,
 But as a token of our love to you,
 By me, my lords, the clergy doth present
 This purse, and in it full a thousand angels,
 Praying your lordship to accept their gift.

[Offers the duke a purse.]

Suf. I thank them, my lord bishop, for their love,
 But will not take their money; if you please
 To give it to this gentleman, you may.

Roch. Sir, then we crave your furtherance herein.

But. The best I can, my lord of Rochester.

Roch. Nay, pray you take it, trust me sir, you shall.

S. John. Were ye all three upon New-market heath,
 You should not need strain curt'sy who should have it;
 Sir John would quickly rid ye of that care. [Aside.]

Suf. The king is coming. Fear ye not, my lord;
 The very first thing I will break with him,
 Shall be about your matter.

Enter king Henry and the earl of Huntington.

K. Henry. My lord of Suffolk,
 Was it not said the clergy did refuse
 To lend us money toward our wars in France?

^s If I forget, do you remember me.] i. e. remind me. MALONE.

Suf.

Suf. It was, my lord, but very wrongfully.

K. Henry. I know it was : for Huntington here tells me

They have been very bountiful of late.

Suf. And still they vow, my gracious lord, to be so,
Hoping your majesty will think on them
As of your loving subjects, and suppress
All such malicious errors as begin
To spot their calling, and disturb the church.

K. Henry. God else forbid !—Why, Suffolk, is there
Any new rupture to disquiet them ?

Suf. No new, my lord ; the old is great enough ;
And so increasing, as, if not cut down,
Will breed a scandal to your royal state,
And set your kingdom quickly in an uproar.
The Kentish knight, lord Cobham, in despite
Of any law, or spiritual discipline,
Maintains this upstart new religion still ;
And divers great assemblies, by his means,
And private quarrels, are commenc'd abroad,
As by this letter more at large, my liege,
Is made apparent.

K. Henry. We do find it here,
There was in Wales a certain fray of late
Between two noblemen. But what of this ?
Follows it straight, lord Cobham must be he
Did cause the same ? I dare be sworn, good knight,
He never dream'd of any such contention.

Roch. But in his name the quarrel did begin,
About the opinion which he held, my liege.

K. Henry. What if it did ? was either he in place
To take part with them, or abet them in it ?
If bragging fellows, whose enkindled blood
Sceths in their fiery veins, will needs go fight,
Making their quarrels of some words that pass'd
Either of you, or you, amongst their cups,
Is the fault yours ? or are they guilty of it ?

Suf. With pardon of your highness, my dread lord,

Such little sparks, neglected, may in time
Grow to a mighty flame. But that's not all;
He doth beside maintain a strange religion,
And will not be compell'd to come to mass.

Roch. We do beseech you therefore, gracious
prince,

Without offence unto your majesty,
We may be bold to use authority.

K. Henry. As how?

Roch. To summon him unto the arches⁶,
Where such offences have their punishment.

K. Henry. To answer personally? is that your mean-
ing?

Roch. It is, my lord.

K. Henry. How, if he appeal?

Roch. My lord, he cannot in such a case as this,

Suf. Not where religion is the plea, my lord,

K. Henry. I took it always, that ourself stood on't
As a sufficient refuge, unto whom
Not any but might lawfully appeal:
But we'll not argue now upon that point.
For sir John Oldcastle, whom you accuse,
Let me intreat you to dispense a while
With your high title of preheminence,
Report did never yet condemn him so,
But he hath always been reputed loyal:
And, in my knowledge, I can say thus much,
That he is virtuous, wise, and honourable,
If any way his conscience be seduc'd
To waver in his faith, I'll send for him,
And school him privately: if that serve not,
Then afterward you may proceed against him,
Butler, be you the messenger for us,
And will him presently repair to court.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Huntington, Suffolk, and Butler.*

⁶ To summon him unto the arches.] The court of arches, so called because it was anciently held in the church of Saint Mary le Bow, Sancta Maria de arcubus. MALONE,

S. John. How now, my lord? why stand you discontent?

Insooth, methinks the king hath well decreed.

Roch. Ay, ay, sir John, if he would keep his word: But I perceive he favours him so much As this will be to small effect, I fear.

S. John. Why then I'll tell you what you're best to do:

If you suspect the king will be but cold
In reprehending him, send you a process too,
To serve upon him; so you may be sure
To make him answer it, howsoe'er it fall.

Roch. And well remember'd; I will have it so;
A sumner shall be sent⁷ about it straight. [Exit.]

S. John. Yea, do so. In the mean space this remains

For kind sir John of Wrotham, honest Jack.
Methinks the purse of gold the bishop gave
Made a good shew, it had a tempting look:
Bethrew me, but my fingers' ends do itch
To be upon those golden ruddocks⁸. Well, 'tis thus;
I am not as the world doth take me for:
If ever wolf were cloathed in sheep's coat,
Then I am he; old huddle and twang i'faith:
A priest in shew, but, in plain terms, a thief.
Yet let me tell you too, an honest thief;
One that will take it where it may be spar'd,
And spend it freely in good fellowship.
I have as many shapes as Proteus had;
That still when any villainy is done,
There may be nae suspect it was sir John,
Besides, to comfort me, (for what's this life,

⁷ *A sumner shall be sent—*] A *sumner* is an apparitor or messenger employed to *summon* persons to appear in the spiritual court.

MALONE.

⁸ *To be upon those golden ruddocks.*] The *ruddock* is the *robin* red-breast. The word is here used as a cant term for money. The vulgar still call our gold coins, *gold-fishes*. STEPHENS.

Except the crabbed bitterness thereof
 Be sweeten'd now and then with lechery ?)
 I have my Doll, my concubine as 'twere,
 To frolick with ; a lusty bouncing girl.
 But whilst I loiter here, the gold may scape,
 And that must not be so : it is mine own.
 Therefore I'll meet him on his way to court,
 And thrive him of it⁹ ; there will be the sport. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

Kent.

An outer court before lord Cobham's house. A publick road leading to it ; and an alehouse appearing at a little distance.

Enter two old Men, and two Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* God help, God help ! there's law for punishing,
 But there's no law for our necessity :
 There be more stocks to set poor soldiers in,
 Than there be houses to relieve them at.

1 *Old M.* Ay, house-keeping decays in every place,
 Even as Saint Peter writ, still worse and worse.

2 *Old M.* Master mayor of Rochester has given
 command, that none shall go abroad out of the pa-
 rish ; and has set down an order forsooth, what every
 poor housholder must give for our relief ; where there
 be some 'fessed⁹, I may say to you, had almost as
 much need to beg as we.

1 *Old M.* It is a hard world the while.

2 *Old M.* If a poor man ask at door for God's

* *And thrive him of it ;—*] To *thrive* a man, was to ease him
 of his burden of sins, by confession. The parson applies the term
 to the act of lightening a purse, and consequently unloading the
 bearer of it. STEEVENS.

' — *there be some 'fessed—*] i. e. taxed. Hence the phrase
 "out of all cess," STEEVENS.

fake,

fake, they ask him for a licence, or a certificate from a justice.

1 *Sold.* Faith we have none, but what we bear upon our bodies, our maim'd limbs, God help us.

2 *Sold.* And yet as lame as I am, I'll with the king into France, if I can but crawl a ship-board. I had rather be slain in France, than starve in England.

1 *Old M.* Ha, were I but as lusty as I was at Shrewsbury battle, I would not do as I do:—but we are now come to the good lord Cobham's, the best man to the poor in all Kent.

2 *Old M.* God blefs him! there be but few such.

Enter lord Cobham and Harpool.

Cob. Thou peevish froward man, what wouldst thou have?

Har. This pride, this pride, brings all to beggary. I serv'd your father, and your grandfather; Shew me such two men now: no, no; your backs, Your backs², the devil and pride, has cut the throat Of all good house-keeping; they were the best Yeomens' masters that ever were in England.

Cob. Yea, except thou have a crew of filthy knaves And sturdy rogues, still feeding at my gate, There is no hospitality with thee.

Har. They may sit at the gate well enough, but the devil of any thing you give them, except they'll eat stones.

Cob. 'Tis 'long then of such hungry knaves as you: Yea, fir, here's your retinue; your guests be come; They know their hours, I warrant you.

² — *your backs, your backs,*—] The meaning I believe is—It is the sumptuousness of your apparel that has lessened your ability to assist the poor. So, in *King Henry VIII.*

“ ——— many

“ Have broke their backs with laying manors on them,

“ For this great journey.” MALONE,

1 Old M. God bless your honour! God save the good lord Cobham, and all his house!

1 Sold. Good your honour, bestow your blessed alms upon poor men.

Cob. Now, fir, here be your alms-knights: now are you

As safe as the emperor.

Har. My alms-knights? Nay, they're yours: it is a shame for you, and I'll stand to't; your foolish alms maintains more vagabonds than all the noble-men in Kent beside. Out, you rogues, you knaves, work for your livings. Alas, poor men, they may beg their hearts out; there's no more charity among men than among so many mastiff dogs. [*Aside.*] What make you here, you needy knaves? Away, away, you villains.

2 Sold. I beseech you, fir, be good to us.

Cob. Nay, nay, they know thee well enough; I think That all the beggars in this land are thy Acquaintance: go bestow your alms, none will Control you, fir.

Har. What should I give them? you are grown so beggarly that you can scarce give a bit of bread at your door. You talk of your religion so long, that you have banish'd charity from you. A man may make a flax-shop in your kitchen chimnies, for any fire there is stirring.

Cob. If thou wilt give them nothing, send them hence; Let them not stand here starving in the cold.

Har. Who! I drive them hence? If I drive poor men from the door, I'll be hang'd; I know not what I may come to myself. God help ye, poor knaves, ye see the world. Well, you had a mother; O God be with thee, good lady, thy soul's at rest: She gave more in shirts and smocks to poor children, than you spend in your house; and yet you live a beggar too,

[*To lord Cobham.*]

Cob. Even the worst deed that e'er my mother did, Was in relieving such a fool as thou.

Har.

Har. Ay, I am a fool still: with all your wit you'll die a beggar; go to.

Cob. Go, you old fool, give the poor people something.

Go in, poor men, into the inner court,
And take such alms as there is to be had.

Sold. God bless your honour!

Har. Hang you rogues, hang you; there's nothing but misery amongst you; you fear no law, you.

2 Old M. God bless you good master Ralph, God save your life; you are good to the poor still.

[*Exeunt Harpool, Old men, and Soldiers.*

Enter lord Powis, disguised.

Cob. What fellow's yonder comes along the grove?
Few passengers there be that know this way.

Metbinks, he stops, as though he staid for me,
And meant to shroud himself among the bushes.

I know, the clergy hates me to the death,

And my religion gets me many foes:

And this may be some desperate rogue, suborn'd

To work me mischief:—as it pleaseth God.

If he come toward me, sure I'll stay his coming,

Be he but one man, whatso'er he be.

[*Lord Powis advances.*

I have been well acquainted with that face.

Pow. Well met; my honourable lord and friend.

Cob. You are very welcome, sir, whate'er you be;
But of this sudden, sir, I do not know you.

Pow. I am one that wisheth well unto your honour;

My name is Powis, an old friend of yours.

Cob. My honourable lord, and worthy friend,
What makes your lordship thus alone in Kent?

And thus disguised in this strange attire?

Pow. My lord, an unexpected accident
Hath at this time enforc'd me to these parts,

And thus it happ'd. Not yet full five days since,

Now

Now at the last assize at Hereford,
 It chanc'd that the lord Herbert and myself,
 'Mongst other things, discoursing at the table,
 Did fall in speech about some certain points
 Of Wickliff's doctrine, 'gainst the papacy
 And the religion catholick maintain'd
 Through the most part of Europe at this day.
 This wilful testy lord stuck not to say,
 That Wickliff was a knave, a schismatick,
 His doctrine devilish, and heretical;
 And whatsoe'er he was, maintain'd the same,
 Was traitor both to God, and to his country.
 Being moved at his peremptory speech,
 I told him, some maintained those opinions,
 Men, and truer subjects than lord Herbert was:
 And he replying in comparisons,
 Your name was urg'd, my lord, against his chal-
 lenge³,

To be a perfect favourer of the truth.
 And, to be short, from words we fell to blows,
 Our servants, and our tenants, taking parts;—
 Many on both sides hurt; and for an hour
 The broil by no means could be pacified;
 Until the judges, rising from the bench,
 Were in their persons forc'd to part the fray.

Cob. I hope no man was violently slain.

Pow. 'Faith none, I trust, but the lord Herbert's
 self,

Who is in truth so dangerously hurt,
 As it is doubted he can hardly scape.

Cob. I am sorry, my good lord, for these ill news.

Pow. This is the cause that drives me into Kent,
 To shroud myself with you, so good a friend,
 Until I hear how things do speed at home.

Cob. Your lordship is most welcome unto Cobham:
 But I am very sorry, my good lord,

³ — *against his challenge,*] Thus the quarto 1600. The folio 1664 reads—*this challenge.* MALONE.

My name was brought in question in this matter,
 Considering I have many enemies,
 That threaten malice, and do lie in wait
 To take the vantage of the smallest thing.
 But you are welcome; and repose your lordship,
 And keep yourself here secret in my house,
 Until we hear how the lord Herbert speeds.

Enter Harpool.

Here comes my man: firrah, what news?

Har. Yonder's one Master Butler of the privy chamber, is sent unto you from the king.

Pow. Pray God, that the lord Herbert be not dead,
 And the king, hearing whither I am gone,
 Hath sent for me.

Cob. Comfort yourself, my lord; I warrant you.

Har. Fellow, what ails thee? dost thou quake?
 dost thou shake? dost thou tremble? ha?

Cob. Peace, you old fool. Sirrah, convey this gentleman in the back way, and bring the other into the walk.

Har. Come, fir, you're welcome, if you love my lord.

Pow. Gramercy, gentle friend.

[Exeunt Powis and Harpool.]

Cob. I thought as much, that it would not be long
 Before I heard of something from the king,
 About this matter.

Enter Harpool and Butler.

Har. Sir, yonder my lord walks, you see him; I'll have your men into the cellar the while.

Cob. Welcome, good master Butler.

But. Thanks, my good lord. His majesty doth commend his love unto your lordship, and wills you to repair unto the court.

Cob. God bless his highness, and confound his enemies!

I hope

I hope his majesty is well.

But. In good health, my lord.

Cob. God long continue it! Methinks you look
As though you were not well: what ail ye, fir?

But. Faith I have had a foolish odd mischance,
That angers me. Coming o'er Shooter's-Hill,
There came one to me like a failor, and
Ask'd my money; and whilst I staid my horse,
To draw my purse, he takes the advantage of.
A little bank, and leaps behind me, whips
My purse away, and with a sudden jerk,
I know not how, threw me at least three yards
Out of my saddle. I never was so robb'd
In all my life.

Cob. I am very sorry, fir, for your mischance;
We will send our warrant forth, to stay all such
Suspicious persons as shall be found:
Then Master Butler we'll attend on you.

But. I humbly thank your lordship, I'll attend you.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

The same.

Enter a Sumner.

Sum. I have the law to warrant what I do; and
though the lord Cobham be a nobleman, that dis-
penses not with law: I dare serve a process, were he
five noblemen. Though we sumners make some-
times a mad slip in a corner with a pretty wench,
a sumner must not go always by seeing: a man may
be content to hide his eyes where he may feel his
profit. Well, this is lord Cobham's house; if I
cannot speak with him, I'll clap my citation upon
his door; so my lord of Rochester bad me: but me-
thinks here comes one of his men.

Enter

Enter Harpool.

Har. Welcome, good fellow, welcome; who would'st thou speak with?

Sum. With my lord Cobham I would speak, if thou be one of his men.

Har. Yes, I am one of his men: but thou canst not speak with my lord.

Sum. May I send to him then?

Har. I'll tell thee that, when I know thy errand.

Sum. I will not tell my errand to thee.

Har. Then keep it to thyself, and walk like a knave as thou cam'st.

Sum. I tell thee, my lord keeps no knaves, firrah.

Har. Then thou servest him not, I believe. What lord is thy master?

Sum. My lord of Rochester.

Har. In good time: And what would'st thou have with my lord Cobham?

Sum. I come, by virtue of a process, to cite him to appear before my lord in the court at Rochester.

Har. [*Afide.*] Well, God grant me patience! I could eat this conger*. My lord is not at home; therefore it were good, Sumner, you carried your process back.

Sum. Why, if he will not be spoken withal, then will I leave it here; and see that he take knowledge of it.

[*Fixes a citation on the gate.*]

Har. 'Zounds you slave, do you set up your bills here? Go to; take it down again. Dost thou know what thou dost? Dost thou know on whom thou servest a process?

Sum. Yes, marry do I; on fir John Oldcastle, lord Cobham.

Har. I am glad thou knowest him yet. And firrah, dost thou not know that the lord Cobham is a

* — *I could eat this conger.*] The conger is the sea eel. MALONE.

brave lord, that keeps good beef and beer in his house, and every day feeds a hundred poor people at his gate, and keeps a hundred tall fellows⁵?

Sum. What's that to my process?

Har. Marry this, fir; is this process parchment?

Sum. Yes, marry is it.

Har. And this seal wax?

Sum. It is so.

Har. If this be parchment, and this wax, eat you this parchment and this wax, or I will make parchment of your skin, and beat your brains into wax. Sirrah, Summer, dispatch; devour, firrah, devour⁶.

Sum. I am my lord of Rochester's sumner; I came to do my office, and thou shalt answer it.

Har. Sirrah, no railing, but betake yourself to your teeth. Thou shalt eat no worse than thou bring'st with thee. Thou bring'st it for my lord, and wilt thou bring my lord worse than thou wilt eat thyself?

Sum. Sir, I brought it not my lord to eat.

Har. O, do you *fir* me now? All's one for that; I'll make you eat it, for bringing it.

Sum. I cannot eat it.

Har. Can you not? 'sblood I'll beat you till you have a stomach. [Beats him.]

⁵ — a hundred tall fellows?] A tall fellow, in old language, is a stout fighting man. MALONE.

⁶ — devour, firrah, devour.] This circumstance is not a fiction of the author of this play. Nashe in his *Apologie of Pierce Pennileffe*, 1593, says, he once saw Robert Greene (a voluminous writer of those days) "make an apparitor eat his citation, wax and all, very handsomely served 'twixt two dishes." The same story is also told of one of the attendants of Bogo de Clare in the eighteenth year of Edward I. See Mills's *Discourse of the Antiquity of the Star-chamber*, 4to. 1590, p. 46. MALONE.

— devour, firrah, devour.] This scene corresponds in many particulars with that in *K. Henry V.* where Fluellen compels Pistol to eat the leek. Poins likewise, in the *Second Part of K. Henry IV.* threatens to steep a letter in sack, and make Falstaff eat it. See note on that passage, vol. v. p. 484. last edit. STEEVENS.

Sum.

Sum. O hold, hold, good master Servingman; I will eat it.

Har. Be champing, be chewing, fir, or I'll chew you, you rogue. Tough wax is the purest honey.

Sum. The purest of the honey!—O, Lord, fir! oh! oh! [*Eats.*]

Har. Feed, feed; 'tis wholesome, rogue, wholesome'. Cannot you, like an honest sumner, walk with the devil your brother, to fetch in your bailiff's rents, but you must come to a nobleman's house with procefs? If thy seal were as broad as the lead that covers Rochester church, thou should'st eat it.

Sum. O, I am almost choak'd, I am almost choak'd.

Har. Who's within there? will you shame my lord? is there no beer in the house? Butler, I say.

Enter Butler.

But. Here, here.

Har. Give him beer. There; tough old sheepskin's bare dry meat.^a [*The sumner drinks.*]

^a *Har.* Be champing, be chewing, fir, or I'll chew you, you rogue, the purest of the honey.

Sum. Tough wax is the purest honey:

Har. O Lord, fir, oh, oh.

Feed, 'tis wholesome, &c.] I believe the printer, by repeating some words twice over, has entangled these speeches, which I would regulate as follows:

Har. Be champing, be chewing, fir, or I'll chew you: Tough wax is the purest honey.

Sum. O, lord fir! Oh, oh!

Har. Feed, feed; 'tis wholesome, &c.]

Or thus:

Har. Be champing, be chewing, fir, or I'll chew you, you rogue. The purest of the honey—

Sum. Tough wax is the purest honey! oh lord, fir oh!

Har. Feed, feed, &c. STEEVENS.

I have nearly followed the regulation proposed by Mr. Steevens. The old copies were evidently corrupt. MALONE.

^a — *tough old sheepskin's bare dry meat.*] Thus all the copies. I suppose the author wrote—*tough old sheepskin's but dry meat.*

MALONE.

Sum. O, fir, let me go no further; I'll eat my word.

Har. Yea marry, fir, I mean you shall eat more than your own word; for I'll make you eat all the words in the process. Why, you drab-monger, cannot the secrets of all the wenches in a shire serve your turn, but you must come hither with a citation, with a pox? I'll cite you.—A cup of sack for the sumner.

But. Here, fir, here.

Har. Here, slave, I drink to thee.

Sum. I thank you, fir.

Har. Now, if thou find'st thy stomach well, because thou shalt see my lord keeps meat in his house, if thou wilt go in, thou shalt have a piece of beef to thy breakfast.

Sum. No, I am very well, good master serving-man, I thank you; very well, fir.

Har. I am glad on't: then be walking towards Rochester to keep your stomach warm. And, Sumner, if I do know you disturb a good wench within this diocese, if I do not make thee eat her petticoat, if there were four yards of Kentish cloth in it, I am a villain.

Sum. God be wi' you, master servingman.

[*Exit Sumner.*]

Har. Farewel, Sumner.

Enter Constable.

Con. Save you, master Harpool.

Har. Welcome constable, welcome constable; what news with thee?

Con. An't please you, master Harpool, I am to make hue and cry for a fellow with one eye, that has robb'd two clothiers; and am to crave your hindrance to search all suspected places; and they say there was a woman in the company.

Har. Hast thou been at the ale-house? hast thou sought there?

Con.

Con. I durst not search in my lord Cobham's liberty, except I had some of his servants for my warrant.

Har. An honest constable: Call forth him that keeps the ale-house there.

Con. Ho, who's within there?

Enter Ale-man.

Ale-man. Who calls there? Oh, is't you, master constable, and master Harpool? you're welcome with all my heart. What make you here so early this morning?

Har. Sirrah, what strangers do you lodge? there is a robbery done this morning, and we are to search for all suspected persons.

Ale-man. Gods-bore, I am sorry for't. I'faith, sir, I lodge no body, but a good honest priest, call'd sir John a Wrotham, and a handsome woman that is his niece, that he says he has some suit in law for; and as they go up and down to London, sometimes they lie at my house.

Har. What, is she here in thy house now?

Ale-man. She is, sir: I promise you, sir, he is a quiet man, and because he will not trouble too many rooms, he makes the woman lie every night at his bed's feet.

Har. Bring her forth, constable; bring her forth: let's see her, let's see her.

Ale-man. Dorothy, you must come down to master constable.

Enter Dorothy.

Doll. Anon forsooth.

Har. Welcome, sweet lass, welcome.

Doll. I thank you, good sir, and master constable also.

Har. A plump girl by the mass, a plump girl. Ha, Doll, ha! Wilt thou forsake the priest, and go with me, Doll?

Con. Ah! well said, master Harpool; you are a merry old man i'faith; you will never be old. Now by the mack, a pretty wench indeed!

Har. You old mad merry constable, art thou advis'd of that? Ha, well said Doll; fill some ale here.

Doll. Oh, if I wist this old priest would not stick to me, by Jove I would ingle this old serving-man^o.
[*Afide.*]

Har. O you old mad colt, i'faith I'll ferk you: fill all the pots in the house there.

Con. Oh! well said, master Harpool; you are a heart of oak when all's done.

Har. Ha, Doll, thou hast a sweet pair of lips by the mafs.

Doll. Truly you are a most sweet old man, as ever I saw; by my troth, you have a face able to make any woman in love with you.

Har. Fill, sweet Doll, I'll drink to thee.

Doll. I pledge you, fir, and thank you therefore, and I pray you let it come¹.

Har. [*Embracing her*] Doll, canst thou love me? A mad merry las; would to God I had never seen thee!

Doll. I warrant you, you will not out of my thoughts this twelvemonth; truly you are as full of favour, as a man may be². Ah, these sweet grey locks! by my troth they are most lovely.

^o — ingle *this old serving-man.*] i. e. impose on him, make a fool of him. Perhaps it means the same as *inveigle* him, and may be a contraction of that word. B. Jonson likewise uses it. STEEVENS.

I am afraid a less decent idea was intended to be conveyed by this word. MALONE.

¹ *I pledge you fir, and thank you therefore, and I pray you let it come.*] These words, I suspect, are part of some old ballad.

MALONE.

Something like this song may be found in *K. Henry IV. P. II.*

“Fill the cup and let it come, &c. STEEVENS.

² — *truly you are as full of favour, as a man may be.*] Your countenance is as complete and perfect as any man's. So in *Petricks*:

“So bucksome, blithe, and full of face,

“As heaven had lent her all his grace.” MALONE.

Con.

Con. Cuds bores, master Harpool, I'll have one busf too.

Har. No licking for you, constable; hands off, hands off.

Con. By'r lady, I love kissing as well as you.

Doll. O, you are an old boy*, you have a wanton eye of your own: Ah, you sweet fugar-lip'd wanton, you will win as many women's hearts as come in your company.

Enter Sir John of Wrotham.

Sir John. Doll, come hither.

Har. Priest, the shall not.

Doll. I'll come anon, sweet love.

Sir John. Hands off, old fornicator.

Har. Vicar, I'll fit here in spite of thee. Is this fit stuff for a priest to carry up and down with him?

Sir John. Sirrah, dost thou not know that a good-fellow parson may have a chapel of ease, where his parish church is far off?

Har. You whorson-ston'd vicar.

Sir John. You old stale ruffian, you lion of Cotswold!

* *O you are an old boy,*—] The quarto reads, I think, corruptedly—"O, you are an *odd* boy." Harpool had before called Doll an *old colt*. MALONE.

3 — *you lion of Cotswold.*] By this term I believe was meant a daring, athletic fellow, a man as strong and active as those who used to exercise themselves in the games at *Cotswold* in Gloucestershire.—In the *Interlude of Nature*, bl. let. no date, we meet the same phrase:

"By my fayth ye are wont to be as bold

"As yt were a *lyon of Cottyfwold.*"

Justice Shallow in the *Second Part of K. Henry IV.* mentions Will. Squeele, a *Cotswold* man, as one of the most famous *swingebucklers* of his time. MALONE.

As yt were a lyon of Cottyfwold.] When I quoted this passage, and offered an explanation of it in the last edition of Shakspeare's plays, vol. v. p. 522, I had mistaken its meaning. The *Cotswold* hills in Gloucestershire were famous on account of the number of sheep fed upon them. A *Cotswold lion* therefore meant a *Cotswold sheep*; as an *Essex lion* is still the cant term for an *Essex calf*.

STEEVENS.

Har. 'Zounds, vicar, I'll geld you. [*Flies upon him.*]

Con. Keep the king's peace.

Doll. Murder, murder, murder!

Ale-man. Hold, as you are men, hold; for God's sake be quiet: put up your weapons, you draw not in my house.

Har. You whorson bawdy priest.

Sir John. You old mutton-monger ⁴.

Con. Hold, fir John, hold.

Doll. I pray thee, sweet heart, be quiet: I was but fitting to drink a pot of ale with him; even as kind a man as ever I met with.

Har. Thou art a thief, I warrant thee.

Sir John. Then I am but as thou hast been in thy days. Let's not be ashamed of our trade; the king has been a thief himself.

Doll. Come, be quiet. Hast thou sped?

Sir John. I have, wench; here be crowns i'faith,

Doll. Come, let's be all friends then.

Con. Well said, mistress Dorothy.

Har. Thou art the maddest priest that ever I met with.

Sir John. Give me thy hand, thou art as good a fellow. I am a singer, a drinker, a bencher ⁵, a wench; I can say a mass, and kiss a lass: 'faith, I have a parsonage, and because I would not be at too much charges, this wench serveth me for a sexton.

⁴ *You old mutton-monger.*] i. e. you old whore-master. *Mutton* was formerly a cant term for a strumpet. See a note in *the Two Gentlemen of Verona*, vol. i. p. 127. last edit.—and on *Measure for Measure*, vol. ii. p. 99. MALONE.

⁵ — *a singer, a drinker, a bencher,*—] “Thou art so fat-witted (says prince Henry to Falstaff) with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches at noon.”—Before alehouses, formerly, *benches* were placed for the accommodation of company. So in the preceding act:

“ ——— when the vulgar sort

“ Sit on their *ale-bench* with their cups and cans,”—
It is yet a fashion in the country. MALONE.

Har. Well said, mad priest; we'll in, and be friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

London.

A room in the Axe Inn, without Bishop-gate.

Enter sir Roger Acton, Bourn, Beverley, and Murley.

Act. Now, master Murley, I am well assur'd
You know our errand, and do like the cause,
Being a man affected as we are.

Mur. Marry God dild ye⁶, dainty my dear: no
master, good sir Roger Acton, master Bourn, and
master Beverley, gentlemen and justices of the peace;
no master, I, but plain William Murley, the brewer
of Dunstable, your honest neighbour and your friend,
if ye be men of my profession.

Bev. Professed friends to Wickliff, foes to Rome.

Mur. Hold by me, lad; lean upon that staff, good
master Beverley; all of a house. Say your mind, say
your mind.

Act. You know, our faction now is grown so great
Throughout the realm, that it begins to smoke
Into the clergy's eyes, and the king's ears.
High time it is that we were drawn to head,
Our general and officers appointed;
And wars, you wot, will ask great store of coin.
Able to strength our action with your purse,
You are elected for a colonel
Over a regiment of fifteen bands.

Mur. Phew, paltry, paltry! in and out, to and fro,
be it more or less upon occasion. Lord have mercy
upon us, what a world is this! Sir Roger Acton, I
am but a Dunstable man, a plain brewer, you know.

⁶ *Marry God dild you*—] See note on *Macbeth*, last edit. vol. iv. p. 412. MALONE.

Will lusty cavaliering captains, gentlemen, come at my calling, go at my bidding? dainty my dear, they'll do a dog of wax, a horse of cheese, a prick and a pudding. No, no; ye must appoint some lord or knight at least, to that place.

Bour. Why, master Murley, you shall be a knight?

Were you not in election to be sheriff?
Have you not pass'd all offices but that?
Have you not wealth to make your wife a lady?
I warrant you, my lord, our general,
Bestows that honour on you, at first sight.

Mur. Marry God dild ye, dainty my dear. But tell me, who shall be our general. Where's the lord Cobham, sir John Oldcastle, that noble alms-giver, house-keeper, virtuous, religious gentleman? Come to me there, boys; come to me there.

Act. Why, who but he shall be our general?

Mur. And shall he knight me, and make me colonel?

Act. My word for that, sir William Murley knight.

Mur. Fellow, sir Roger Acton knight, all fellows, I mean in arms, how strong are we? how many partners? Our enemies beside the king are mighty: be it more or less upon occasion, reckon our force.

Act. There are of us, our friends, and followers,
Three thousand and three hundred at the least;
Of northern lads four thousand, beside horse;
From Kent there comes, with sir John Oldcastle,
Seven thousand: then from London issue out,
Of masters, servants, strangers, 'prentices,
Forty odd thousand into Ficket field,
Where we appoint our special rendezvous.

⁷ — *master Murley, you shall be a knight.*] This is founded on an historical fact. When Murley, or *Murle*, was taken, he had a pair of gilt spurs in his bosom, imagining that he should have been made a knight the next day by lord Cobham. See *Stowe's Annals*, p. 344. edit. 1631. MALONE,

Mur,

Mur. Phew, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro. Lord have mercy upon us, what a world is this! Where's that Ficket field, fir Roger?

Act. Behind St. Giles's in the field, near Holbourn.

Mur. Newgate, up Holbourn, St. Giles's in the Field, and to Tyburn; an old saw. For the day, for the day?

Act. On Friday next, the fourteenth day of January.

Mur. Tilly vally^s, trust me never, if I have any liking of that day. Phew, paltry, paltry! Friday, quoth-a, a dismal day: Childermas day this year was Friday.

Bev. Nay, master Murley, if you observe such days, We make some question of your constancy: All days are alike to men resolv'd in right.

Mur. Say amen, and say no more, but say and hold, master Beverley: Friday next, and Ficket field, and William Murley and his merry men, shall be all one. I have half a score jades that draw my beer carts; and every jade shall bear a knave, and every knave shall wear a jack, and every jack shall have a skull^s, and every skull shall shew a spear, and every spear shall kill a foe at Ficket field, at Ficket field. John and Tom, Dick and Hodge, Ralph and Robin, William and George, and all my knaves, shall fight like men at Ficket field, on Friday next.

Bourn. What sum of money mean you to disburse?

Mur. It may be, modestly, decently, and soberly, and handsomely, I may bring five hundred pound.

^s *Tilly-vally*—] The hostess uses the same exclamation in *K. Henry IV. Part II.* "Tilly-vally, fir John, never tell me," &c. See also note on *Twelfth Night*, last edit. vol. iv. p. 194.

MALONE.

^s — *every jack shall have a skull*,—] A *skull* is a helmet.

MALONE.

A *jack* is a coat of mail; *jacque*, Fr. So Hayward: "The residue on foot, well furnished with *jack* and *skull*, pike, dagger, &c. *Hist. of K. Henry IV.* 1599. STEEVENS.

Act.

Act. Five hundred, man? five thousand's not enough :

A hundred thousand will not pay our men
Two months together. Either come prepar'd
Like a brave knight and martial colonel,
In glittering gold, and gallant furniture,
Bringing in coin, a cart-load at the least,
And all your followers mounted on good horse,
Or never come disgraceful to us all.

Bev. Perchance you may be chosen treasurer ;
Ten thousand pound's the least that you can bring.

Mur. Paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro : upon
occasion I have ten thousand pound to spend, and
ten too. And rather than the bishop shall have his
will of me, for my conscience, it shall all go. Flame
and flax, flax and flame. It was got with water
and malt, and it shall fly with fire and gun-powder.
Sir Roger, a cart-load of money, till the axletree
crack ; myself and my men in Ficket field on Friday
next : remember my knight-hood and my place :
there's my hand, I'll be there. [*Exit Murley.*]

Act. See what ambition may persuade men to :
In hope of honour he will spend himself.

Bourn. I never thought a brewer half so rich.

Bev. Was never bankrupt brewer yet but one,
With using too much malt, too little water.

Act. That is no fault in brewers now adays :
Come, let's away about our business. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

An audience-chamber in the palace at Eltham.

*Enter king Henry, the duke of Suffolk, Butler, and lord
Cobham. He kneels to the king.*

K. Henry. 'Tis not enough, lord Cobham, to submit ;
You must forsake your gross opinion.

The

The bishops find themselves much injured ;
 And though; for some good service you have done,
 We for our part are pleas'd to pardon you,
 Yet they will not so soon be satisfy'd.

Cob. My gracious lord, unto your majesty,
 Next unto my God, I do owe my life ;
 And what is mine, either by nature's gift,
 Or fortune's bounty, all is at your service.
 But for obedience to the pope of Rome,
 I owe him none ; nor shall his shaveling priests
 That are in England, alter my belief.
 If out of Holy Scripture they can prove
 That I am in an error, I will yield,
 And gladly take instruction at their hands :
 But otherwise, I do beseech your grace
 My conscience may not be inroach'd upon.

King Hen. We would be loth to press our subjects'
 bodies,
 Much less their souls, the dear redeemed part
 Of him that is the ruler of us all :
 Yet let me counsel you, that might command.
 Do not presume to tempt them with ill words,
 Nor suffer any meetings to be had
 Within your house ; but to the uttermost
 Disperse the flocks of this new gathering sect.

Cob. My liege, if any breathe, that dares come forth,
 And say, my life in any of these points
 Deserves the attainder of ignoble thoughts,
 Here stand I, craving no remorse¹ at all,
 But even the utmost rigour may be shown.

K. Henry. Let it suffice we know your loyalty.
 What have you there ?

Cob. A deed of clemency ;
 Your highness pardon for lord Powis' life,

¹ — *craving no remorse*—] i. e. no *mercy* or *pity*. So in Braithwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614—" Their relations might move a kind of sensible pity and remorse in the peruser." MALONE.

Which

Which I did beg, and you, my noble lord,
Of gracious favour did vouchsafe to grant.

K. Henry. But yet it is not sign'd with our hand.

Cob. Not yet, my liege.

K. Henry. The fact you say was done
Not of pretended malice², but by chance.

Cob. Upon mine honour so, no otherwise.

K. Henry. There is his pardon; bid him make
amends, [Signs the pardon.

And cleanse his soul to God for his offence:

What we remit, is but the body's scourge³.

How now, lord bishop?

Enter bishop of Rochester.

Roch. Justice, dread sovereign:
As thou art king, so grant I may have justice.

K. Henry. What means this exclamation? let us
know.

Roch. Ah, my good lord, the state is much abus'd,
And our decrees most shamefully prophan'd.

K. Henry. How? or by whom?

Roch. Even by this heretick,
This Jew, this traitor to your majesty.

Cob. Prelate, thou ly'st, even in thy greasy maw⁴,
Or whosoever twits me with the name
Of either traitor, or of heretick.

K. Henry. Forbear, I say: and bishop, shew the cause
From whence this late abuse hath been deriv'd.

Roch. Thus, mighty king. By general consent

² — *pretensed malice,* —] Thus the quarto, 1600. The folio
1664, and Mr. Rowe read — *propensed.* MALONE.

— *pretensed malice,* —] i. e. malice aforethought. *Pretence*
in Shakspere commonly means *design.* Thus "to no *pretence* and
purpose of danger." Again: "*pretensed malice of the queen.*"

STEEVENS.

³ *What we remit, is but the body's scourge.*] Our pardon extends
only to the remission of corporal punishment. For the rest he must
address himself to a higher power. MALONE.

⁴ — *in thy greasy maw,*] So Pistol in *K. Henry V*: " — the
folus — *in thy maw perdy.*" Cobham aims a stroke at sacerdotal
luxury. STEEVENS.

A mes-

A messenger was sent to cite this lord
 To make appearance in the consistory ;
 And coming to his house, a ruffian slave,
 One of his daily followers, met the man ;
 Who, knowing him to be a paritor ⁴,
 Assaults him first, and after, in contempt
 Of us and our proceedings, makes him eat
 The written process, parchment, seal and all ;
 Whereby his master neither was brought forth ⁵,
 Nor we but scorn'd for our authority.

K. Henry. When was this done ?

Roch. At six a clock this morning.

K. Henry. And when came you to court ?

Cob. Last night, my liege.

K. Henry. By this, it seems he is not guilty of it,
 And you have done him wrong to accuse him so.

Roch. But it was done, my lord, by his appoint-
 ment ;

Or else his man durst not have been so bold.

K. Henry. Or else you durst not be bold to interrupt
 And fill our ears with frivolous complaints.

Is this the duty you do bear to us ?

Was't not sufficient we did pass our word

To send for him, but you, misdoubting it,

Or which is worse, intending to forestal

Our regal power, must likewise summon him ?

This favours of ambition, not of zeal ;

And rather proves you malice his estate,

Than any way that he offends the law.

Go to, we like it not ; and he your officer

Had his desert for being insolent,

⁴ — *knowing him to be a paritor,*] i. e. an *apparitor*, or messenger employed to cite persons to appear in the spiritual court. So in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ Sole imperator and great general

“ Of trotting paritors.” MALONE.

⁵ *Whereby his master neither was brought forth,*] This is the reading of the original edition in 1600. The folio 1664, and Mr. Rowe, read,—*Whereby this matter, &c.* MALONE.

That

That was employ'd so much amiss herein.
So, Cobham, when you please, you may depart.

Cob. I humbly bid farewell unto my liege.

[*Exit Cobham.*]

Enter Huntington.

K. Henry. Farewel. What is the news by Huntington?

Hun. Sir Roger Acton, and a crew, my lord,
Of bold seditious rebels, are in arms,
Intending reformation of religion⁶;
And with their army they intend to pitch
In Ficket-field, unless they be repuls'd.

K. Henry. So near our presence? Dare they be so bold?

And will proud war and eager thirst of blood,
Whom we had thought to entertain far off,
Press forth upon us in our native bounds?
Must we be forc'd to handseel our sharp blades
In England here, which we prepar'd for France?
Well, a god's name be it. What's their number, say,
Or who's the chief commander of this rout⁷?

Hun. Their number is not known as yet, my lord;
But 'tis reported, sir John Oldcastle
Is the chief man, on whom they do depend.

K. Henry. How! the lord Cobham?

Hun. Yes, my gracious lord.

Roch. I could have told your majesty as much
Before he went, but that I saw your grace
Was too much blinded by his flattery.

Suf. Send post, my lord, to fetch him back again.

But. Traitor unto his country, how he smooth'd⁸,

⁶ Intending *reformation of religion*;] *Intending* was formerly used in the sense of *pretending*. MALONE.

⁷ — *commander of this rout*?] The modern editions read *row*. The reading of the text is that of the quarto 1600. MALONE.

⁸ — *how he smooth'd*,] How submissive and dutiful he appeared. So in *King Lear* (folio 1623):

“ — such smiling rogues as these

“ ————— smooth every passion

“ That in the nature of their lords rebels.” MALONE.

And

And seem'd as innocent as truth itself!

K. Henry. I cannot think it yet he would be false;
But if he be, no matter;—let him go:

We'll meet both him and them unto their woe.

[*Exeunt king Henry, Suffolk, Huntington, and Butler.*

Rock. This falls out well; and at the last I hope
To see this heretick die in a rope. [Exit.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

An avenue leading to lord Cobham's house in Kent.

*Enter the earl of Cambridge, lord Scroope, sir Thomas Grey,
and Chartres.*

Scroope. Once more, my lord of Cambridge, make
rehearsal

How you do stand entitled to the crown:
The deeper shall we print it in our minds,
And every man the better be resolv'd,
When he perceives his quarrel to be just.

Cam. Then thus, lord Scroope, sir Thomas Grey,
and you

Monfieur de Chartres, agent for the French:
—This Lionel, duke of Clarence, (as I said)
Third son of Edward (England's king) the third,
Had issue, Philip, his sole daughter and heir,
Which Philip afterward was given in marriage
To Edmund Mortimer, the earl of March,
And by him had a son call'd Roger Mortimer;
Which Roger likewise had of his descent,
Edmund and Roger, Anne and Eleanor,
Two daughters and two sons; but of those, three
Dy'd without issue. Anne, that did survive,
And now was left her father's only heir,
My fortune was to marry⁹; being too,

By

⁹ By fortune was to marry;—] All the copies concur in this reading; but it is evidently corrupt. Richard earl of Cambridge

By my grandfather, of king Edward's line :
 So of his fir-name, I am call'd you know,
 Richard Plantagenet : my father was
 Edward the duke of York, and son and heir
 To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth son *.

Scroope. So that it seems your claim comes by your
 wife,

As lawful heir to Roger Mortimer,
 The son of Edmund, which did marry Philip,
 Daughter and heir to Lionel duke of Clarence.

Cam. True ; for this Harry, and his father both,
 Harry the fourth †, as plainly doth appear,
 Are false intruders, and usurp the crown.

For when young Richard was at Pomfret slain,
 In him the title of prince Edward died,
 That was the eldest of king Edward's sons.

William of Hatfield, and their second brother,
 Death in his nonage had before bereft :

So that my wife, deriv'd from Lionel,
 Third son unto king Edward, ought proceed †,
 And take possession of the diadem,

Before this Harry, or his father king,
 Who fetch their title but from Lancaster,
 Fourth of that royal line. And being thus
 What reason is't, but she should have her right ?

was the husband of Anne, daughter to Roger Mortimer earl of March. There can, therefore, be no doubt that *by* was an error of the press for *my*, which is now placed in the text. MALONE.

* — *Edward the third's first son.*] Read *fifth* son : for so Edmund of Langley, duke of York, was to king Edward III. PERCY.

† *Harry the first,* —] Thus the old copies. I once thought the author might have meant the first of the two *intruding* Harrys. But as in a former line *first* was printed instead of *fifth*, the same word (as Dr. Percy and Mr. Steevens observe to me) was probably here an error for *fourth*. MALONE.

† — *ought proceed,*] Thus the quarto of 1600, and all the other copies. I believe the author wrote *precede*. However as *proceed before* affords the same meaning, I have made no change. MALONE.

I think *proceed* is the true reading. To *proceed* is to go forward, to tend to the end designed, to advance. So in *Coriolanus* :

“ Temperately *proceed* to what you would.” STEEVENS.

Scroope.

Scroope. I am resolv'd our enterprize is just^a.

Grey. Harry shall die, or else resign his crown.

Char. Perform but that, and Charles the king of
France

Shall aid you, lords, not only with his men,
But send you money to maintain your wars.
Five hundred thousand crowns he bade me proffer,
If you can stop but Harry's voyage for France.

Scroope. We never had a fitter time than now,
The realm in such division as it is.

Cam. Besides, you must persuade you, there is due
Vengeance for Richard's murder, which although
It be deferr'd, yet it will fall at last,
And now as likely as another time.
Sin hath had many years to ripen in ;
And now the harvest cannot be far off,
Wherein the weeds of usurpation
Are to be cropp'd, and cast into the fire.

Scroope. No more, earl Cambridge ; here I plight
my faith
To set up thee and thy renowned wife.

Grey. Grey will perform the same, as he is knight.

Char. And, to assist ye, as I said before,
Chartres doth gage the honour of his king.

Scroope. We lack but now lord Cobham's fellow-
ship,
And then our plot were absolute indeed.

Cam. Doubt not of him, my lord ; his life pursu'd
By the incensed clergy, and of late
Brought in displeasure with the king, assures
He may be quickly won unto our faction.
Who hath the articles were drawn at large
Of our whole purpose ?

Grey. That have I, my lord.

Cam. We should not now be far off from his house.

^a *I am resolv'd our enterprize is just.] i. e. I am convinced.*

Our serious conference hath beguil'd the way³;
 See where his castle stands. Give me the writing;
 When we are come unto the speech of him,
 Because we will not stand to make recount
 Of that which hath been said, here he shall read
 Our minds at large, and what we crave of him.

Enter lord Cobham.

Scroope. A ready way. Here comes the man himself,
 Booted and spurr'd; it seems he hath been riding.

Cam. Well met, lord Cobham.

Cob. My lord of Cambridge!

Your honour is most welcome into Kent,
 And all the rest of this fair company.
 I am new come from London, gentle lords:
 But will ye not take Cowling for your host⁴,
 And see what entertainment it affords?

Cam. We were intended to have been your guests:
 But now this lucky meeting shall suffice
 To end our business, and defer that kindness.

Cob. Business, my lord? what business should let
 You⁵ to be merry? We have no delicacies:
 Yet this I'll promise you; a piece of venison,
 A cup of wine, and so forth, hunter's fare:
 And if you please, we'll strike the stag ourselves
 Shall fill our dishes with his well-fed flesh.

Scroope. That is indeed the thing we all desire.

Cob. My lords, and you shall have your choice
 with me.

³ *Our serious conference hath beguil'd the way;*] So in *King Richard II.*

“ ——— hath very much *beguil'd*

“ The tediousness and process of my travel.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *But will ye not take Cowling for your host,*] *Cowling* was the name of lord Cobham's seat in Kent. MALONE.

⁵ — *should let you*] i. e. should hinder you. The word is frequently used with that signification, by our ancient writers.

MALONE.

Cam.

Cam. Nay, but the stag which we desire to strike,
Lives not in Cowling: if you will consent,
And go with us, we'll bring you to a forest
Where runs a lusty herd; among the which
There is a stag superior to the rest,
A stately beast, that, when his fellows run,
He leads the race, and beats the sullen earth,
As though he scorn'd it with his trampling hoofs;
Aloft he bears his head, and with his breast,
Like a huge bulwark, counter-checks the wind:
And, when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth
His proud ambitious neck, as if he meant
To wound the firmament with forked horns.

Cob. 'Tis pity such a goodly beast should die.

Cam. Not so, sir John; for he is tyrannous,
And gores the other deer, and will not keep
Within the limits are appointed him,
Of late he's broke into a several^o,
Which doth belong to me, and there he spoils
Both corn and pasture. Two of his wild race,
Alike for stealth and covetous encroaching,
Already are remov'd; if he were dead,
I should not only be secure from hurt,
But with his body make a royal feast.

Scroope. How say you then? will you first hunt
with us?

Cob. 'Faith, lords, I like the pastime: where's the
place?

Cam. Peruse this writing, it will shew you all,
And what occasion we have for the sport.

[Presents a paper.]

Cob. [Reads.] Call ye this hunting, my lords? Is
this the stag
You fain would chase, Harry, our most dread king?

^o — *be's broke into a several,*] See an explanation of this term in
vol. ii. p. 407. edit. 1778. MALONE.

So we may make a banquet for the devil ;
And, in the stead of wholesome meat, prepare
A dish of poison to confound ourselves.

Cam. Why so, lord Cobham ? See you not our
claim ?

And how imperiously he holds the crown ?

Scroope. Besides, you know yourself is in disgrace,
Held as a recreant, and pursu'd to death.

This will defend you from your enemies,
And stablish your religion through the land.

Cob. Notorious treason ! yet I will conceal
My secret thoughts, to found the depth of it. [*Aside.*
My lord of Cambridge, I do see your claim,
And what good may redound unto the land,
By prosecuting of this enterprize.

But where are men ? where's power and furniture
To order such an action ? We are weak ;
Harry, you know, is a mighty potentate.

Cam. Tut, we are strong enough ; you are belov'd,
And many will be glad to follow you ;
We are the like⁸, and some will follow us :
Nay, there is hope from France : here's an ambas-
fador.

That promiseth both men and money too.
The commons likewise, as we hear, pretend⁹
A sudden tumult ; we will join with them.

Cob. Some likelihood, I must confess, to speed :

⁷ *And how imperiously he holds the crown ?*] I suspect the author wrote—*injuriously*. The plea set up by these insurgents, was, not Henry's arbitrary exercise of the regal power, but his want of title to the crown. All the copies, however, concur in the present reading ; which, as it is intelligible, I have not disturbed.

MALONE.

⁸ *We are the like,*—] The quarto reads—*We are the light*. The reading of the text is that of the folio 1664. MALONE.

⁹ *The commons likewise, as we hear, pretend*
A sudden tumult ;—] It has been already observed that *pretend* and *intend* were formerly considered as synonymous.

MALONE.

But

But how shall I believe this in plain truth ?

You are, my lords, such men as live in court,
And have been highly favour'd of the king,
Especially lord Scroope, whom oftentimes
He maketh choice of for his bed-fellow¹.

And you, lord Grey *, are of his privy-council :
Is not this a train laid to entrap my life ?

Cam. Then perish may my soul ! What, think
you so ?

Scroope. We'll swear to you.

Grey. Or take the sacrament.

Cob. Nay, you are noblemen, and I imagine,
As you are honourable by birth, and blood,
So you will be in heart, in thought, in word.
I crave no other testimony but this :

That you would all subscribe, and set your hands
Unto this writing which you gave to me.

Cam. With all our hearts : Who hath any pen and
ink ?

Scroope. My pocket should have one : O, here it is.

Cam. Give it me, lord Scroope. There is my name.

Scroope. And there is my name,

Grey. And mine.

Cob. Sir, let me crave

That you would likewise write your name with theirs,
For confirmation of your master's words,
The king of France.

Char. That will I, noble lord.

Cob. So, now this action is well knit together,
And I am for you : where's our meeting, lords ?

Cam. Here, if you please, the tenth of July next.

¹ — lord Scroope, whom oftentimes
He maketh choice of for his bed-fellow.] See notes on *King
Henry V.* last edit. vol. vi. p. 42. STEEVENS.

* And you, lord Grey,—] Grey was not a peer. The author
probably thought himself at liberty to give him this title, (which
happens to suit the metre,) as a member of the privy-council.

Cob. In Kent? agreed. Now let us in to supper, I hope your honours will not away to night.

Cam. Yes, presently, for I have far to ride, About soliciting of other friends.

Scroope. And we would not be absent from the court, Lest thereby grow suspicion in the king.

Cob. Yet taste a cup of wine before ye go.

Cam. Not now, my lord, we thank you; so farewell.

[*Exeunt Scroope, Grey, Cambridge, and Chartres.*]

Cob. Farewel, my noble lords.—My noble lords! My noble villains, base conspirators! How can they look his highness in the face, Whom they so closely study to betray? But I'll not sleep until I make it known: This head shall not be burthen'd with such thoughts, Nor in this heart will I conceal a deed Of such impiety against my king, Madam, how now?

Enter lady Cobham, lord Powis, lady Powis, and Harpool.

L. Cob. You're welcome home, my lord; Why seem you so unquiet in your looks? What hath befall'n you that disturbs your mind?

L. Pow. Bad news, I am afraid, touching my husband,

Cob. Madam, not so; there is your husband's pardon;

Long may ye live, each joy unto the other.

L. Pow. So great a kindness, as I know not how To make reply;—my sense is quite confounded.

Cob. Let that alone; and, madam, stay me not, For I must back unto the court again, With all the speed I can; Harpool, my horse,

L. Cob. So soon my lord? what, will you ride all night?

Cob. All night or day; it must be so, sweet wife. Urge me not why, or what my business is,

But

But get you in.—Lord Powis, bear with me ;
 And, madam, think your welcome ne'er the worse ;
 My house is at your use. Harpool, away.

Har. Shall I attend your lordship to the court ?

Cob. Yea, fir ; your gelding mount you presently.
 [*Exit Cobham.*]

L. Cob. I prithee, Harpool, look unto thy lord ;
 I do not like this sudden posting back. [*Exit Harpool.*]

Pow. Some earnest business is a-foot belike ;
 Whate'er it be, pray God be his good guide.

L. Pow. Amen, that hath so highly us bestead.

L. Cob. Come, madam, and my lord, we'll hope
 the best ;

You shall not into Wales till he return.

Pow. Though great occasion be we should depart,
 Yet, madam, will we stay to be resolv'd
 Of this unlook'd-for doubtful accident. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A road near Highgate.

Enter Murley and his followers ².

Mur. Come, my hearts of flint, modestly, decently,
 soberly, and handsomely ; no man afore his leader :
 follow your master, your captain, your knight that
 shall be, for the honour of meal-men, millers, and
 malt-men. Dun is the mouse ³. Dick and Tom, for
 the credit of Dunstable ding down the enemy to-
 morrow. Ye shall not come into the field like beg-
 gars. Where be Leonard and Lawrence, my two
 loaders ? Lord have mercy upon us, what a world is
 this ! I would give a couple of shillings for a dozen

² *Enter Murley and his followers.*] The direction in the old copy
 is—*Enter Murley and his men, prepared in some filthy order for
 war.* MALONE.

³ — *Dun is the mouse.*] The same phrase occurs in *Romeo
 and Juliet.* See vol. x, p. 34. edit. 1778. MALONE.

of good feathers for you, and forty pence for as many scarfs to set you out withal. Frost and snow, a man has no heart to fight till he be brave.

Dick. Master, we are no babes, our town foot-balls can bear witness: this little 'parel we have, shall off, and we'll fight naked before we run away.

Tom. Nay, I'm of Lawrence' mind for that, for he means to leave his life behind him⁴; he and Leonard; your two loaders, are making their wills, because they have wives; and we bachelors bid our friends scramble for our goods if we die. But, master, pray ye let me ride upon Cut.

Mur. Meal and salt, wheat and malt, fire and tow, frost and snow; why Tom thou shalt. Let me see, here are you: William and George are with my cart, and Robin and Hodge holding my own two horses; proper men, handsome men, tall men, true men,

Dick. But master, master; methinks you are mad to hazard your own person, and a cart-load of money too.

Tom. Yea, and master, there's a worse matter in't; if it be, as I heard say, we go to fight against all the learned bishops, that should give us their blessing; and if they curse us, we shall speed ne'er the better.

Dick. Nay by'r lady, some say the king takes their part; and, master, dare you fight against the king?

Mur. Fye, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro upon occasion; if the king be so unwise to come there, we'll fight with him too.

Tom. What, if you should kill the king?

⁴ — *to leave his life behind him*;] The speaker, I suppose, would say, that Lawrence means, if necessary, to lay down his life; or rather, that going to the field, he leaves all thoughts of life behind him, or at home.—The expression is singular.

Mur. Then we'll make another.

Dick. Is that all? do you not speak treason?

Mur. If we do, who dare trip us? we come to fight for our conscience, and for honour. Little know you what is in my bosom; look here, mad knaves, a pair of gilt spurs.

Tom. A pair of golden spurs? Why do you not put them on your heels? Your bosom's no place for spurs.

Mur. Be't more or less upon occasion, Lord have mercy upon us. Tom thou'rt a fool, and thou speak'st treason to knighthood. Dare any wear gold or silver spurs, till he be a knight? No, I shall be knighted to-morrow, and then they shall on. Sirs, was it ever read in the church-book of Dunstable, that ever malt-man was made knight?

Tom. No, but you are more: you are meal-man, maltman, miller, corn-master, and all.

Dick. Yea, and half a brewer too, and the devil and all for wealth: you bring more money with you than all the rest.

Mur. The more's my honour; I shall be a knight to-morrow. Let me 'spose my men; Tom upon Cut's, Dick upon Hob, Hodge upon Ball, Ralph upon Sorrel, and Robin upon the fore-horse.

Enter Acton, Bourn, and Beverley.

Tom. Stand; who comes there?

Act. All friends, good fellow.

Mur. Friends and fellows indeed, fir Roger.

Act. Why, thus you shew yourself a gentleman, To keep your day, and come so well prepar'd. Your cart stands yonder guarded by your men,

* s — *Tom upon Cut,*] This appears to have been the common name of a horse in Shakspeare's time. See note on *K. Hen. IV. P. I.* last edit. vol. v. p. 292. STEEVENS.

Who tell me it is loaden well with coin.

What sum is there ?

Mur. Ten thousand pound, fir Roger ; and modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomely, see what I have here against I be knighted.

Act. Gilt spurs ? 'Tis well.

Mur. Where's our army, fir ?

Act. Dispers'd in sundry villages about ;
Some here with us in Highgate, some at Finchley,
Tot'nam, Enfield, Edmonton, Newington,
Islington, Hogsdon, Pancras, Kensington ;
Some nearer Thames, Ratcliff, Blackwall, and
Bow :

But our chief strength must be the Londoners,
Which, ere the sun to-morrow shine⁶,
Will be near fifty thousand in the field.

Mur. Marry, God dild ye, dainty my dear ; but upon occasion, fir Roger Acton, doth not the king know of it, and gather his power against us ?

Act. No, he's secure at Eltham.

Mur. What do the clergy ?

Act. They fear extremely, yet prepare no force.

Mur. In and out, to and fro, bully my boykin, we shall carry the world afore us. I vow, by my worship, when I am knighted, we'll take the king napping, if he stand on their part.

Act. This night we few in Highgate will repose ;

With the first cock we'll rise and arm ourselves,
To be in Ficket field by break of day,
And there expect our general, fir John Oldcastle.

Mur. What if he comes not ?

Bourn. Yet our action stands ;
Sir Roger Acton may supply his place.

⁶ *Which, ere the sun—*] The metre of this line is defective. The author probably wrote :

Which ere the sun to-morrow shine upon us— MALONE,

Mur.

Mur. True, master Bourn; but who shall make me knight?

Bev. He that hath power to be our general.

Act. Talk not of trifles; come let us away;
Our friends of London long till it be day. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A high road in Kent.

Enter sir John and Doll.

Doll. By my troth, thou art as jealous a man as lives.

Sir John. Canst thou blame me, Doll? thou art my lands, my goods⁷, my jewels, my wealth, my purse: none walks within forty miles of London, but 'a plies thee as truly as the parish does the poor man's box.

Doll. I am as true to thee as the stone is in the wall; and thou know'st well enough I was in as good doing⁸ when I came to thee, as any wench need to be; and therefore thou hast tried me, that thou hast: and I will not be kept as I have been, that I will not.

Sir John. Doll, if this blade hold, there's not a pedlar walks with a pack, but thou shalt as boldly choose of his wares, as with thy ready money in a merchant's shop: we'll have as good silver as the king's coins any.

⁷ — *thou art my lands, my goods, &c.*] So in the *Taming of the Shrew*:

“She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
“My household stuff, my field, my barn, &c.”

STEVENS.

⁸ — *I was in as good doing,* —] This word was formerly often used in a wanton sense. See a note on *Measure for Measure*, vol. ii, p. 16, edit. 1778. MALONE.

Doll.

Doll. What, is all the gold spent you took the last day from the courtier?

Sir John. 'Tis gone, Doll, 'tis flown; merrily come, merrily gone. He comes a horseback that must pay for all; we'll have as good meat as money can get, and as good gowns as can be bought for gold: be merry wench, the malt-man comes on Monday.

Doll. You might have left me at Cobham, until you had been better provided for.

Sir John. No, sweet Doll, no; I like not that. Yon old ruffian is not for the priest; I do not like a new clerk should come in the old belfry.

Doll. Thou art a mad priest, i'faith.

Sir John. Come Doll, I'll see thee safe at some ale-house here at Cray; and the next sheep that comes shall leave behind his fleece. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Blackbeath.

Enter King Henry disguised, Suffolk, and Butler.

K. Henry. My lord of Suffolk, post away for life,
And let our forces of such horse and foot
As can be gathered up by any means,
Make speedy rendezvous in Tothill-fields.
It must be done this evening, my lord;
This night the rebels mean to draw to head
Near Islington; which if your speed prevent not,
If once they should unite their several forces,
Their power is almost thought invincible.
Away, my lord, I will be with you soon.

Suf. I go, my sovereign, with all happy speed.

K. Henry. Make haste, my lord of Suffolk, as you love us. [Exit Suffolk.

Butler, post you to London with all speed:
Command the mayor and sheriffs, on their allegiance,
The

The city gates be presently shut up,
 And guarded with a strong sufficient watch ;
 And not a man be suffered to pass
 Without a special warrant from ourself.
 Command the postern by the Tower be kept,
 And proclamation, on the pain of death,
 That not a citizen stir from his doors,
 Except such as the mayor and shrieves shall choose
 For their own guard, and safety of their persons.
 Butler away, have care unto my charge.

But. I go, my sovereign.

K. Henry. Butler.

But. My lord.

K. Henry. Go down by Greenwich, and command
 a boat

At the Friars-Bridge attend my coming down.

But. I will, my lord. [*Exit Butler.*]

K. Henry. It's time, I think, to look unto rebellion,
 When Acton doth expect unto his aid
 No less than fifty thousand Londoners.
 Well, I'll to Westminster in this disguise,
 To hear what news is stirring in these brawls.

Enter sir John and Doll.

Sir John. Stand true man, says a thief.

K. Henry. Stand thief, says a true man : how if a
 thief ?

Sir John. Stand thief too.

K. Henry. Then thief or true man, I must stand, I
 see. Howsoever the world wags, the trade of thiev-
 ing yet will never down. What art thou ?

Sir John. A good fellow.

K. Henry. So I am too ; I see thou dost know me.

Sir John. If thou be a good fellow, play the good
 fellow's part ; deliver thy purse without more ado.

K. Henry. I have no money.

Sir John. I must make you find some before we
 part,

part. If you have no money, you shall have ware; as many sound blows as your skin can carry.

K. Henry. Is that the plain truth?

Sir John. Sirrah, no more ado; come, come, give me the money you have. Dispatch, I cannot stand all day.

K. Henry. Well, if thou wilt needs have it, there it is. Just the proverb, one thief robs another. Where the devil are all my old thieves? Falstaff that villain is so fat, he cannot get on his horse⁹; but methinks Poin and Peto should be stirring hereabouts.

Sir John. How much is there on't, o' thy word?

K. Henry. A hundred pound in angels, on my word.

The time has been I would have done as much
For thee, if thou hadst past this way, as I
Have now.

Sir John. Sirrah, what art thou? thou seem'st a gentleman?

K. Henry. I am no less; yet a poor one now, for thou hast all my money.

Sir John. From whence cam'st thou?

⁹ *Where the devil are all my old thieves? Falstaff, that villain, is so fat, he cannot get on his horse;*] From this passage it appears that this play was not written till after Falstaff had been exhibited on the stage in the *First Part of King Henry IV.*

MALONE.

Where the devil are all my old thieves, &c.—] It should seem that this play was written after both Parts of *King Henry IV.* and that the author thought himself at liberty to mention these favourite characters, without adhering to their former destinations, according to which Falstaff, Poin, and Peto were either to be reformed or banished. All the incidents in the piece before us are supposed to happen between his majesty's accession and his departure on the French expedition. STEEVENS.

I have already mentioned the reasons which induce me to believe that this piece was exhibited before *the Second Part of K. Henry IV.* Though the present drama comprehends a period subsequent to Shakspeare's two plays, it might yet have been written before the exhibition of the latter of them. MALONE.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. From the court at Eltham.

Sir John. Art thou one of the king's servants?

K. Henry. Yes, that I am, and one of his chamber.

Sir John. I am glad thou'rt no worse; thou may'st the better spare thy money: And think you thou might'st get a poor thief his pardon, if he should have need¹?

K. Henry. Yes, that I can.

Sir John. Wilt thou do so much for me, when I shall have occasion?

K. Henry. Yes 'faith will I, so it be for no murder.

Sir John. Nay, I am a pitiful thief²; all the hurt I do a man, I take but his purse: I'll kill no man.

K. Henry. Then, on my word I'll do't.

Sir John. Give me thy hand on the same.

K. Henry. There 'tis.

Sir John. Methinks the king should be good to thieves, because he has been a thief himself, although I think now he be turned a true man.

K. Henry. 'Faith, I have heard indeed he has had an ill name that way in his youth; but how canst thou tell that he has been a thief?

Sir John. How? because he once robb'd me before I fell to the trade myself, when that foul villainous guts³, that led him to all that roguery, was in his company there, that Falstaff.

¹ — *and think thou might'st get a poor thief his pardon, if he should have need?*] Thus all the old copies. The word *you* was, I believe, omitted at the press. The king's answer shews that the concluding words of sir John's speech were interrogative. MALONE.

² *Nay, I am a pitiful thief;*] i. e. merciful. So in one of Shakspeare's plays:

“ — Would my heart were flint like Edward's,

“ Or Edward's soft and *pitifull* like mine.” MALONE.

³ — *that foul villainous guts,*] In the *First Part of Henry IV.* the prince addresses Falstaff by this name—“Peace, ye fat guts, lye down.”

Again—“Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool—”

MALONE.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Well, if he did rob thee then, thou art but even with him now, I'll be sworn. [*Aside*] Thou knowest not the king now, I think, if thou sawest him?

Sir John. Not I, i'faith.

K. Henry. So it should seem. [*Aside.*

Sir John. Well, if old king Harry had liv'd, this king that is now, had made thieving the best trade in England.

K. Henry. Why so?

Sir John. Because he was the chief warden of our company. It's pity that e'er he should have been a king, he was so brave a thief. But firrah, wilt remember my pardon if need be?

K. Henry. Yes, 'faith will I.

Sir John. Wilt thou? well then, because thou shalt go safe, for thou may'st hap (being so early) be met with again before thou come to Southwark, if any man, when he should bid thee good morrow, bid thee stand, say thou but *Sir John*, and they will let thee pass.

K. Henry. Is that the word? then let me alone.

Sir John. Nay, firrah, because I think indeed I shall have some occasion to use thee, and as thou com'st off this way, I may light on thee another time, not knowing thee, here I'll break this angel: take thou half of it; this is a token betwixt thee and me⁴.

K. Henry. God-a-mercy; farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir John. O my fine golden slaves! here's for thee, wench, i'faith. Now, Doll, we will revel in our

⁴ — take thou half of it; this is a token betwixt thee and me.] A token was not a coin, but a piece that passed in traffick as the fourth part of a penny. It is mentioned by B. Jonson in his *Bartolemew Fair*: "Buy a token's worth of great pins to fasten yourself to my shoulder." On which words Mr. Whalley observes that "before farthings were coined in 1672, tradesmen were allowed to make them for necessary change, which words were sometimes circumscribed on the reverse. The person's name, or the initial letters of it, appeared on the other side, and he was obliged to receive them back again. They were commonly called tokens." MALONE.

bever'; this is a tithe pig of my vicarage. God-a-mercy, neighbour Shooter's-Hill, you ha' paid your tithe honestly. Well, I hear there is a company of rebels up against the king, got together in Ficket field near Holborn; and, as it is thought here in Kent, the king will be there to night in his own person. Well, I'll to the king's camp, and it shall go hard, if there be any doings, but I'll make some good boot among them*. [*Exeunt fir John and Doll.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

A field near London. King Henry's camp.

Enter king Henry disguised, Suffolk, Huntington, and Attendants with torches.

K. Henry. My lords of Suffolk and of Huntington,
Who scouts it now? or who stand sentinels?
What men of worth, what lords, do walk the round?

Suf. May it please your highness—

K. Henry. Peace, no more of that:
The king's asleep; wake not his majesty
With terms, nor titles; he's at rest in bed.
Kings do not use to watch themselves; they sleep,
And let rebellion and conspiracy
Revel and havock in the commonwealth.
Is London look'd unto?

* — *we will revel in our bever;*] i. e. our luncheon before dinner; something eaten in order to drink with it. *Beuvoir. Fr.*

STEEVENS.

I suspect, the passage is corrupt. In a subsequent scene fir John says to Doll—“We'll to St. Albans, and revel in our bower. I suppose the same word was intended in both places. MALONE.

* — *some good boot among them.*] Some advantage, some gain. Perhaps the author wrote *booty*. MALONE.

Hunt. It is, my lord ;
 Your noble uncle Exeter is there,
 Your brother Gloucester, and my lord of Warwick ;
 Who, with the mayor and the aldermen,
 Do guard the gates, and keep good rule within.
 The earl of Cambridge and sir Thomas Grey
 Do walk the round ; lord Scroope and Butler scout :
 So, though it please your majesty to jest,
 Were you in bed, well might you take your rest.

K. Henry. I thank ye lords ; but you do know of
 old,

That I have been a perfect night-walker.
 London, you say, is safely look'd unto,
 (Alas, poor rebels, there your aid must fail ;)
 And the lord Cobham, sir John Oldcastle,
 Quiet in Kent. Acton, you are deceiv'd ;
 Reckon again, you count without your host ;
 To-morrow you shall give account to us :
 Till when, my friends, this long cold winter's night
 How can we spend ? King Harry is asleep,
 And all his lords ; these garments tell us so ;
 All friends at foot-ball, fellows all in field,
 Harry, and Dick, and George. Bring us a drum⁶ ;
 Give us square dice ; we'll keep this court of guard⁷
 For all good fellows' companies that come.

⁶ *Bring us a drum,*] The drum is called for as a substitute for a table to play upon. MALONE.

⁷ — *we'll keep this court of guard*] The *court of guard* was, I believe, the guard-room. It is likewise mentioned in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ If we be not reliev'd within this hour,

“ We must return to *the court of guard.*”

Again, in *Othello* :

“ In night, and on *the court of guard* and safety”.

In the first quarto edition of *Othello* the words were inadvertently misplaced ; and the error has been followed in the subsequent copies, which all read,

In night and on the court *and guard of safety.*

The passage now before us shews, I think, that this line ought to be printed as it is quoted above. MALONE.

Where's that mad priest ye told me was in arms,
To fight as well as pray, if need requir'd?

Suf. He's in the camp, and if he knew of this,
I undertake he would not be long hence.

K. Henry. Trip Dick, trip George.

Hunt. I must have the dice: what do we play at?

Suf. Passage, if you please⁸.

Hunt. Set round then: so; at all.

K. Henry. George, you are out;

Give me the dice, I pass for twenty pound:
Here's to our lucky passage into France.

Hunt. Harry, you pass indeed, for you sweep all.

Suf. A sign king Harry shall sweep all in France.

Enter sir John.

Sir John. Edge ye, good fellows⁹; take a fresh
gamester in.

K. Henry. Master parson, we play nothing but
gold.

Sir John. And, fellow, I tell thee that the priest
hath gold. Gold! what? ye are but beggarly sol-
diers to me; I think I have more gold than all you
three.

Hunt. It may be so; but we believe it not.

K. Henry. Set, priest, set: I pass for all that gold.

Sir John. You pass indeed.

K. Henry. Priest, hast any more?

Sir John. More! what a question's that?

I tell thee I have more than all you three.

At these ten angels.

K. Henry. I wonder how thou com'st by all this
gold.

How many benefices hast thou, priest?

⁸ Passage, if you please.] This was a game at tables.

STEEVENS.

⁹ Edge ye, good fellows;] i. e. sit sideways; sit closer. MALONE.

Sir John. 'Faith, but one. Dost wonder how I come by gold? I wonder rather how poor soldiers should have gold. For I'll tell thee, good fellow; we have every day tithes, offerings, christenings, weddings, burials; and you poor snakes come seldom to a booty. I'll speak a proud word; I have but one parsonage, Wrotham; 'tis better than the bishoprick of Rochester: there's ne'er a hill, heath, nor down, in all Kent, but 'tis in my parish;—Barham-down, Cobham-down, Gads-hill, Wrotham-hill, Black-heath, Cocks-heath, Birchen-wood, all pay me tithe. Gold quoth-a? ye pass not for that.

Suf. Harry, you are out: now, parson, shake the dice.

Sir John. Set, set, I'll cover ye;—at all:—a plague on't, I am out. The devil, and dice, and a wench, who will trust them?

Suf. Say'st thou so, priest? set fair; at all for once.

K. Henry. Out, fir; pay all.

Sir John. Sir, pay me angel gold: I'll none of your crack'd French crowns nor pistolets; Pay me fair angel gold, as I pay you.

K. Henry. No crack'd French crowns! I hope to see more crack'd French crowns ere long'.

Sir John. Thou mean'st of Frenchmen's crowns, when the king's in France.

Hun. Set round; at all.

Sir John. Pay all. This is some luck.

K. Henry. Give me the dice; 'tis I must shred the priest*:

At all, fir John.

Sir John. The devil and all is yours. At that. 'Sdeath, what casting's this?

* *No crack'd French crowns! I hope to see more crack'd crowns ere long.*] So in *K. Hen IV. P. I.*

“We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,

“And pass them current too.” STEEVENS.

* — *'Tis I must shred the priest:*] Strip him of every thing that he has. Perhaps the author wrote—*shrieve* the priest. MALONE.

Suf. Well thrown, Harry, i'faith.

K. Henry. I'll cast better yet.

Sir John. Then I'll be hang'd. Sirrah, hast thou not given thy soul to the devil for casting?

K. Henry. I pass for all.

Sir John. Thou passest all that e'er I play'd withal. Sirrah, dost thou not cog, nor foist, nor slur?

K. Henry. Set, parson, set; the dice die in my hand.

When, parson, when? what, can you find no more? Already dry? was't you bragg'd of your store?

Sir John. All's gone but that.

Hun. What? half a broken angel.

Sir John. Why, fir, 'tis gold.

K. Henry. Yea, and I'll cover it.

Sir John. The devil give ye good on't! I am blind: You have blown me up.

K. Henry. Nay, tarry, priest; you shall not leave us yet:

Do not these pieces fit each other well?

Sir John. What if they do?

K. Henry. Thereby begins a tale.

There was a thief, in face much like fir John,
(But 'twas not he—that thief was all in green,)
Met me, last day, on Black-heath near the Park;
With him a woman. I was all alone
And weaponless; my boy had all my tools,
And was before, providing me a boat.
Short tale to make, fir John—the thief I mean—
Took a just hundred pound in gold from me.
I storm'd at it, and swore to be reveng'd,
If e'er we met. He, like a lusty thief,
Brake with his teeth this angel just in two,
To be a token at our meeting next;
Provided I should charge no officer

* *When, parson, when?*] See note on *K. Richard II.* last edit. vol. v. p. 138. STEEVENS.

To apprehend him, but at weapon's point
Recover that and what he had beside.

Well met, sir John; betake you to your tools,
By torch-light; for, master parson, you are he
That had my gold.

Sir John. 'Zounds I won it in play, in fair square
play, of the keeper of Eltham-park; and that I will
maintain with this poor whynniard. Be you two ho-
nest men, to stand and look upon us, and let us
alone, and take neither part³.

K. Henry. Agreed; I charge ye do not budge a
foot:

Sir John, have at ye.

Sir John. Soldier, 'ware your scope.
[*As they are preparing to engage, Butler enters, and draws
his sword to part them,*

But. Hold, villain, hold; my lords, what do ye
mean,

To see a traitor draw against the king?

Sir John. The king? God's will, I am in a proper
pickle.

K. Henry. Butler, what news? why dost thou
trouble us?

But. Please your majesty, it is break of day;
And as I scouted near to Islington,
The grey-ey'd morning⁴ gave me glimmering
Of armed men coming down Highgate-hill,
Who by their course are coasting hitherward.

K. Henry. Let us withdraw, my lords; prepare
our troops
To charge the rebels, if there be such cause.

³ — and take neither part?] Thus the quarto 1600.—In the
two folios and Mr. Rowe's edition, the word *take* is omitted.

MALONE.

⁴ *The grey-ey'd morning*—] The same epithet is applied to the
morning in *Romeo and Juliet*:

⁴ *The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night—*⁵⁰

MALONE.

For this lewd priest, this devilish hypocrite,
That is a thief, a gamester, and what not,
Let him be hang'd up for example sake.

Sir John. Not so, my gracious sovereign. I confess I am a frail man, flesh and blood as others are; but set my imperfections aside, you have not a taller man, nor a truer subject to the crown and state, than sir John of Wrotham is.

K. Henry. Will a true subject rob his king?

Sir John. Alas, 'twas ignorance and want, my gracious liege.

K. Henry. 'Twas want of grace. Why, you should be as salt

To season others with good document;
Your lives, as lamps to give the people light;
As shepherds, not as wolves to spoil the flock:
Go hang him, Butler. Didst thou not rob me?

Sir John. I must confess I saw some of your gold; but, my dread lord, I am in no humour for death. God wills that finners live; do not you cause me to die. Once in their lives the best may go astray; and if the world say true, yourself, my liege, have been a thief.

K. Henry. I confess I have;

But I repent and have reclaim'd myself.

Sir John. So will I do, if you will give me time.

K. Henry. Wilt thou? my lords, will you be his sureties?

Hunt. That when he robs again he shall be hang'd.

Sir John. I ask no more.

K. Henry. And we will grant thee that.

Live and repent, and prove an honest man;
Which when I hear, and safe return from France,
I'll give thee living. Till when, take thy gold,
But spend it better than at cards, or wine;
For better virtues fit that coat of thine.

Sir John. *Vivat rex, & currat lex.* My liege, if ye have cause of battle, ye shall see sir John bestir himself in your quarrel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A field of Battle near London.

Alarum. Enter king Henry, Suffolk, Huntington, and sir John bringing forth Acton, Beverley, and Murley, prisoners.

K. Henry. Bring in those traitors, whose aspiring
minds

Thought to have triumph'd in our overthrow :

But now ye see, base villains, what success

Attends ill actions wrongfully attempted.

Sir Roger Acton, thou retain'st the name

Of knight, and shouldst be more discreetly temper'd

Than join with peasants ; gentry is divine,

But thou hast made it more than popular⁵.

Act. Pardon, my lord, my conscience urg'd me
to it.

K. Henry. Thy conscience ! then thy conscience is
corrupt⁶ ;

For in thy conscience thou art bound to us,

And in thy conscience thou shouldst love thy coun-
try :

Else what's the difference 'twixt a Christian,

And the uncivil manners of the Turk ?

⁵ — *thou hast made it more than popular.*] Thou hast made it vulgar. Thou hast done more than captivate the affections of the people ; thou hast debased thyself by associating with the lowest of the populace. MALONE.

⁶ *Thy conscience ! then conscience is corrupt ;*] The defective metre of this line shews that the word *thy*, which has been supplied, was omitted by the haste of the compositor. MALONE.

Conscience is often used, by our ancient writers, as a trisyllable.
STEEVENS.

It does not, however, seem to have been intended so here. If it were, there would be a redundant syllable in the line. It is not a trisyllable in the preceding line, nor in a subsequent part of this scene, where it again occurs. Besides, the sense requires the word that has been supplied. MALONE.

Bev. We meant no hurt unto your majesty,
But reformation of religion.

K. Henry. Reform religion? was it that you
fought?

I pray, who gave you that authority?

Belike then we do hold the scepter up,
And sit within the throne but for a cipher.

Time was, good subjects would make known their
grief,

And pray amendment, not enforce the same,
Unless their king were tyrant; which I hope

You cannot justly say that Harry is.

What is that other?

Suf. A malt-man, my lord,

And dwelling in Dunstable, as he says.

K. Henry. Sirrah, what made you leave your bar-
ley-broth,

To come in armour thus against your king?

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, in and out
upon occasion, what a world is this! Knighthood,
my liege, 'twas knighthood brought me hither:
they told me I had wealth enough to make my wife
a lady.

K. Henry. And so you brought those horses which
we saw

Trapp'd all in costly furniture; and meant
To wear these spurs when you were knighted once.

Mur. In and out upon occasion, I did.

K. Henry. In and out upon occasion, therefore
You shall be hang'd, and in the stead of wearing
These spurs upon your heels, about your neck
They shall bewray your folly to the world.

Sir John. In and out upon occasion, that goes
hard.

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro. Good my
liege, a pardon; I am sorry for my fault.

K. Henry. That comes too late. But tell me, went
there none

Beside fir Roger Acton, upon whom
You did depend to be your governor?

Mur. None, my good lord, but fir John Oldcastle.

K. Henry. Bears he a part in this conspiracy?

Act. We look'd, my lord, that he would meet us
here.

K. Henry. But did he promise you that he would
come?

Act. Such letters we received forth of Kent.

Enter the bishop of Rochester.

Roch. Where is my lord the king? Health to
your grace.

Examining, my lord, some of these rebels,
It is a general voice among them all,
That they had never come into this place,
But to have met their valiant general,
The good lord Cobham, as they title him;
Whereby, my lord, your grace may now perceive,
His treason is apparent, which before
He sought to colour by his flattery.

K. Henry. Now, by my royalty I would have sworn,
But for his conscience, which I bear withal,
There had not liv'd a more true-hearted subject?

Roch. It is but counterfeit, my gracious lord;
And therefore may it please your majesty
To set your hand unto this precept here,
By which we'll cause him forthwith to appear,
And answer this by order of the law.

K. Henry. Not only that, but take commission
To search, attach, imprison, and condemn
This most notorious traitor as you please.

Roch. It shall be done, my lord, without delay.
So, now I hold, lord Cobham, in my hand,
That which shall finish thy disdain'd life. [*Aside.*]

¹ *There had not liv'd a more true-hearted subject.*] Mr. Rowe and
the other modern editions read—There had liv'd, &c. MALONE.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. I think the iron age begins but now,
Which learned poets have so often taught ;
Wherein there is no credit to be given
To either words, or looks, or solemn oaths :
For if there were, how often hath he sworn * ,
How gently tun'd the musick of his tongue !
And with what amiable face beheld he me,
When all, God knows, was but hypocrisy !

Enter Cobham.

Cob. Long life and prosperous reign unto my lord.

K. Henry. Ah villain ! canst thou wish prosperity,
Whose heart includeth nought but treachery ?
I do arrest thee here myself, false knight,
Of treason capital against the state.

Cob. Of treason, mighty prince ? your grace mistakes ;
I hope it is but in the way of mirth.

K. Henry. Thy neck shall feel it is in earnest,
shortly.
Dar'ft thou intrude into our presence, knowing
How heinously thou hast offended us ?
But this is thy accustomed deceit ;
Now thou perceiv'st thy purpose is in vain,
With some excuse or other thou wilt come
To clear thyself of this rebellion.

Cob. Rebellion ! good my lord, I know of none.

K. Henry. If you deny it, here is evidence.
See you these men ? you never counselled,
Nor offer'd them assistance in their wars ?

Cob. Speak, sirs, not one but all ; I crave no favour ;
Have ever I been conversant with you,
Or written letters to encourage you ?
Or kindled but the least or smallest part

* For if there were, how often hath he sworn,] The old copies read unintelligibly—For if he were,— MALONE.

Of this your late unnatural rebellion ?

Speak, for I dare the uttermost you can.

Mur. In and out upon occasion, I know you not.

K. Henry. No ! didst thou not say, that sir John
Oldcastle

Was one with whom you purpos'd to have met ?

Mur. True, I did say so ; but in what respect ?
Because I heard it was reported so.

K. Henry. Was there no other argument but that ?

Act. To clear my conscience ere I die my lord,⁹
I must confess we have no other ground
But only rumour, to accuse this lord ;
Which now I see was merely fabulous.

K. Henry. The more pernicious you to taint him
then,

Whom you know was not faulty, yea or no.

Cob. Let this, my lord, which I present your grace,
Speak for my loyalty ; read these articles,
And then give sentence of my life or death.

K. Henry Earl Cambridge, Scroope, and Grey,
corrupted

With bribes from Charles of France, either to win
My crown from me, or secretly contrive
My death by treason ! Is it possible ?

Cob. There is the platform, and their hands, my
lord,

Each severally subscribed to the same,

K. Henry. Oh never-heard-of, base ingratitude !

Even those I hug within my bosom most,
Are readiest evermore to sting my heart.

Pardon me, Cobham, I have done thee wrong ;
Hereafter I will live to make amends.

Is then their time of meeting so near hand ?

We'll meet with them, but little for their ease,
If God permit. Go take these rebels hence,

⁹ *To clear my conscience ere I die my lord,*] This line, which is omitted in the folios and Mr. Rowe's edition, is found in the quarto. MALONE.

Let them have martial law : but as for thee,
Friend to thy king and country, still be free.

[*Exeunt king Henry and Cobham.*]

Mur. Be it more or less, what a world is this ?
Would I had continued still of the order of knaves,
And ne'er fought knighthood, since it costs so dear :
Sir Roger, I may thank you for all.

Æt. Now 'tis too late to have it remedied,
I pr'ythee, Murley, do not urge me with it.

Hunt. Will you away, and make no more to do ?

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, as occasion
serves :

If you be so hasty, take my place.

Hunt. No, good sir knight, e'en take it yourself.

Mur. I could be glad to give my betters place.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Kent.

Court before lord Cobham's house.

*Enter the bishop of Rochester, lord warden of the cinque
ports, Cromer, lady Cobham, and attendants.*

Roch. I tell ye, lady, 'tis not possible
But you should know where he conveys himself;
And you have hid him in some secret place.

L. Cob. My lord, believe me, as I have a soul¹,
I know not where my lord my husband is.

Roch. Go to, go to ; you are an heretick,
And will be forc'd by torture to confess,
If fair means will not serve to make you tell.

L. Cob. My husband is a noble gentleman,
And need not hide himself for any fact
That e'er I heard of ; therefore wrong him not.

¹ — as I have a soul,] The modern editors read, without either
authority or necessity, —as I love my soul. MALONE.

Roch.

Roch. Your husband is a dangerous schismatick,
 Traitor to God, the king, and commonwealth;
 And therefore, master Cromer, shrieve of Kent,
 I charge you take her to your custody,
 And seize the goods of fir John Oldcastle
 To the king's use; let her go in no more,
 To fetch so much as her apparel out:
 There is your warrant from his majesty.

L. War. Good my lord bishop, pacify your wrath
 Against the lady.

Roch. Then let her confess
 Where Oldcastle her husband is conceal'd.

L. War. I dare engage mine honour and my life,
 Poor gentlewoman, she is ignorant
 And innocent of all his practices,
 If any evil by him be practis'd.

Roch. If, my lord warden? Nay then I charge
 you,

That all cinque-ports, whereof you are chief,
 Be laid forthwith^a; that he escapes us not.
 Shew him his highness' warrant, master sheriff.

L. War. I am sorry for the noble gentleman.

Roch. Peace, he comes here; now do your office.

Enter Cobham and Harpool.

Cob. Harpool, what business have we here in hand?
 What makes the bishop and the sheriff here?
 I fear my coming home is dangerous;
 I would I had not made such haste to Cobham.

Har. Be of good cheer, my lord: if they be foes,
 we'll scramble shrewdly with them; if they be friends,
 they are welcome.

Crom. Sir John Oldcastle, lord Cobham, in the
 king's name, I arrest you of high treason.

^a *Be lay'd forthwith,*—] Be watched by persons employed to
 way-lay and observe all who attempt to leave the kingdom.

MALONE.

Cob.

Cob. Treason, master Cromer!

Har. Treason, master sheriff! what treason?

Cob. Harpool, I charge thee stir not, but be quiet.
Do you arrest me of treason, master sheriff?

Roch. Yea, of high treason, traitor, heretick.

Cob. Defiance in his face that calls me so:
I am as true a loyal gentleman
Unto his highness, as my proudest enemy.
The king shall witness my late faithful service,
For safety of his sacred majesty.

Roch. What thou art, the king's hand shall testify:

Shew him, lord warden.

Cob. Jesu defend me!

Is't possible your cunning could so temper
The princely disposition of his mind,
To sign the damage of a loyal subject?
Well, the best is, it bears an antedate,
Procured by my absence and your malice.
But I, since that, have shew'd myself as true
As any churchman that dare challenge me.
Let me be brought before his majesty;
If he acquit me not, then do your worst.

Roch. We are not bound to do kind offices
For any traitor, schismatick, nor heretick.
The king's hand is our warrant for our work,
Who is departed on his way for France,
And at Southampton doth repose this night.

Har. O that thou and I were within twenty miles
of it, on Salisbury plain! I would lose my head if
thou brought'st thy head hither again. [*Aside.*]

Cob. My lord warden of the cinque-ports, and
lord of Rochester, ye are joint commissioners: fa-
vour me so much, on my expence, to bring me to
the king.

Roch. What, to Southampton?

Cob. Thither, my good lord:
And if he do not clear me of all guilt,

And

And all suspicion of conspiracy,
 Pawning his princely warrant for my truth,
 I ask no favour, but extremest torture.
 Bring me, or send me to him, good my lord;
 Good my lord warden, master shrieve, entreat.

[*They both entreat for him.*]

Come hither, lady;—nay, sweet wife, forbear
 To heap one sorrow on another's neck.
 'Tis grief enough falsely to be accus'd,
 And not permitted to acquit myself;
 Do not thou, with thy kind respective tears,¹
 Torment thy husband's heart, that bleeds for thee,
 But be of comfort. God hath help in store
 For those that put assured trust in him.
 Dear wife, if they commit me to the Tower,
 Come up to London, to your sister's house;
 That, being near me, you may comfort me.
 One solace find I settled in my soul,
 That I am free from treason's very thought.
 Only my conscience for the gospel's sake
 Is cause of all the troubles I sustain.

L. Cob. O my dear lord, what shall betide of us?
 You to the Tower, and I turn'd out of doors;
 Our substance seiz'd unto his highness' use,
 Even to the garments 'longing to our backs?

Har. Patience, good madam, things at worst will
 mend;

And if they do not, yet our lives may end.

Roch. Urge it no more; for if an angel spake,
 I swear by sweet Saint Peter's blessed keys,
 First goes he to the Tower, then to the stake.

Grom. But, by your leave, this warrant doth not
 stretch
 To imprison her.

¹ — *with thy kind respective tears,*] *Respective* was used by
 our ancient writers in the sense of *respectful*. So in *K. Jobn*:

“ 'Tis too *respective* and too sociable.” MALONE.

Roch:

Roch. No; turn her out of doors,
Even as she is, and lead him to the Tower,
With guard enough, for fear of rescuing.

L. Cob. O God requite thee, thou blood-thirsty
man!

Cob. May it not be, my lord of Rochester?
Wherein have I incurr'd your hate so far,
That my appeal unto the king's deny'd?

Roch. No hate of mine, but power of holy church,
Forbids all favour to false hereticks.

Cob. Your private malice, more than publick power,
Strikes most at me; but with my life it ends.

Har. O that I had the bishop in that fear
That once I had his sumner by ourselves! [*Aside.*]

Crom. My lord, yet grant one suit unto us all;
That this same ancient servingman may wait
Upon my lord his master, in the Tower.

Roch. This old-iniquity⁴, this heretick,
That, in contempt of our church discipline,
Compell'd my sumner to devour his process!
Old ruffian past-grace, upstart schismatick,
Had not the king pray'd us to pardon you,
You had fry'd for't, you grizled heretick.

Har. 'Sblood, my lord bishop, you wrong me; I
am neither heretick nor puritan, but of the old
church. I'll swear, drink ale, kiss a wench, go to
mas, eat fish all Lent⁵, and fast Fridays with cakes
and wine, fruit and spicery; shrive me of my old
sins afore Easter, and begin new before Whitsuntide.

Crom. A merry mad conceited knave, my lord,

Har. That knave was simply put upon the bishop.

Roch. Well, God forgive him, and I pardon
him:

⁴ *This old iniquity,*—] Alluding to the character with that name
in the old moralities. See note on *K. Rich. III.* last edit. vol. vii.
p. 70. STEVENS.

⁵ — *eat fish all Lent, &c.*] See note on *K. Lear*, last edit. vol.
ix. p. 387. STEVENS.

Let him attend his master in the Tower,
For I in oharity with his soul no hurt.

Cob. God blefs my foul from fuch cold charity!

Roch. To the Tower with him; and when my lei-
fure ferves,

I will examine him of articles.

Look, my lord warden, as you have in charge,
The thrieve perform his office.

War. Ay, my lord.

[*Exeunt lord warden, Cromer, and lord Cobham.*

Enter, from lord Cobham's houfe, Sumner with books.

Roch. What bring'ft thou there? what, books of
heresy?

Sum. Yea, my lord, here's not a Latin book, no
not fo much as our Lady's Pfalter. Here's the *Bible*,
the *Testament*, the *Pfalms* in metre, *The Sick Man's*
Salve, the *Treasure of Gladnefs*, all English; no not fo
much but the Almanack's English.

Roch. Away with them, to the fire with them,
Clun:

Now fye upon thefe upstart hereticks.

All English! burn them, burn them quickly,
Clun.

Har. But do not, sumner, as you'll answer it; for
I have there English books, my lord, that I'll not
part withal for your bishopruck: *Bevis of Hampton*,
Owleglaf's, *The Friar and the Boy*, *Elinour Rum-*
ming, *Robin Hood*⁶, and other fuch godly ftories;
which

⁶ *Bevis of Hampton*, *Owleglaf's*, *The Friar and the Boy*, *Eli-*
nour Rumming, *Robin Hood*,—] The metrical romances of *Bevis*
of Hampton, and *Robin Hood*, are well known. *Elinour Rumming*
is a poem by Skelton, and *Owleglaf's* a tranflation from the Dutch
Uyle Speghel.

The *Friar and the Boy* I have met with only once. It is bound
up with twenty-five other curious tracts in the Univerfity Library
at Cambridge, vol. D. 5. 2. It confifts of 76 fix-line ftanzas,
together with fix of four lines each. Its title, conclufion, and

which if ye burn, by this flesh I'll make you drink
their ashes in Saint Margaret's ale ?.

[*Exeunt bishop of Rochester, lady Cobham,
Harpool, and Sumner.*]

SCENE

varieties of metre, are as follow.—*Here begynneth a merry geste of
the Frere and the boye.*

“ God that dyed for us all,
“ And dranke bothe eyfell and gall,
“ Brynge us out of bale !
“ And gyve them good lyfe and longe,
“ That lysteneth to my songe,
“ Or tendeth to my tale !”

“ Thus they departed in that tyde,
“ The offycyall and the sompnere,
“ His stepdame, and the frere,
“ With grete joye and moche pryde.”

*Thus endeth the frere and ye boye. Emprynted at London in Flet-
street at the sygne of the sonne by Wynkyn de Worde. No date.*

This boy, who suffers from the capricious cruelty of a mother-
in-law, is presented by a magician, whom he meets accidentally,
with three gifts. The first is an unerring bow ; the second a pipe
which would compel all who heard it to dance incessantly ; the
third must explain itself.

“ Whan my fader gyveth me mete,
“ She wolde thereon that I were cheke,
“ And stareth me in the face.
“ Whan she loketh on me so,
“ I wolde she sholde let a rappe go
“ That it myght ryng over all the place.”

At his return, he finds occasion to try the effects of his magick,
which are described as follows.

“ That greved his step moder's herte sore.
“ As I tolde you before,
“ She stared hym in the face.
“ With that she let go a blafte,
“ That they in the hall were agaste,
“ It range over all the place.”
“ All they laughed, and had great game,
“ The wyfe waxed reed for shame,
“ She wolde that she had ben gone.
“ Quod the boye, well I wote
“ That gouge was well shote
“ As it had ben a stone.”

SCENE IV.

The entrance of the Tower.

Enter the bishop of Rochester, attended.

1 Ser. Is it your honour's pleasure we shall stay,
Or come back in the afternoon to fetch you?

Roch.

"Cursedly she loked on him tho,—

"An other blaste she let go,

"She was almooste rente :

"Quoth the boye, wyll ye se

"How my dame letteth pellettes fle,

"In fayth or ever she stynte."

In consequence of this discipline, the *frere* is employed by the *stepdame* to persecute the *boye*: the *boye* first mollifies the *frere* by a display of the wonders of his bow. Then sending him into the thicket to pick up a bird that he had shot, he pulls out his pipe, and playing on it compels the ghostly father to dance and caper, till his clothes are rent from his back among the thorns.

"The *frere* out of the bushe wente,

"All to ragged and to-rente,

"And torne on every side ;

"Unnethes on hym had one cloute,

"His bely for to wrappe aboute,

"His harneys for to hyde."

The *boye* is then brought before the *offycall*, or magistrate, who desires to hear a specimen of his musick. The *frere* remonstrates against this proposal, but the lad plays, and throws all the parties into another fit of dancing, in which the *offycall* himself is compelled to join, and the *stepdame* exhibits fresh proofs of her statulency. The tired magistrate at last entreats our hero to suspend his operations, and, on his compliance, immediately reconciles him to his enemies.

From a circumstance in the accusation preferr'd "before the *offycall*" against the lad, as well as from some words and peculiarities of phrase, I should suppose the tale to be of French extraction.

"He is a grete nygromancere,

"In all *orlyauce* is not his pere."

Mention is made of the witches of *Orleans* in some of our ancient treatises on forcery.

I am told likewise that the French have a *petit piece* founded on the same story ; and that the performance of *Carlin*, the celebrated

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE. 341

Roch. Now you have brought me here into the Tower,

You may go back unto the porter's lodge,
Where, if I have occasion to employ you,
I'll send some officer to call you to me.

Into the city go not, I command you :
Perhaps I may have present need to use you.

2 *Ser.* We will attend your honour here without.

3 *Ser.* Come, we may have a quart of wine at the Rose at Barking, and come back an hour before he'll go.

1 *Ser.* We must hie us then.

3 *Ser.* Let's away. [Exeunt.]

Roch. Ho, master lieutenant.

Enter Lieutenant of the Tower.

Lieu. Who calls there ?

Roch. A friend of yours.

Lieu. My lord of Rochester ! your honour's welcome.

Roch. Sir, here is my warrant from the council,
For conference with fir John Oldcastle,
Upon some matter of great consequence.

Lieu. Ho, fir John.

Har. [Within.] Who calls there ?

Lieu. Harpool, tell fir John, that my lord of Rochester

Comes from the council to confer with him.
I think you may as safe without suspicion
As any man in England, as I hear,
For it was you most labour'd his commitment.

Roch. I did, fir,
And nothing do repent it, I assure you.

brated Harlequin, was comick in the highest degree throughout the whole, but especially in the scene where he danced till he was ready to expire. STEEVENS.

' — in St. Margaret's ale.] *St. Margaret's ale* is, I suppose, water, which in cant language is still called *Adam's ale*. The old copies read—*Saint Marget's ale*; and I know not whethet they are not right. MALONE.

Enter lord Cobham and Harpool.

Master lieutenant, I pray you give us leave ;
I must confer here with sir John a little.

Lieu. With all my heart, my lord.

[Exit lieutenant.]

Har. My lord, be rul'd

By me ; take this occasion while 'tis offer'd,
And on my life your lordship will escape. *[Aside.]*

Cob. No more I say ; peace, lest he should suspect it.

Roch. Sir John, I am come to you from the lords
o' the council,

To know if yet you do recant your errors.

Cob. My lord of Rochester, on good advice,
I see my error ; but yet understand me ;
I mean not error in the faith I hold,
But error in submitting to your pleasure.
Therefore your lordship, without more to do,
Must be a means to help me to escape.

Roch. What means, thou heretick ?

Dar'st thou but lift thy hand against my calling ?

Cob. No, not to hurt you, for a thousand pound.

Har. Nothing but to borrow your upper garments
a little : not a word more ; peace for waking the chil-
dren. There ; put them on ; dispatch, my lord ; the
window that goes out into the leads is sure enough ;
as for you, I'll bind you surely in the inner room.

[Carries the bishop into the Tower, and returns.]

Cob. This is well begun ; God send us happy speed :
Hard shift, you see, men make in time of need.

[Puts on the bishop's cloak.]

Re-enter the bishop of Rochester's servants.

1 *Ser.* I marvel that my lord should stay so long.

2 *Ser.* He hath sent to seek us, I dare lay my life.

3 *Ser.* We come in good time ; see where he is
coming,

Har.

Har. I beseech you, good my lord of Rochester,
Be favourable to my lord and master.

Cob. The inner rooms be very hot and close;
I do not like this air here in the Tower.

Har. His ease is hard, my lord. [*Afide.*] You shall scarcely get out of the Tower, but I'll down upon them *: in which time get you away. Hard under Islington wait you my coming; I will bring my lady ready with horses to get hence.

Cob. Fellow, go back again unto thy lord,
And counsel him.

Har. Nay, my good lord of Rochester, I'll bring you to St. Alban's, through the woods, I warrant you.

Cob. Villain, away.

Har. Nay, since I am past the Tower's liberty,
You part not so. [*He draws.*]

Cob. Clubs, clubs, clubs.

1 *Ser.* Murder, murder, murder.

2 *Ser.* Down with him.

Har. Out you cowardly rogues. [*Cobham escapes.*]

Enter lieutenant of the Tower and warders.

Lieu. Who is so bold to dare to draw a sword
So near unto the entrance of the Tower?

1 *Ser.* This ruffian, servant to sir John Oldcastle,
Was like to have slain my lord.

Lieu. Lay hold on him.

Har. Stand off, if you love your puddings.

Koch. [*Within.*] Help, help, help, master lieutenant, help.

Lieu. Who's that within? some treason in the
Tower,

Upon my life. Look in, who's that which calls?

[*Exit one of the warders.*]

* You shall scarcely get out of the Tower, but I'll down upon them:]
The old copies read, I think corruptedly—You shall safely, &c.

Re-enter Warder, and the bishop of Rochester bound.

Lieu. Without your cloak, my lord of Rochester?

Har. There, now I see it works: then let me speed,
For now's the fittest time to scape away. [*Exit Harpool.*]

Lieu. Why do you look so ghastly and affrighted?

Roch. Oldcastle that traitor, and his man,
When you had left me to confer with him,
Took, bound, and stripp'd me, as you see I am,
And left me lying in his inner chamber,²
And so departed.

1 Ser. And I?—

Lieu. And you now say that the lord Cobham's man
Did here set on you like to murder you.

1 Ser. And so he did.

Roch. It was upon his master then he did,
That in the brawl the traitor might escape.

Lieu. Where is this Harpool?

2 Ser. Here he was even now.

Lieu. Where fled, can you tell?—They are both
escap'd*.

Since it so happens that he is escap'd,
I am glad you are a witness of the same:
It might have else been laid unto my charge,
That I had been consenting to the fact.

Roch. Come;

Search shall be made for him with expedition,
The haven's laid¹ that he shall not escape;
And hue and cry continue throughout England,
To find this damned, dangerous heretick. *Exeunt.*

* — in his inner chamber,] So the quarto. The folios and the modern editors read—in *this* inner chamber. MALONE.

¹ And I] These words are, in the old editions, connected by mistake with the latter part of the bishop's speech. The lieutenant's interruption shews that they belong to one of the bishop's attendants. MALONE.

² Where fled, can you tell?—They are both escap'd.] Perhaps the latter words belong to the servant. STEEVENS.

The word *fled* has been added. The defective metre of the line, as it stands in the old copy, shews that some word was omitted.

MALONE.

¹ The haven's laid—] i. e. way-lay'd—or guarded. MALONE.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A room in lord Cobham's house in Kent.

Enter Cambridge, Scroope, and Grey. They sit down at a table; King Henry, Suffolk, Cobham, and other lords, listening at the door,

Cam. In mine opinion, Scroope hath well advis'd ;
Poison will be the only aptest mean,
And fittest for our purpose to dispatch him.

Grey. But yet there may be doubt in the delivery ;

Harry is wise ; and therefore, earl of Cambridge,
I judge that way not so convenient.

Scroope. What think ye then of this ? I am his bed-fellow,

And unsuspected nightly sleep with him.
What if I venture, in those silent hours
When sleep hath sealed up all mortal eyes,
To murder him in bed ? how like ye that ?

Cam. Herein consists no safety for yourself :
And you disclos'd, what shall become of us ?
But this day, as ye know, he will aboard,
(The wind's so fair) and set away for France :
If, as he goes, or entering in the ship,
It might be done, then were it excellent.

Grey. Why, any of these : or, if you will, I'll cause
A present sitting o' the council, wherein
I will pretend some matter of such weight
As needs must have his royal company ;
And so dispatch him in his council-chamber.

Cam. Tush, yet I hear not any thing to purpose :
I wonder that lord Cobham stays so long ;
His counsel in this case would much avail us.

[The king and his lords advance.

Scroope.

Scroope. What, shall we rise thus, and determine nothing?

K. Henry. That were a shame indeed: no, sit again, And you shall have my counsel in this case.

If you can find no way to kill the king,
Then you shall see how I can furnish you.

Scroope's way by poison was indifferent;

But yet, being bed-fellow to the king,

And unsuspected sleeping in his bosom,

In mine opinion that's the likelier way:

For such false friends are able to do much,

And silent night is treason's fittest friend.

Now, Cambridge, in his setting hence for France,

Or by the way, or as he goes aboard,

To do the deed, that was indifferent too,

But somewhat doubtful.

Marry, lord Grey² came very near the point,

To have the king at council, and there murder him,

As Cæsar was, among his dearest friends.

Tell me, oh tell me, you, bright honour's stains,

For which of all my kindnesses to you,

Are ye become thus traitors to your king,

And France must have the spoil of Harry's life?

All. Oh pardon, us dread lord.

K. Henry. How! pardon you? that were a sin indeed.

Drag them to death, which justly they deserve:

And France shall dearly buy this villainy,

So soon as we set footing on her breast.

God have the praise for our deliverance!

And next our thanks, lord Cobham, is to thee,

True perfect mirror of nobility.

[*Exeunt.*

² *Marry, lord Grey*—] Here again either the author was inattentive, or has given the title of nobility to sir Thomas Grey, as one of the *lords* of the council; for so the members of that body are sometimes called: From his second speech in the present scene, he should seem to have been *lord president*. MALONE.

SCENE

S C E N E II³.*A high road near St. Albans.**Enter sir John and Doll.*

Sir John. Come Doll, come, be merry, wench. Farewel Kent; we are not for thee. Be lusty my las; come, for Lancashire: we must nip the bung for these crowns⁴.

Doll. Why is all the gold spent already, that you had the other day?

Sir John. Gone, Doll, gone; flown, spent, vanish'd. The devil, drink, and dice, has devoured all.

Doll. You might have left me in Kent, till you had been better provided.

Sir John. No, Doll, no; Kent's too hot, Doll, Kent's too hot. The weathercock of Wrotham will crow no longer; we have pluck'd him, he has lost his feathers; I have prun'd him bare, left him thrice⁵; he is moulted, he is moulted, wench.

Doll. I might have gone to service again; old master Harpool told me he would provide me a mistress.

Sir John. Peace, Doll, peace. Come, mad wench, I'll make thee an honest woman; we'll into Lancashire to our friends: the troth is, I'll marry thee.

³ This scene in all the old editions is misplaced; being introduced after the interview between lord Cobham and the host, and after the Irishman had been divested of the gold that he had taken from his dead master, and had fled for refuge to the inn.—The necessary alteration was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁴ *we must nip the bung, &c.*] i. e. cut a purse. See Greene's Works. See also a note on *K. Henry IV.* P. II. last edit. vol. v. p. 497. STEVENS.

⁵ — *left him thrice*;] As these words afford no meaning, it is to be presumed that they are corrupt. The copies afford no assistance. MALONE.

I am told that in Wales the geese bear plucking *twice* a year. The bird which the person left after *thrice* plucking, would indeed be worth nothing. I suspect that we should read—*left him bare thrice*; omitting the word *bare* in the former clause of the sentence. STEVENS.

We want but a little money, and money we will have, I warrant thee. Stay; who comes here? Some Irish villain methinks, that has slain a man, and now is rifling of him. Stand close, Doll; we'll see the end.

Enter an Irishman with his dead master. He lays him down, and rifles him.

Irishm. Alas poe master, fir Richard Lee; be Saint Patrick, Ise rob and cut thy trote, for de shain⁶, and dy mony, and dy gold ring. Be me truly, Ise love dee well, but now dow be kill, dow be shitten knave.

S. John. Stand, firrah; what art thou?

Irishm. Be Saint Patrick, mester, Ise poor Irisman; Ise a leuster*.

S. John. Sirrah, firrah, you're a damn'd rogue; you have kill'd a man here, and rifled him of all that he has. 'Sblood you rogue, deliver, or I'll not leave you so much as a hair above your shoulders, you whorson Irish dog. [Robs him.]

Irishm. We's me! by saint Patrick, Ise kill my mester for his shain and his ring; and now Ise be rob of all. Me's undo.

S. John. Avaunt, you rascal; go firrah, be walking. Come Doll, the devil laughs when one thief robs another. Come wench, we'll to St. Albans, and revel in our bower, my brave girl.

Doll. O, thou art old fir John, when all's done, i'faith. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

St. Albans.

The entrance of a carrier's inn.

Enter Host and the Irishman.

Irishm. Be me tro, mester, Ise poor Irisman, Ise want ludging. Ise have no mony, Ise starve and

* — for de shaine,] i. e. for thy chain. MALONE,

• Ise a leuster.] This was probably an intentional corruption; but I know not what word it was put for. MALONE;

cold :

cold : good master give hur some meat ; Ise famise and tye.

Host. 'Faith, fellow, I have no lodging, but what I keep for my guests. As for meat, thou shalt have as much as there is ; and if thou wilt lie in the barn, there's fair straw, and room enough.

Irishm. Ise tank my mester heartily.

Host. Ho, Robin.

Enter Robin.

Rob. Who calls ?

Host. Shew this poor Irishman to the barn ; go firrah.
[*Exeunt Robin and Irishman.*]

Enter Carrier and Kate.

Car. Who's within here ? who looks to the horses ? Uds heart, here's fine work ; the hens in the maunger, and the hogs in the litter. A bots 'found you all ; here's a house well look'd to, i'faith.

Kate. Mas gaff Club, Ise very cawd.

Car. Get in, Kate, get in to fire, and warm thee. John ostler.

Host. What, gaffer Club ! Welcome to St. Albans.

How does all our friends in Lancashire ?

Enter Ostler.

Car. Well, God-a-mercy. John, how does Tom ? where is he ?

Ostl. Tom's gone from hence ; he's at the three horse-loaves⁷ at Stony-Stratford. How does old Dick Dun ?

Car. Uds heart, old Dun has bin moyr'd in a slough in Brick-hill-lane. A plague 'found it ! yonder's such abomination weather as was never seen.

⁷ — at the three horse-loaves at Stony-Stratford.] It appears from the earl of Northumberland's *Household Book*, that horses were not so usually fed with corn loose in the manger, in the present manner, as with their provender made into loaves. PERCY.

Ostl.

Offl. Uds heart! Thief! 'a shall have one half peck of pease and oats more for that, as I am John ostler; he has been ever as good a jade as ever travelled.

Car. 'Faith, well said, old Jack; thou art the old lad still.

Offl. Come, gaffer Club, unload, unload, and get to supper. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

The same.

A room in the carrier's inn.

Enter Host, lord Cobham, and Harpool.

Host. Sir, you're welcome to this house, to such as is here with all my heart; but I fear your lodging will be the worst. I have but two beds, and they are both in a chamber; and the carrier and his daughter lies in the one, and you and your wife must lie in the other.

Cob. 'Faith, fir, for myself I do not greatly pass: My wife is weary, and would be at rest, For we have travell'd very far to day; We must be content with such as you have.

Host. But I cannot tell what to do with your man.

Har. What? hast thou never an empty room in thy house for me?

Host. Not a bed in troth. There came a poor Irishman, and I lodg'd him in the barn, where he has fair straw, although he have nothing else.

Har. Well, mine host, I pr'ythee help me to a pair of clean sheets, and I'll go lodge with him.

Host. By the mass that thou shalt, a good pair of hempen sheets were ne'er lain in: come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

S C E N E V.

*The same.**A street.**Enter Mayor, Constable, and Watch.**Mayor.* What? have you search'd the town?*Con.* All the town, fir; we have not left a house unsearch'd that uses to lodge.*Mayor.* Surely my lord of Rochester was then deceiv'd,

Or ill inform'd of fir John Oldcastle;

Or if he came this way, he's past the town:

He could not else have scap'd you in the search.

Con. The privy watch hath been abroad all night;
And not a stranger lodgeth in the town

But he is known; only a lusty priest

We found in bed with a young pretty wench,

That says she is his wife, yonder at the Shears:

But we have charg'd the host with his forth-coming
To-morrow morning.*Mayor.* What think you best to do?*Con.* 'Faith, master mayor, here's a few straggling houses beyond the bridge, and a little inn where carriers use to lodge; although I think surely he would ne'er lodge there: but we'll go search, and the rather because there came notice to the town the last night of an Irishman, that had done a murther, whom we are to make search for.*Mayor.* Come then, I pray you, and be circumspect.*[Exeunt Mayor, Constable, &c.]*

S C E N E VI.

*The same. Before the carrier's inn.**Enter Watch.**1 Watch.* First beset the house, before you begin to search.*2 Watch.*

2 Watch. Content; every man take a several place.
 [A noise within.
Keep, keep, strike him down there, down with him.

Enter, from the Inn, the Mayor and Constable, with the Irishman in Harpool's apparel.*

Con. Come, you villainous heretick, tell us where your master is.

Irishm. Vat mester?

Mayor. Vat mester, you counterfeit rebel? This shall not serve your turn.

Irishm. Be Sent Patrick I ha' no mester.

Con. Where's the lord Cobham, sir John Oldcastle, that lately escaped out of the Tower?

Irish. Vat lort Cobham?

Mayor. You counterfeit, this shall not serve you: we'll torture you, we'll make you to confess where that arch-heretick is. Come, bind him fast.

Irishm. Ahone, ahone, ahone, a cree.

Con. Ahone! you crafty rascal?]*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The same.

The yard of the Inn.

Enter lord Cobham in his night-gown.

Cob. Harpool, Harpool, I hear a marvellous noise About the house. God warrant us, I fear We are pursued. What, Harpool?

Har. [from the barn.] Who calls there?

Cob. 'Tis I; dost thou not hear a noise about the house?

* — with the Irishman in Harpool's apparel.] The Irishman must be supposed to have risen early, and have gone from the barn, where he lay, into the house, in which he is found by the mayor, &c.

MALONE.

Har.

Har. [*from the barn.*] Yes, marry do I. 'Zounds I cannot find

My hose. This Irish rascal, that lodg'd with me
All night, hath stolen my apparel, and
Has left me nothing but a lowfy mantle^s,
And a pair of brogues. Get up, get up, and, if
The carrier and his wench be yet asleep,
Change you with him, as he hath done with me,
And see if we can scape. [*Exit lord Cobham.*]

S C E N E VIII.

The same.

A noise about the house for some time. Then Enter Harpool in the Irishman's apparel; the Mayor, Constable, and Watch of St. Albans meeting him.

Con. Stand close, here comes the Irishman that did the murder; by all tokens this is he.

Mayor. And perceiving the house beset, would get away. Stand, firrah.

Har. What art thou that bidd'st me stand?

Con. I am the officer; and am come to search for an Irishman, such a villain as thyself, that hast murder'd a man this last night by the high way.

Har. 'Sblood constable, art thou mad? am I an Irishman?

Mayor. Sirrah, we'll find you an Irishman before we part:

Lay hold upon him.

^s *Has left me nothing but a lowfy mantle]* The *mantle*, or long cloak, was the common dress of the ancient Irish. Spenser was much offended with this garment. "It is (says he) a fit house for an out-law, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloak for a thief.—For a bad huswife it is no lesse convenient; for some of them that be wandering women, called of them *mona-sbul*, it is half a wardrobe: for in summer you shall find her arrayed commonly but in her smock and *mantle*, to be more ready for her light services; in winter and in her travaile it is her cloake and safeguard, and also a coverlet for her lewd exercise." *View of Ireland*, edit. 1633, p. 37. MALONE.

Mayor. How came this man and woman thus at-
tired ?

Host. Here came a man and woman hither this last
night,

Which I did take for substantial people,
And lodg'd all in one chamber by these folks ;
Methinks they have been so bold to change apparel,
And gone away this morning ere they rose.

Mayor. That was that traitor Oldcastle that thus
Escap'd us. Make hue and cry yet after him ;
Keep fast that traiterous rebel his servant there :
Farewel, mine host. [*Exit Mayor.*

Car. Come Kate Owdham, thou and I's trimly
dizard.

Kate. I'faith, neam Club, Ise wot ne'er what to do,
Ise be so flouted and so shouted at ; but by the mefs
Ise cry.

[*Exeunt Carrier and his Daughter, Host,
Harpool, Constables, &c.*

S C E N E IX.

A wood near St. Albans.

Enter lord and lady Cobham disguised.

Cob. Come, madam, happily escap'd. Here let us
fit ;

This place is far remote from any path ;
And here a while our weary limbs may rest
To take refreshing, free from the pursuit
Of envious Rochester.

L. Cob. But where, my lord,
Shall we find rest for our disquiet minds ?
There dwell untamed thoughts, that hardly stoop
To such abasement of disdain'd rags :
We were not wont to travel thus by night,
Especially on foot.

Cob.

Cob. No matter, love ;
 Extremities admit no better choice,
 And, were it not for thee, say froward time
 Impos'd a greater task, I would esteem it
 As lightly as the wind that blowes ;
 But in thy sufferance I am doubly task'd ;
 Thou walt not wont to have the earth thy stool,
 Nor the moist dewy grafs thy pillow, nor
 Thy chamber to be the wide horizon.

L. Cob. How can it seem a trouble, having you
 A partner with me in the worst I feel ?
 No, gentle lord, your presence would give ease
 To death itself, should he now seize upon me.

[*She produces some bread and cheese, and a bottle.*
 Behold, what my foresight hath underta'en,
 For fear we faint ; they are but homely cates ;
 Yet sawc'd with hunger, they may seem as sweet
 As greater dainties we were wont to taste.

Cob. Praise be to him whose plenty sends both
 this

And all things else our mortal bodies need !
 Nor scorn we this poor feeding, nor the state
 We now are in ; for what is it on earth,
 Nay under heaven, continues at a stay ?
 Ebbs not the sea, when it hath overflow'd ?
 Follows not darkness, when the day is gone ?
 And see we not sometimes the eye of heaven
 Dimm'd with o'er-flying clouds³ ? There's not that
 work

Of careful nature, or of cunning art,
 How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
 But falls in time to ruin. Here, gentle madam,
 In this one draught I wash my sorrow down. [*Drinks.*

³ And see we not sometimes the eye of heaven
 Dimm'd with o'er-flying clouds ?] So in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— Can such things be,
 “ And over-come us like a summer cloud ? STEEVENS.

L. Cob. And I, encourag'd with your chearful
speech,
Will do the like.

Cob. 'Pray God, poor Harpool come.
If he should fall into the bishop's hands,
Or not remember where we bade him meet us,
It were the thing of all things else, that now
Could breed revolt in this new peace of mind.

L. Cob. Fear not, my lord, he's witty to devise,
And strong to execute a present shift.

Cob. That power be still his guide, hath guided
us !

My drowy eyes wax heavy ; early rising,
Together with the travel we have had,
Makes me that I could gladly take a nap,
Were I perswaded we might be secure.

L. Cob. Let that depend on me : whilst you do
sleep,
I'll watch that no misfortune happen us.

Cob. I shall, dear wife, be too much trouble to
thee.

L. Cob. Urge not that ;
My duty binds me, and your love commands,
I would I had the skill, with tuned voice
To draw on sleep with some sweet melody.
But imperfection, and unaptness too,
Are both repugnant : fear inserts the one ;
The other nature hath denied me use.
But what talk I of means to purchase that
Is freely happen'd ? Sleep with gentle hand
Hath shut his eye-lids. O victorious labour,
How soon thy power can charm the body's sense ?
And now thou likewise climb'st unto my brain,
Making my heavy temples stoop to thee.
Great God of heaven from danger keep us free !

[Falls asleep.

Enter

Enter fir Richard Lee, and his Servants.

Sir Rich. A murder closely done? and in my ground?

Search carefully; if any where it were,
This obscure thicket is the likeliest place.

[*Exit a servant.*]

Re-enter Servant bearing a dead body.

Ser. Sir, I have found the body stiff with cold,
And mangled cruelly with many wounds.

Sir Rich. Look, if thou know'st him; turn his body
up.

Alack, it is my son, my son and heir,
Whom two years since I sent to Ireland,
To practise there the discipline of war;
And coming home, (for so he wrote to me,)
Some savage heart, some bloody devilish hand,
Either in hate, or thirsting for his coin,
Hath here sluic'd out his blood. Unhappy hour!
Accursed place! but most inconstant fate,
That hadst reserv'd him from the bullet's fire,
And suffer'd him to scape the wood-kerns' fury⁴,
Didst here ordain the treasure of his life,
Even here within the arms of tender peace,
To be consum'd by treason's wasteful hand!

⁴ — *the wood-kerns' fury*;] See note on *Macbeth*, last edit. vol. iv. p. 446. STEEVENS.

Kerns was the name usually given to the wild Irish. I take *wood* here not to be used in the sense of *sylvanus*, but of *insanus*, *furiousus*.—"To escape the rage of the furious wild Irish.

PERCY.

The *kern* was the Irish light-armed foot-soldier. It appears from Spenser's *View of Ireland*, and many other accounts, that they generally endeavoured to bring their enemies to an engagement in the thick woods with which Ireland formerly abounded; or, if obliged to fight in the open country, they always, when defeated, fled for refuge to those secure retreats. Hence, I suppose, the epithet in question. MALONE.

And, which is most afflicting to my soul,
That this his death and murder should be wrought
Without the knowledge by whose means 'twas done,
2 *Ser.* Not so, fir; I have found the authors of it.
See where they sit; and in their bloody fists
The fatal instruments of death and sin.

Sir Rich. Just judgment of that power, whose gra-
cious eye,
Loathing the sight of such a heinous fact,
Dazzled their senses with benumbing sleep⁵,
'Till their unhallow'd treachery was known.
Awake ye monsters, murderers awake;
Tremble for horror; blush, you cannot choose,
Beholding this unhuman deed of yours.

Cob. What mean you, fir, to trouble weary souls,
And interrupt us of our quiet sleep?

Sir Rich. O devilish! can you boast unto yourselves
Of quiet sleep, having within your hearts
The guilt of murder waking, that with cries⁶
Deafs the loud thunder, and solicits heaven
With more than mandrakes' shrieks for your offence?⁷

L. Cob. What murder? You upbraid us wrong-
fully.

Sir Rich. Can you deny the fact? see you not here
The body of my son, by you misdone⁸?

⁵ *Dazzled their senses with benumbing sleep,*] In the folios and the modern editions this passage is perplexed. They read,

Dazling their senses, &c.

The reading of the text is that of the quarto. MALONE.

⁶ — *that with cries*] Thus the quarto and the first folio. The second folio and Mr. Rowe read corruptly—that *which* cries.

MALONE.

⁷ — *mandrakes' shrieks*—] See note on *Romeo and Juliet*, last edit. vol. x. p. 131. STEEVENS.

⁸ *The body of my son, by you misdone?*] i. e. destroyed. So in Lilly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"Pardon me

"That I *misdid* thee in my witless rage." MALONE.

As to *do is*, to make, so to *misd* is to destroy. Thus *misd* deeds for criminal actions. STEEVENS.

Look on his wounds, look on his purple hue :
 Do we not find you where the deed was done ?
 Were not your knives fast clos'd in your hands ?
 Is not this cloth an argument beside,
 Thus stain'd and spotted with his innocent blood ?
 These speaking characters, were there nothing else
 To plead against you, would convict you both.
 To Hertford with them, where the 'sives now
 Are kept ; their lives shall answer for my son's
 Lost life.

Cob. As we are innocent, Yo may we speed.

Sir Rich. As I am wrong'd, so may the law proceed.
 [Exeunt.

S C E N E X.

St. Albans.

*Enter the bishop of Rochester, Constable of St. Albans, with
 sir John and Doll, and the Irishman in Harpool's apparel,*

Roch. What intricate confusion have we here ?
 Not two hours since we apprehended one
 In habit Irish, but in speech not so ;
 And now you bring another, that in speech
 Is Irish, but in habit English : yea,
 And more than so, the servant of that heretick
 Lord Cobham.

Irishm. Fait me be no servant of de lort Cobham ;
 me be Mack-Shane of Ulster.

Roch. Otherwise call'd Harpool of Kent ; go to, fir,
 You cannot blind us with your broken Irish.

Sir John. Trust me, lord bishop, whether Irish or
 English,
 Harpool or not Harpool, that I leave to the trial :
 But sure I am, this man by face and speech,
 Is he that murder'd young fir Richard Lee ;
 (I met him presently upon the fact)
 And that he slew his master for that gold,
 Those jewels, and that chain, I took from him.

Roch.

Roch. Well, our affairs do call us back to London,
So that we cannot prosecute the cause,
As we desire to do; therefore we leave
The charge with you, to see they be convey'd

[*To the Constable.*

To Hertford 'sives: both this counterfeit,
And you, sir John of Wrotham, and your wench;
For you are culpable as well as they,
Though not for murder, yet for felony.
But since you are the means to bring to light
This graceless murder, you shall bear with you
Our letters to the judges of the bench,
To be your friends in what they lawful may.

Sir John. I thank your lordship. . . . [Exit.

S C E N E XI.

Hertford.

A hall of justice.

*Enter Gaoler and his servant, bringing forth lord Cobham
in irons.*

Gaol. Bring forth the prisoners, see the court pre-
par'd;
The justices are coming to the bench:
So, let him stand; away and fetch the rest.

[Exit servant.

Cob. O, give me patience to endure this scourge,
Thou that art fountain of this virtuous stream;
And though contempt, false witness, and reproach,⁹
Hang on these iron gyves, to press my life
As low as earth, yet strengthen me with faith,
That I may mount in spirit above the clouds.

⁹ *And though contempt of witness and reproach*] Thus the folios and the modern editions.—The reading in the text is that of the quarto. MALONE.

Re-enter gaoler's servant, bringing in lady Cobham and Harpool.

Here comes my lady. Sorrow, 'tis for her
Thy wound is grievous; else I scoff at thee.

What, and poor Harpool, art thou i'the briars too?

Har. P'faith, my lord, I am in, get out how I
can.

L. Cob. Say, gentle lord, (for now we are alone,
And may confer) shall we confess in brief
Of whence, and what we are, and so prevent
The accusation is commenc'd against us?

Cob. What will that help us? Being known, sweet
love,

We shall for heresy be put to death,
For so they term the religion we profess.

No, if we die, let this our comfort be,
That of the guilt impos'd our souls are free:

Har. Ay, ay, my lord; Harpool is so resolv'd.
I reckon of death the less¹, in that I die
Not by the sentence of that envious priest.

L. Cob. Well, be it then according as heaven
please.

Enter the Judge of assize, and Justices; the Mayor of St. Albans, lord and lady Powis, and sir Richard Lee. The Judge and Justices take their places on the bench.

Judge. Now, master mayor, what gentleman is
that

You bring with you before us to the bench?

Mayor. The lord Powis, an if it like your honour,
And this his lady travelling toward Wales,
Who, for they lodg'd last night within my house,

¹ I reckon of death the less,—] I make the less account of death,
The old copies read, I think corruptedly—*wreck*. The two words
are frequently confounded in our ancient dramas. MALONE.

And my lord bishop did lay wait for such,
Were very willing to come on with me,
Lest, for their sakes, suspicion we might wrong.

Judge. We cry your honour mercy; good my lord,

Will't please you take your place. Madam, your ladyship

May here, or where you will, repose yourself,
Until this business now in hand be past.

L. Pow. I will withdraw into some other room,
So that your lordship and the rest be pleas'd.

Judge. With all our hearts: Attend the lady there.

Pow. Wife, I have ey'd yon prisoners all this while,

And my conceit doth tell me, 'tis our friend
The noble Cobham, and his virtuous lady. [*Aside.*]

L. Pow. I think no less: are they suspected for this murder?

Pow. What it means

I cannot tell, but we shall know anon.
Mean time, as you pass by them, ask the question;
But do it secretly that you be not seen,
And make some sign, that I may know your mind.

[*She passes over the stage by them.*]

L. Pow. My lord Cobham! Madam!

Cob. No Cobham now, nor madam, as you love us;

But John of Lancashire, and Joan his wife.

L. Pow. O tell, what is it that our love can do
To pleasure you, for we are bound to you?

Cob. Nothing but this, that you conceal our names;
So, gentle lady, pass; for being spied—

L. Pow. My heart I leave, to bear part of your grief.

[*Exit lady Powis.*]

Judge. Call the prisoners to the bar. Sir Richard Lee,

What evidence can you bring against these people,
To prove them guilty of the murder done?

Sir Rich.

Sir Rich. This bloody towel, and these naked knives :

Beside, we found them fitting by the place
Where the dead body lay within a bush.

Judge. What answer you, why law should not proceed,

According to this evidence given in,
To tax you with the penalty of death ?

Cob. That we are free from murder's very thought,
And know not how the gentleman was slain.

1 *Just.* How came this linen-cloth so bloody then ?

L. Cob. My husband hot with travelling, my lord,
His nose gush'd out a bleeding ; that was it.

2 *Just.* But how came your sharp edged knives un-sheath'd ?

L. Cob. To cut such simple victual as we had.

Judge. Say we admit this answer to those articles,

What made you³ in so private a dark nook,
So far remote from any common path,
As was the thick⁴ where the dead corpse was thrown ?

Cob. Journeying, my lord, from London, from the term⁵,

Down

² 1 *Just.* *How came this linen-cloth so bloody then ?*] The author of this play appears to have been little acquainted with legal proceedings. The *justices of peace* never sit on the bench with the judge of assize, as assessors, nor put questions to witnesses or culprits. They attend the assizes solely for the purpose of delivering in the examinations on which the prisoners have been committed. MALONE.

³ *What made you—*] i. e. *what were you doing ?* Of the frequent use of this now obsolete phrase, instances have been already given. MALONE.

⁴ *As was the thick where the dead corpse was thrown ?*] *Thick for thicket.* MALONE.

⁵ *Journeying, my lord, from London, from the term,*] The *low-terms* are mentioned in our ancient *dramas* as the great eras of business, pleasure, and profit. No one goes from any distant county to London till the term begins, or leaves the metropolis till the term ends. No book is published till the beginning of term.

Down into Lancashire, where we do dwell,
 And what with age and travel being faint,
 We gladly sought a place where we might rest,
 Free from resort of other passengers ;
 And so we stray'd into that secret corner.

Judge. These are but ambages to drive off time,
 And linger justice from her purpos'd end.

Enter Constable, with the Irishman, sir John, and Doll.

But who are these ?

Con. Stay judgment, and release those innocents ;
 For here is he whose hand hath done the deed
 For which they stand indicted at the bar ;
 This savage villain, this rude Irish slave :
 His tongue already hath confess'd the fact,
 And here is witness to confirm as much.

Sir John. Yes, my good lord ; no sooner had he
 slain

His loving master for the wealth he had,
 But I upon the instant met with him :
 And what he purchas'd with the loss of blood,
 With strokes I presently bereav'd him of :
 Some of the which is spent ; the rest remaining
 I willingly surrender to the hands
 Of old sir Richard Lee, as being his :
 Beside, my lord judge, I do greet your honour
 With letters from my lord of Rochester.

[*Delivers a letter.*

Sir Rich. Is this the wolf whose thirsty throat did
 drink

My dear son's blood ? art thou the cursed snake
 He cherish'd, yet with envious piercing sting
 Assail'd'st him mortally ? Wer't not that the law

term. From that period the shop-keepers hope for custom, and the players expect audiences. It should seem from the various passages of this kind in our old plays, that law-suits were more numerous formerly than at present. MALONE.

Stands

Stands ready to revenge thy cruelty,
 Traitor to God, thy master, and to me,
 These hands should be thy executioner.

Judge. Patience, fir Richard Lee, you shall have justice.

The fact is odious; therefore take him hence,
 And being hang'd until the wretch be dead,
 His body after shall be hang'd in chains,
 Near to the place where he did act the murder.

Irishm. Prethee, lord shudge, let me have mine own cloaths, my strouces there⁶; and let me be hang'd in a wyth⁷ after my country, the Irish fashion.

Judge. Go to; away with him. And now, fir John, [Exeunt Gaoler and Irishman.

Although by you this murder came to light,
 Yet upright law will not hold you excus'd,
 For you did rob the Irishman; by which
 You stand attainted here of felony:
 Beside, you have been lewd, and many years
 Led a lascivious, unbeseeming life.

Sir John. O but, my lord, fir John repents, and he will mend.

Judge. In hope thereof, together with the favour
 My lord of Rochester intreats for you,
 We are contented that you shall be prov'd⁸.

Sir John. I thank your lordship.

Judge. These other, falsely here

⁶ — my strouces there;] *Strouces* are *trousers*. They were anciently worn by the Irish. So in *K. Henry V*: — “like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your straight *troussers*.”

MALONE.

⁷ — and let me be hanged in a wyth,] A band made of twigs. Bacon says, “an Irish rebel put up a petition that he might be hanged in a *wyth*, and not in a halter, because it had been so used with former rebels.” MALONE.

⁸ *We are contented that you shall be prov'd.*] We are content that a trial shall be made of your sincerity; that you shall be unpunished at present, and remain in a state of *probation*. MALONE.

Accus'd, and brought in peril wrongfully,
We in like sort do set at liberty.

Sir Rich. And for amends,
Touching the wrong unwittingly I have done,
I give these few crowns.

Judge. Your kindness merits praise, fir Richard
Lee :

So let us hence. [*Exeunt all except Powis and Cobham.*

Pow. But Powis still must stay.

There yet remains a part of that true love
He owes his noble friend, unsatisfied
And unperform'd ; which first of all doth bind me
To gratulate your lordship's safe delivery ;
And then entreat, that since unlook'd-for thus
We here are met, your honour would vouchsafe
To ride with me to Wales, where, to my power,⁹
Though not to quittance those great benefits
I have receiv'd of you, yet both my house,
My purse, my servants, and what else I have,
Are all at your command. Deny me not :
I know the bishop's hate pursues you so,
As there's no safety in abiding here.

Cob. 'Tis true, my lord, and God forgive him
for it.

Pow. Then let us hence. You shall be straight
provided
Of lusty geldings : and once enter'd Wales,

⁹ —*where, to my power,*] The old copies read—*where though*
my power. This cannot, I think, be right. Perhaps we ought
to read,

———— where, though my power
May not *acquittance* those great benefits
I have receiv'd of you, yet both my house,
My purse, &c.

—where though it be not in my power to repay all the obli-
gations that I have received from you, yet I will do my utmost to
show my gratitude. MALONE.

I would read,

— where *through* my power
(Though not, &c. PERCY.

Well

Well may the bishop hunt; but, spite his face,
He never more shall have the game in chace¹.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ This play has been hitherto printed in an unbroken series, and is now first divided into acts and scenes.

Having said in the preliminary remarks that lord Cobham was engaged in a traitorous design against king Henry, it may be proper to add, that the accounts of the monkish historians who charge that nobleman with treason, as they held different religious tenets from him, and considered him a heretick, are liable to some suspicion. Mr. Hume however thinks, that though at first he had no other object but the reformation of religion, yet at length, being provoked by persecution and stimulated by zeal, he was urged to attempt the most criminal enterprises. But for this assertion he only quotes Walsingham, a writer who falls within the description above-mentioned. After his escape from the Tower, lord Cobham took refuge in Wales; and, though a thousand marks were offered for apprehending him, beside many liberties to any city or town that should deliver him up, he for a long time could not be found. At length he was seized by lord Powis, after a valiant resistance, and hanged in the year 1418.

Either the play before us, or *The Second Part of Sir John Oldcastle*, was acted at London before Monsieur Vereiken, ambassador to queen Elizabeth from the arch duke and the infant, March 6, 1599-1600. It is said by Rowland Whyte [*Sydney-Papers*, vol. ii. p. 175] to have been performed at the *lord chamberlain's* house by his servants; but having been printed in the same year as acted by the *lord admiral's* servants, I imagine that Mr. Whyte was mistaken. If the lord chamberlain's servants (that is, Shakspeare's company,) had represented this piece before him in private, it is to be presumed they would have likewise exhibited it at the Globe or Black-fryars play-houses; and if it had been performed publicly at either of those theatres, it would certainly have been mentioned in the title-page. The silence of the printer on that head would be a sufficient argument to shew that this play was not the composition of Shakspeare, if any additional argument were wanting on so clear a point. MALONE.

The extracts from the records of the Stationers' Company, as well as the imperfect state in which the story of this drama is left, sufficiently prove it to be only the *first* part of the history of sir John Oldcastle. Few readers will lament the loss of the *second*.—The late Mr. James West, of the Treasury, assured me, that at his house in Warwickshire he had a wooden bench, once the favourite accommodation of Shakspeare, together with an earthen half-pint

mug, out of which he was accustomed to take his draughts of ale at a certain publick house in the neighbourhood of Stratford, every Saturday afternoon.—I fear that the respect paid to the seat and the pitcher, do more honour to our poet's memory, than the imputation of this play. STEEVENS.

LORD

LORD CROMWELL.

Bb2

Persons Represented.

Duke of Norfolk.

Duke of Suffolk.

Earl of Bedford.

Cardinal Wolsey.

Gardiner, bishop of Winchester.

Sir Thomas More.

Sir Christopher Hales.

Sir Ralph Sadler.

Sir Richard Radcliff.

Old Cromwell, a blacksmith of Putney;

Thomas Cromwell, his son.

Banister,

Bowser,

Newton,

Crosby,

} *English merchants.*

Bagot, a money-broker.

Frescobald, a Florentine merchant.

The Governour of the English factory at Antwerp,

Governour and other states of Bononia.

Master of an hotel in Bononia.

Seely, a publican of Hounslow.

Lieutenant of the Tower.

Young Cromwell, the son of Thomas,

Hodge, Will, and Tom; old Cromwell's servants,

Two citizens.

Mrs. Banister.

Joan, wife to Seely.

*Two Witnesses; a Serjeant at Arms; a Herald; a Hang-
man; a Post; Messengers, Officers, Ushers and At-
tendants.*

*SCENE, partly in London, and the adjoining districts;
partly in Antwerp and Bononia.*

THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
THOMAS LORD CROMWELL:

ACT I. SCENE I.

Putney.

The entrance of a smith's shop.

Enter Hodge, Will, and Tom.

Hodge. Come, masters, I think it be past five o'clock; is it not time we were at work? my old master he'll be stirring anon.

Will.

"A booke called the *Lyfe and Death of the Lord Cromwell*, as yt was lately asked by the Lord Chamberleyne his Servantes," was entered on the Stationers' Books by William Cotton, August 11, 1602; and the play, I am informed, was printed in that year. I have met with no earlier edition than that published in 1613, in the title of which it is said to be written by W. S. I believe these letters were not the initials of the real author's name, but added merely with a view to deceive the publick, and to induce them to suppose this piece the composition of Shakspeare. The fraud was, I imagine, suggested by the appearance of our author's *King Henry VIII*, to which the printer probably entertained a hope that this play would be considered as a sequel or second part. Viewed in this light, the date of the first edition of the present performance in some measure confirms that which has been assigned to *King Henry VIII*; which, for the reasons stated in the *Attempt to ascertain the Order in which the Plays of Shakspeare were written* [vol. i. p. 309, last edit.] is supposed to have been first acted in 1601, or 1602. The present piece, we find, followed close after it.

Will. I cannot tell whether my old master will be stirring or no; but I am sure I can hardly take my afternoon's nap, for my young master Thomas. He keeps such a coil^a in his study, with the sun, and the moon, and the seven stars, that I do verily think he'll read out his wits.

Hodge. He skill of the stars? There's goodman Car of Fulham, (he that carried us to the strong ale^b, where goody Trundel had her maid got with child) O, he knows the stars; he'll tickle you Charles's wain in nine degrees: that same man will tell goody Trundel when her ale shall miscarry, only by the stars.

Tom. Ay! that's a great virtue indeed; I think Thomas be nobody in comparison to him.

King Henry VIII. it appears, was after its first exhibition laid by for some years, and revived with great splendour in 1613. The attention of the town being now a second time called to the story and age of Wolsey, so favourable an opportunity was not to be lost; accordingly a second impression of *the Life and Death of Lord Cromwell* was issued out in that year.

This play has been hitherto printed without any division of acts or scenes. MALONE.

The part of history on which this play is founded, occurs in Fuller, Stow, Speed, Holinshed, &c. but more amply in Fox's *Book of Martyrs*. The particulars relating to *Francesco Prestobaldi* (whom our author, or his printer, so familiarly has styled *Fris-kidall*) were first published by Bapdello the novelist in 1554—⁶⁶ Francesco Prestobaldi fa cortessa ad un straniero, e ne ben remunerato, essendo colui divenuto contestabile d'Inghilterra.⁶⁶ Seconda Parte, Novell. 34. This story is translated by Fox, edit. 1596. vol. ii. p. 1082. STEEVENS.

^a *he keeps such a coil—*] All the copies read corruptedly—*quith*. The transcriber's ear was probably deceived; the word *coil* being vulgarly pronounced *kile*. MALONE.

Sailors to this hour pronounce a *coil* of ropes (i. e. ropes wreathed into a circle) a *quith*. STEEVENS.

^b — *to the strong ale,*] An *ale* anciently sometimes signified a festival—from the liquor drank on the occasion. Thus we hear of church-ales, Whitsun-ales, &c. It sometimes also signified an *ale-house*. MALONE.

Will.

Will. Well, masters, come; shall we to our hammers?

Hodge. Ay, content: first let's take our morning's draught, and then to work roundly.

Tom. Ay, agreed. Go in, Hodge. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

The same.

Enter young Cromwell.

Crom. Good morrow, morn; I do salute thy brightness.

The night seems tedious to my troubled soul,
Whose black obscurity binds in my mind
A thousand fundry cogitations:
And now Aurora with a lively dye
Adds comfort to my spirit, that mounts on high⁴;
Too high indeed, my state being so mean.
My study, like a mineral of gold,
Makes my heart proud, wherein my hope's enroll'd:
My books are all the wealth I do possess,
And unto them I have engag'd my heart.
O, learning, how divine thou seem'st to me,
Within whose arms is all felicity!

[*The smiths beat with their hammers, within.*

Peace with your hammers! leave your knocking there!

You do disturb my study and my rest:
Leave off, I say: you mad me with the noise.

Enter Hodge, Will, and Tom.

Hodge. Why, how now, master Thomas? how now? will you not let us work for you?

⁴ *Adds comfort to my spirit, that mounts on high;* Spirit was formerly often pronounced and written *spight*. The metre shows it was intended to be so pronounced here. MALONE.

Crom. You fret my heart with making of this noise.

Hodge. How, fret your heart? ay, but Thomas, you'll fret your father's purse, if you let us from working⁵.

Tom. Ay, this 'tis for him to make him a gentleman. Shall we leave work for your musing? that's well i'faith:—But here comes my old master now.

Enter old Cromwell.

Old Crom. You idle knaves, what are you loit'ring now?

No hammers walking, and my work to do⁶!
What not a heat among your work to day?

⁵ — if you let us from working.] If you hinder us. So in Middleton's *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, 1657:

“That lets her not to be your daughter now.” MALONE.

⁶ *No hammers walking and my work to do!*] Thus the quarto and the folios. The author probably either wrote,

No hammers *working*; and my work to do!

or perhaps the line stood thus:

No hammers!—walking, and my work to do.

What do I see? no hammers in your hands;—and you walking about, when you ought to be at work?

We might read—*talking*, and my work to do. It is of little consequence. MALONE.

I would adhere to the old reading. To *walk* does not always signify to *move by slow steps, putting one foot before the other*, but sometimes simply, to *be in motion*.—In low language a woman's tongue is often said to *walk*. So Spenser:

“—and as she went her tongue did *walk*

“In foul reproach.”

No hammers *walking*? may therefore mean, are no hammers *firring*, or *in motion*? STEEVENS.

Though the tongue of the female mentioned by Spenser might by the licence of poetry be said to *walk*, when she was herself in motion, I doubt whether he would have ventured so extraordinary an expression, if he had been speaking of a person at rest. The example that has been quoted is the only one produced in Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary* as an authority for this very singular phraseology. I have however not disturbed the reading of the old copies. MALONE.

Hodge.

Hodge. Marry, sir, your son Thomas will not let us work at all.

Old Crom. Why knave, I say, have I thus cark'd and car'd⁷,

And all to keep thee like a gentleman ;
And dost thou let my servants at their work⁸,
That sweat for thee, knave, labour thus for thee ?

Crom. Father, their hammers do offend my study.

Old Crom. Out of my doors, knave, if thou lik'st it not.

I cry you mercy ; are your ears so fine ?
I tell thee, knave, these get when I do sleep ;
I will not have my anvil stand for thee.

Crom. There's money, father ; I will pay your men. *[Throws money among them.]*

Old Crom. Have I thus brought thee up unto my cost,

In hope that one day thou'd'st relieve my age ;
And art thou now so lavish of thy coin,
To scatter it among these idle knaves ?

Crom. Father, be patient, and content yourself :
The time will come I shall hold gold as trash.

And here I speak with a presaging soul,
To build a palace where this cottage stands,
As fine as is king Henry's house at Sheen.

Old Crom. You build a house ? you knave, you'll be a beggar.

Now afore God all is but cast away,
That is bestow'd upon this thriftless lad.
Well, had I bound him to some honest trade,
This had not been ; but 'twas his mother's doing,
To send him to the university.
How ? build a house where now this cottage stands,

⁷ — *have I thus cark'd and car'd,*] To cark is to be anxious. The word is now obsolete. MALONE.

⁸ *And dost thou let my servants at their work,*] Obscure them. Let has already occurred in the same sense. MALONE.

As fair as that at Sheen?—They shall not hear me.

[*Afide.*]

A good boy Tom, I con thee thank Tom;

Well said Tom; gramercy Tom.—

In to your work, knaves; hence, you saucy boy?

[*Exeunt all but young Cromwell.*]

Crom. Why should my birth keep down my mounting spirit?

Are not all creatures subject unto time,
To time, who doth abuse the cheated world,
And fills it full of hodge-podge bastardy?
There's legions now of beggars on the earth,
That their original did spring from kings;
And many monarchs now, whose fathers were
The riff-raff of their age: for time and fortune
Wears out a noble train to beggary;
And from the dunghil minions do advance
To state and mark in this admiring world.
This is but course, which in the name of fate
Is seen as often as it whirls about.

The

¹ They shall not bear me.] The old copies read — *he* shall not hear me. I believe *he* was a misprint for *they*. The old man is pleased with the ambition of his son, and commends his spirit; but does not wish that his servants should hear him, lest young Cromwell's inattention to business should corrupt them. Accordingly, he afterwards rebukes his son aloud—"Hence, you saucy boy." MALONE.

I read,—He will not hear me. PRACY.

² To time, who doth abuse the world,] This speech was clearly intended by the author to be in metre. In the present line a word was probably omitted either by the transcriber or printer, which is now supplied. MALONE.

² This is but course, which in the name of fate.
Is seen as often as it whirls about.] That is, as the world whirls about. Perhaps we might better read—This is the course—
MALONE.

The old reading is perhaps sufficiently clear. I would point the passage thus:

And from the dunghill minions do advance
To state and mark in this admiring world.

[*Mer]*

The river Thames, that by our door doth pass,
 His first beginning is but small and shallow;
 Yet, keeping on his course, grows to a sea.
 And likewise Walsley, the wonder of our age,
 His birth as mean as mine, a butcher's son;
 Now who within this land a greater man?
 Then, Cromwell, cheer thee up, and tell thy soul,
 That thou may'st live to flourish and control.

Enter Old Cromwell.

Old Crom. Tom Cromwell; what, Tom, I say.

Crom. Do you call, sir?

Old Crom. Here is master Bowser come to know if you have dispatch'd his petition for the lords of the council or no.

Crom. Father, I have; please you to call him in.

Old Crom. That's well said, Tom; a good lad, Tom.

Enter Bowser.

Bow. Now, master Cromwell, have you dispatch'd this petition?

Crom. I have, sir; here it is: please you peruse it.

Bow. It shall not need; we'll read it as we go
 By water.

And, master Cromwell, I have made a motion
 May do you good, an if you like of it.

Mark is attention, or distinction. So in *K. Henry IV. P. I.*:

“A fellow of no *mark* nor likelihood.”

i. e. a man undistinguished from the vulgar, &c.

This is but course, which in the name of fate

Is seen, as often as it whirls about.

i. e. this is but the common course of events, which nevertheless is regarded as the operation of a presiding destiny, or, in other words, as the work of fate, as often as it changes the position of human affairs. So in Fenton's *Marianne*:

“Superiour to the giddy *whirls of fate*.” STEEVENS.

I have followed the regulation proposed by Mr. Steevens, which appears to me clearly right; but I think it is the *world*, and not *Fate*, that is said to *whirl about*. MALONE.

Our

Our secretary at Antwerp, fir, is
 Dead; and the merchants there have sent to me;
 For to provide a man fit for the place:
 Now I do know none fitter than yourself,
 If with your liking it stand, master Cromwell.

Crom. With all my heart, fir; and I much am
 bound

In love and duty, for your kindness shown.

Old Crom. Body of me, Tom, make haste, lest
 some body get between thee and home, Tom. I
 thank you, good master Bowser, I thank you for my
 boy; I thank you always, I thank you most heartily,
 fir: ho, a cup of beer here for master Bowser.

Bow. It shall not need, fir.—Master Cromwell,
 will you go?

Crom. I will attend you, fir.

Old Crom. Farewel, Tom: God bless thee, Tom!
 God speed thee, good Tom! [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

London.

A street before Frescobald's house.

Enter Bagot.

Bag. I hope this day is fatal unto some,
 And by their loss must Bagot seek to gain.
 This is the lodging of master Frescobald³,
 A liberal merchant, and a Florentine;
 To whom Banister owes a thousand pound,

³ *This is the lodging of master Frescobald,]* In all the copies of
 this play (that I have seen) this Italian merchant is called *Fris-*
hiball. But as his name is given rightly (omitting only the Italian
 termination) in Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, and the other English
 narratives in which he is mentioned, (some of which the author
 of this piece had probably read,) I suppose that the corruption
 was owing either to the transcriber, or printer, and therefore have
 not followed it. MALONE.

A mer-

A merchant-bankrupt, whose father was my master,
 What do I care for pity or regard?
 He once was wealthy, but he now is fallen;
 And I this morning have got him arrested
 At suit of this same master Frescobald;
 And by this means shall I be sure of coin,
 For doing this same good to him unknown:
 And in good time, see where the merchant comes,

Enter Frescobald.

Good morrow to kind master Frescobald.

Fres. Good morrow to yourself, good master
 Bagot:

And what's the news, you are so early stirring?
 It is for gain, I make no doubt of that.

Bag. 'Tis for the love, fir, that I bear to you.
 When did you see your debtor Banister?

Fres. I promise you, I have not seen the man
 This two months day⁴: his poverty is such,
 As I do think he shames to see his friends.

Bag. Why then assure yourself to see him straight,
 For at your suit I have arrested him,
 And here, they will be with him presently.

Fres. Arrest him at my suit? you were to blame.
 I know the man's misfortunes to be such,
 As he's not able for to pay the debt;
 And were it known to some, he were undone.

Bag. This is your pitiful heart to think it so;
 But you are much deceiv'd in Banister.
 Why, such as he will break for fashion-sake,
 And unto those they owe a thousand pound,
 Pay scarce a hundred. O, fir, beware of him.
 The man is lewdly given to dice and drabs;

⁴ *This two months day:—*] This is a provincial phrase which I often heard, though I have no example of it to produce. I mention it only that the reader may not suspect a corruption.

STEVENS.

Spends

Spends all he hath in harlots' companies :

It is no mercy for to pity him.

I speak the truth of him, for nothing else,

But for the kindness that I bear to you.

Fres. If it be so, he hath deceiv'd me much ;

And to deal strictly with such a one as he 's,

Better severe than too much lenity.

But here is master Banister himself,

And with him, as I take it, the officers.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Banister, and two Officers.

Ban. O, master Frescobald, you have undone me.

My state was well-nigh overthrown before ;

Now altogether down-cast by your means.

Mrs. Ban. O, master Frescobald, pity my husband's case.

He is a man hath liv'd as well as any,

Till envious Fortune and the ravenous sea

Did rob, disrobe, and spoil us of our own.

Fres. Mistress Banister, I envy not your husband ;

Not willingly would I have us'd him thus,

But that I hear he is so lewdly given ;

Haunts wicked company, and hath enough

To pay his debts, yet will not be known thereof⁵.

Ban. This is that damned broker, that same Bagot,

Whom I have often from my trencher fed.

Ungrateful villain for to use me thus !

Bag. What I have said to him is nought but truth.

⁵ *And to deal strictly with such a one as he, Better severe, &c.]* An intermediam line seems so late been lost. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read

And to deal strict with such a one as he,

Is better sure than too much lenity. STEEVENS.

⁶ *— yet will not be known thereof.]* Will not acknowledge it. So in *Othello* :

“ Be not *acknownd* of it.” MALONE.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ban. What thou hast said springs from an
envious heart :

A cannibal, that doth eat men alive !
But here upon my knee believe me, fir,
(And what I speak, so help me God, is true,)
We scarce have meat to feed our little babes.
Most of our plate is in that broker's hand :
Which, had we money to defray our debts,
O think, we would not 'bide that penury.
Be merciful, kind master Frescobald ;
My husband, children, and myself will eat
But one meal a day ; the other will we keep,
And sell, as part to pay the debt we owe you⁷,
If ever tears did pierce a tender mind,
Be pitiful ; let me some favour find.

Fres. Go to, I see thou art an envious man,
Good mistress Banister, kneel not to me ;
I pray rise up ; you shall have your desire.
Hold officers ; be gone ; there's for your pains.
You know you owe to me a thousand pound :
Here, take my hand ; if e'er God make you able,
And place you in your former state again,
Pay me ; but yet if still your fortune frown,
Upon my faith I'll never ask a crown.
I never yet did wrong to men in thrall,
For God doth know what to myself may fall.

Ban. This unexpected favour, undeserv'd,
Doth make my heart bleed inwardly with joy.
Ne'er may aught prosper with me is my own⁸,
If I forget this kindness you have shown.

Mrs. Ban. My children in their prayers, both night
and day,
For your good fortune and success shall pray.

⁷ *And sell, as part to pay the debt we owe you.*] This and the two following lines have been recovered from the quarto. They are omitted in the folios and the modern editions. MALONE.

⁸ *Ne'er may ought prosper with me is my own,*] The old elliptical idiom, for—that is my own. PERCY.

Fref. I thank you both ; I pray go dine with me.
 Within these three days, if God give me leave,
 I will to Florence, to my native home.
 Hold, Bagot, there's a portague to drink,⁹
 Although you ill deserv'd it by your merit.
 Give not such cruel scope unto your heart ;
 Be sure the ill you do will be requited ;
 Remember what I say, Bagot : farewell.
 Come, master Banister, you shall with me ;
 My fare's but simple, but welcome heartily.

[*Exeunt all but Bagot.*

Bag. A plague go with you ! would you had eat
 your last !

Is this the thanks I have for all my pains ?
 Confusion light upon you all for me !
 Where he had wont to give a score of crowns,
 Doth he now foist me with a portague ?
 Well, I will be reveng'd upon this Banister.
 I'll to his creditors ; buy all the debts he owes,
 As seeming that I do it for good will ;
 I am sure to have them at an easy rate :
 And when 'tis done, in Christendom he stays not,
 But I'll make his heart to ake with sorrow :
 And if that Banister become my debtor,
 By heaven and earth I'll make his plague the greater,

[*Exit.*

⁹ *Hold, Bagot, there's a portague to drink.*] A portague was a gold coin of Portugal, worth about four pounds ten shillings, sterling. *Portugaise. Fr.* This seems to have been too considerable a present to deserve the observation that Bagot makes on receiving it.

Where he had wont to give a score of crowns,
 Doth he now foist me with a portague ?

I suspect we ought to read *carducue*, i. e. un quart d'écu, the fourth part of a crown.—The word is used by Fletcher in the *Eldest Brother*:

“ And in a suit not worth a *carducue*.” MALONE.

A C T

A C T II.

Enter Chorus ¹.

Cho. Now, gentlemen, imagine that young Cromwell's

In Antwerp, leiger for the English merchants ²;
 And Banister, to shun this Bagot's hate,
 Hearing that he hath got some of his debts,
 Is fled to Antwerp, with his wife and children;
 Which Bagot hearing, is gone after them,
 And thither sends his bills of debt before,
 To be reveng'd on wretched Banister,
 What doth fall out, with patience sit and see,
 A just requital of false treachery. [Exit.

S C E N E I.

Antwerp.

Cromwell discovered in his study, sitting at a table, on which are placed money-bags and books of account.

Crom. Thus far my reckoning doth go straight and even.

But, Cromwell, this same plodding fits not thee;
 Thy mind is altogether set on travel,

¹ *Enter Chorus.*] In most of our ancient dramas in which a Chorus appears, it marks the intervals of the acts. In the present piece the Chorus interposes but three times, and seems to have been introduced for the purpose of relating what the author did not chuse to exhibit, without any regard to the usual pauses in the action. MALONE.

² *In Antwerp, leiger for the English merchants:*] A resident factor for transacting the business of the English merchants.

MALONE.

So in *Measure for Measure*:

“Where you shall be an everlasting leiger.”

See that play, edit. 1778. vol. ii. p. 77. STEEVENS.

VOL. II.

C c

And

And not to live thus cloyster'd like a nun.
It is not this same trash that I regard ;
Experience is the jewel of my heart.

Enter a Post.

Post. I pray, sir, are you ready to dispatch me ?

Crom. Yes ; here's those sums of money you must carry.

You go so far as Frankford, do you not ?

Post. I do, sir.

Crom. Well, pr'ythee make then all the haste thou canst ;

For there be certain English gentlemen
Are bound for Venice, and may happily want,
An if that you should linger by the way :
But in the hope that you will make good speed,
There's two angels, to buy you spurs and wands³.

Post. I thank you, sir ; this will add wings indeed.

[*Exit Post.*]

Crom. Gold is of power to make an eagle's speed.

Enter Mrs. Banister.

What gentlewoman is this that grieves so much ?
It seems she doth address herself to me.

Mrs. Ban. God save you, sir. Pray is your name master Cromwell ?

Crom. My name is Thomas Cromwell, gentlewoman.

Mrs. Ban. Know you one Bagot, sir, that's come to Antwerp ?

Crom. No, trust me, I ne'er saw the man ; but here

Are bills of debt I have receiv'd against
One Banister, a merchant fall'n to decay.

³ — to buy you spurs and wands.] i. e. switches.

Mrs. Ban. Into decay indeed, 'long of that wretch.
I am the wife to woeful Banister,
And by that bloody villain am pursu'd,
From London, here to Antwerp. My husband
He is in the governour's hands; and God
Of heaven knows how he will deal with him.
Now, sir, your heart is fram'd of milder temper;
Be merciful to a distressed soul,
And God no doubt will treble bless your gain.

Crom. Good mistress Banister, what I can, I will,
In any thing that lies within my power.

Mrs. Ban. O speak to Bagot, that same wicked
wretch:

An angel's voice may move a damned devil.

Crom. Why is he come to Antwerp, as you hear?

Mrs. Ban. I heard he landed some two hours
since:

Crom. Well, mistress Banister, assure yourself
I'll speak to Bagot in your own behalf,
And win him to all the pity that I can.
Mean time, to comfort you in your distress,
Receive these angels to relieve your need;
And be assur'd, that what I can effect,
To do you good, no way I will neglect.

Mrs. Ban. That mighty God that knows each mor-
tal's heart,
Keep you from trouble, sorrow, grief, and smart.

[*Exit Mistress Banister.*]

Crom. Thanks, courteous woman, for thy hearty
prayer.

It grieves my soul to see her misery:
But we that live under the work of fate,
May hope the best, yet know not to what state
Our stars and destinies have us assign'd;
Fickle is Fortune, and her face is blind.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

*A street in Antwerp.**Enter Bagot.*

Bag. So, all goes well ; it is as I would have it. Banister, he is with the governour, And shortly shall have gyves upon his heels. It glads my heart to think upon the slave ; I hope to have his body rot in prison, And after hear his wife to hang herself, And all his children die for want of food. The jewels I have with me brought to Antwerp, Are reckon'd to be worth five thousand pound ; Which scarcely stood me in three hundred pound. I bought them at an easy kind of rate ; I care not much which way they came by them, That sold them me ; it comes not near my heart : And lest they should be stolen, (as sure they are,) I thought it meet to sell them here in Antwerp ; And so have left them in the governour's hand, Who offers me within two hundred pound Of all my price : but now no more of that. — I must go see an if my bills be safe, The which I sent before to master Cromwell ; That if the wind should keep me on the sea, He might arrest him here before I came : And in good time, see where he is.

Enter Cromwell.

God save you sir.

Crom. And you.—Pray pardon me, I know you not.

Bag. It may be so, sir ; but my name is Bagot ; The man that sent to you the bills of debt.

Crom. O, you're the man that pursues Banister. Here are the bills of debt you sent to me ; As for the man, you know best where he is.

It

It is reported you have a flinty heart,
 A mind that will not stoop to any pity,
 An eye that knows not how to shed a tear,
 A hand that's always open for reward.
 But, master Bagot, would you be rul'd by me,
 You should turn all these to the contrary :
 Your heart should still have feeling of remorse ⁴,
 Your mind, according to your state, be liberal
 To those that stand in need and in distress ;
 Your hand to help them that do stand in want,
 Rather than with your poise to hold them down ⁵ :
 For every ill turn show yourself more kind ;
 Thus should I do ; pardon, I speak my mind,

Bag. Ay, sir, you speak to hear what I would say ;
 But you must live, I know, as well as I.
 I know this place to be extortion ⁶ ;
 And 'tis not for a man to keep safe here,
 But he must lye, cog with his dearest friend,
 And as for pity, scorn it ; hate all conscience :—
 But yet I do commend your wit in this,
 To make a show of what I hope you are not ;
 But I commend you, and it is well done :
 This is the only way to bring your gain.

Crom. My gain ? I had rather chain me to an oar,
 And, like a slave, there toil out all my life,

⁴ *Your heart should still have feeling of remorse,*] *Remorse*, in old language, is *tenderness, pity*. MALONE.

⁵ *Rather than with your poise to hold them down :*] *Poise* is *weight*. So in *Othello* :

“ It shall be full of *poise* and difficulty—” MALONE.

⁶ *I know this place to be extortion ;*] Perhaps the author wrote—*extortious*. MALONE.

Perhaps a word was omitted at the end of the line. We might read,

I know this place to be extortion's *nest*,
 So in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ ——— come from that *nest*

“ Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.”

STEVENS.

Before I'd live so base a slave as thou.
 I, like an hypocrite, to make a show
 Of seeming vittue, and a devil within!
 No, Bagot; if thy conscience were as clear,
 Poor Banister ne'er had been troubled here.

Bag. Nay, good master Cromwell, be not angry,
 fir,

I know full well that you are no such man;
 But if your conscience were as white as snow,
 It will be thought that you are otherwife.

Crom. Will it be thought that I am otherwife?
 Let them that think so, know they are deceiv'd.
 Shall Cromwell live to have his faith miscon-
 stru'd?

Antwerp, for all the wealth within thy town,
 I will not stay here full two hours longer.—
 As good luck serves, my accounts are all made even;
 Therefore I'll straight unto the treasurer.

Bagot, I know you'll to the governour:
 Commend me to him; say I am bound to travel,
 To see the fruitful parts of Italy;
 And as you ever bore a Christian mind,
 Let Banister some favour of you find.

Bag. For your sake, fir, I'll help him all I can—
 To starve his heart out ere he gets a groat; [*Aside.*
 So, master Cromwell, do I take my leave,
 For I must straight unto the governour.

Crom. Farewel, fir; pray you remember what I
 said. [*Exit Bagot.*

No, Cromwell, no; thy heart was ne'er so base,
 To live by falsehood, or by brokery.
 But it falls out well; I little it repent;
 Hereafter time in travel shall be spent.

Enter Hodge.

Hodge. Your son Thomas, quoth you! I have
 been

been Thomas's'd⁷. I had thought it had been no such matter to ha' gone by water; for at Putney, I'll go you to Parish-Garden⁸ for two-pence; fit as still as may be, without any wagging or jolting in my guts, in a little boat too: here, we were scarce four miles in the great green water, but I, thinking to go to my afternoon's nuncheon, as 'twas my manner at home, felt a kind of rising in my guts. At last, one of the sailors spying of me—be of good cheer, says he; set down thy victuals, and up with it; thou hast nothing but an eel in thy belly. Well, to't went I, to my victuals went the sailors; and thinking me to be a man of better experience than any in the ship, ask'd me what wood the ship was made of: they all swore I told them as right as if I had been acquainted with the carpenter that made it. At last we grew near land, and I grew villainous hungry, and went to my bag. The devil a bit there was, the sailors had tickled me; yet I cannot blame them: it was a part of kindness; for I in kindness told them what wood the ship was made of, and they in kindness eat up my victuals; as indeed one good turn asketh another. Well, would I could find my master Thomas in this Dutch town! he might put some English beer into my belly.

Crom. What, Hodge, my father's man! by my hand welcome.

How doth my father? what's the news at home?

Hodge. Master Thomas, O God! Master Thomas, your hand, glove and all: This is to give you to un-

⁷ *Your son Thomas, quoth you! I have been Thomas's'd.]* Hodge enters in the midst of a speculation on the unreasonableness of old Cromwell in sending him a long voyage to look for his son Thomas. MALONE.

⁸ *I'll go you to Parish-Garden—]* He means the bear-garden, which was sometimes called *Paris-garden* from the name of the person who kept it. It was in Southwark, near the *Globe-play-house*. MALONE.

derstanding, that your father is in health, and Alice Downing here hath sent you a nutmeg, and Bess Make-water a race of ginger⁹; my fellows Will and Tom hath between them sent you a dozen of points¹; and goodman Toll, of the goat^{*}, a pair of mittens: myself came in person; and this is all the news,

Crom. Gramercy good Hodge, and thou art welcome to me,

But in as ill a time thou comest as may be;
For I am travelling into Italy.

What say'st thou, Hodge? wilt thou bear me company?

Hodge. Will I bear thee company, Tom? what tell'st me of Italy? Were it to the farthest part of Flanders, I would go with thee, Tom: I am thine in all weal or woe; thy own to command. What, Tom! I have braved the rigorous waves of Neptune's blasts, and thou, Thomas, I have been in danger of the floods; and when I have seen Boreas begin to play the ruffian with us², then would I down a' my knees, and call upon Vulcan.

Crom. And why upon him?

Hodge. Because, as this same fellow Neptune is

⁹ — and Bess Make-water a race of ginger;] A race of ginger is supposed by some to mean no more than a root of ginger. In *K. Henry IV.* P. I. however, where it is mentioned by one of the carriers, it should seem to be more bulky. "I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger to be delivered as far as Charing Cross." MALONE.

¹ — my fellows Will and Tom hath between them sent you a dozen of points.] Points were strings with metal tags, by which the trunk hose were formerly fastened. MALONE.

^{*} — goodman Toll, of the goat,—] Perhaps we ought to read—gate. MALONE.

² — and when I have seen Boreas play the ruffian with us,] The author had perhaps Shakspeare's *King Henry IV.* P. II. in his thoughts:

" — in the visitation of the winds,
" Who take the ruffian billows by the tops"— MALONE.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage

" The gentle Thetis"— STEEVENS.

god of the seas, so Vulcan is lord over the smiths ;
and therefore I, being a smith, thought his godhead
would have some care yet of me.

Crom. A good conceit : but tell me, hast thou
din'd yet ?

Hodge. Thomas, to speak the truth, not a bit yet, I.

Crom. Come, go with me, thou shalt have cheer,
good store ;

And farewell, Antwerp, if I come no more.

Hodge. I follow thee, sweet Tom, I follow thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Another street in the same.

*Enter the Governour of the English factory, Bagot, Mr.
and Mrs. Banister, and two Officers.*

Gov. Is Cromwell gone then say you, master Bagot ?
On what dislike, I pray you ? what was the cause ?

Bag. To tell you true, a wild brain of his own ;
Such youth as he can't see when they are well.
He is all bent to travel, (that's his reason,)
And doth not love to eat his bread at home.

Gov. Well, good fortune with him, if the man be
gone.

We hardly shall find such a one as he,
To fit our turns, his dealings were so honest,
But now, fir, for your jewels that I have—
What do you say ? what, will you take my price ?

Bag. O, fir, you offer too much under foot³.

Gov. 'Tis but two hundred pound between us,
man ;

What's that in payment of five thousand pound ?

Bag. Two hundred pound ! by'r lady, fir, 'tis great ;
Before I got so much, it made me sweat.

³ — you offer too much under foot.] You offer too low ; under
the real value. MALONS.

Gov.

Gov. Well, master Bagot, I'll proffer you fairly.
 You see this merchant, master Banister,
 Is going now to prison at your suit ;
 His substance all is gone : what would you have ?
 Yet, in regard I knew the man of wealth,
 (Never dishonest dealing, but such mishaps
 Have fallen on him, may light on me or you)
 There is two hundred pound between us two ;
 We will divide the same : I'll give you one,
 On that condition you will set him free.
 His state is nothing ; that you see yourself ;
 And where nought is, the king must lose his right.

Bag. Sir, fir, I know you speak out of your love :
 'Tis foolish love, fir, sure, to pity him.
 Therefore content yourself ; this is my mind ;
 To do him good I will not bate a penny.

Ban. This is my comfort, though thou dost no
 good,
 A mighty ebb follows a mighty flood.

Mrs. Ban. O thou base wretch, whom we have
 fostered,
 Even as a serpent, for to poison us !
 If God did ever right a woman's wrong,
 To that same God I bend and bow my heart,
 To let his heavy wrath fall on thy head,
 By whom my hopes and joys are butchered.

Bag. Alas, fond woman ! I pr'ythee pray thy
 worst ;
 The fox fares better still when he is curst.

Enter Bowser.

Gov. Master Bowser ! you're welcome, fir, from
 England.
 What's the best news ? and how do all our friends ?
Bow. They are all well, and do commend them to
 you.
 There's letters from your brother and your son :

So,

So, fare you well, fir; I must take my leave:
My haste and business doth require^o so.

Gov. Before you dine, fir? What, go you out of town?

Bow. I'faith unless I hear some news in town, I must away; there is no remedy.

Gov. Master Bowser, what is your business? may I know it?

Bow. You may so, fir, and so shall all the city. The king of late hath had his treasury robb'd, And of the choicest jewels that he had: The value of them was seven thousand pounds. The fellow that did steal these jewels is hang'd; And did confess that for three hundred pound He sold them to one Bagot dwelling in London. Now Bagot's fled, and, as we hear, to Antwerp; And hither am I come to seek him out; And they that first can tell me of his news, Shall have a hundred pound for their reward.

Ban. How just is God to right the innocent!

Gov. Master Bowser, you come in happy time: Here is the villain Bagot that you seek, And all those jewels have I in my hands: Here, officers, look to him, hold him fast.

Bag. The devil ought me a shame, and now hath paid it.

Bow. Is this that Bagot? Fellows, bear him hence;

We will not now stand here for his reply. Lade him with irons⁴; we will have him try'd In England, where his villanies are known.

Bag. Mischief, confusion, light upon you all! O hang me, drown me, let me kill myself; Let go my arms, let me run quick to hell.

⁴ Lade him with irons] *Lade* was the old word for *load*. Hence *loading* for *loading*; scil. a ship's *lading*, &c. PERCY,

Bow.

Bow. Away; bear him away; stop the slave's mouth: [Exeunt Officers and Bagot.]

Mrs. Ban. Thy works are infinite, great God of heaven.

Gov. I heard this Bagot was a wealthy fellow.

Bow. He was indeed; for when his goods were seiz'd,

Of jewels, coin, and plate, within his house
Was found the value of five thousand pound;
His furniture fully worth half so much;
Which being all distrained for the king,
He frankly gave it to the Antwerp merchants;
And they again, out of their bounteous mind;
Have to a brother of their company,
A man decay'd by fortune of the seas,
Given Bagot's wealth, to set him up again,
And keep it for him; his name is Banister.

Gov. Master Bowser, with this most happy news
You have reviv'd two from the gates of death:
This is that Banister, and this his wife.

Bow. Sir, I am glad my fortune is so good
To bring such tidings as may comfort you.

Ban. You have given life unto a man deem'd dead;
For by these news my life is newly bred.

Mrs. Ban. Thanks to my God, next to my sovereign
king;
And last to you, that these good news do bring.

Gov. The hundred pound I must receive, as due
For finding Bagot, I freely give to you.

Bow. And, master Banister, if so you please,
I'll bear you company, when you cross the seas.

Ban. If it please you, sir;—my company is but
mean:

Stands with your liking, I will wait on you^s.

Gov. I am glad that all things do accord so well.

^s *Stands with your liking, I will wait on you.*] Elliptical, for—*If it stands, &c.* PERCY.

Come,

Come, master Bowser, let us in to dinner ;
 And, mistress Banister, be merry, woman.
 Come, after sorrow now let's cheer your spirit ;
 Knaves have their due, and you but what you merit.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The principal bridge at Florence.

Enter Cromwell and Hodge in their shirts, and without hats.

Hodge. Call you this seeing of fashions? marry would I had staid at Putney still. O, master Thomas, we are spoil'd, we are gone.

Crom. Content thee, man ; this is but fortune.

Hodge. Fortune! a plague of this fortune, it makes me go wet-shod ; the rogues would not leave me a shoe to my feet.

For my hose,

They scorn'd them with their heels :

But for my doublet and hat,

O Lord, they embrac'd me,

And unlac'd me,

And took away my cloaths,

And so disgrac'd me.

Crom. Well, Hodge, what remedy? What shift shall we make now?

Hodge. Nay I know not. For begging I am naught ; for stealing worse. By my troth, I must even fall to my old trade, to the hammer and the horse-heels again ;—But now the worst is, I am not acquainted with the humour of the horses in this country ; whether they are not coltish, given much to kicking, or no : for when I have one leg in my hand,

hand, if he should up and lay t'other on my chaps; I were gone; there lay I, there lay Hodge.

Crom. Hodge, I believe thou must work for us both.

Hodge. O, master Thomas, have not I told you of this? Have not I many a time and often said, Tom, or master Thomas, learn to make a horse-shoe, it will be your own another day: this was not regarded.—Hark you, Thomas! what do you call the fellows that robb'd us?

Crom. The banditti.

Hodge. The banditti do you call them? I know not what they are call'd here, but I am sure we call them plain thieves in England. O, Tom, that we were now at Putney, at the ale there⁶!

Crom. Content thee, man: here set up these two bills,

And let us keep our standing on the bridge.

The fashion of this country is such,

If any stranger be oppress'd with want,

To write the manner of his misery; . . .

And such as are dispos'd to succour him,

[*Hodge sets up the bills.*

Will do it. What, Hodge, hast thou set them up?

Hodge. Ay, they are up; God send some to read them⁷, and not only to read them, but also to look on us: and not altogether look on us, but to relieve us. O, cold, cold, cold!

[*Cromwell stands at one end of the bridge, and Hodge at the other.*

—⁶ *at the ale there.*] i. e. at the ale-house. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, fol. 1623: "Thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian." STEVENS.

⁷ *God send some to read, &c.*] Hodge seems to have formed his wish on the cant lines which were formerly written on the blank leaves at the beginning of school-books, &c.

"Philemon Holland his book,

"God gives him grace therein to look:

"And not to look but understand, &c." STEVENS.

Enter

Enter Frescobald.

Fres. [*reads the bills.*] What's here?

Two Englishmen, and robb'd by the banditti!

One of them seems to be a gentleman.

'Tis pity that his fortune was so hard,

To fall into the desperate hands of thieves:

I'll question him of what estate he is.

God save you, sir. Are you an Englishman?

Crom. I am, sir, a distressed Englishman.

Fres. And what are you, my friend?

Hodge. Who, I sir? by my troth I do not know myself, what I am now; but, sir, I was a smith, sir, a poor farrier of Putney. That's my master, sir, yonder; I was robb'd for his sake, sir.

Fres. I see you have been met by the banditti, And therefore need not ask how you came thus.

But Frescobald, why dost thou question them

Of their estate, and not relieve their need?

Sir, the coin I have about me is not much:

There's sixteen ducats for to clothe yourselves,

There's sixteen more to buy your diet with,

And there's sixteen to pay for your horse-hire:

'Tis all the wealth, you see, my purse possesses;

But if you please for to enquire me out,

You shall not want for aught that I can do.

My name is Frescobald, a Florence merchant,

A man that always lov'd your nation.

Crom. This unexpected favour at your hands,

Which God doth know, if e'er I shall requite—

Necessity makes me to take your bounty,

And for your gold can yield you nought but thanks.

Your charity hath help'd me from despair;

Your name shall still be in my hearty prayer.

Fres. It is not worth such thanks: come to my house;

Your want shall better be reliev'd than thus.

Crom?

Crom. I pray, excuse me; this shall well suffice,
To bear my charges to Bononia,
Whereas a noble earl is much distress'd^a.
An Englishman, Ruffel the earl of Bedford,
Is by the French king sold unto his death.
It may fall out, that I may do him good;
To save his life, I'll hazard my heart-blood.
Therefore, kind sir, thanks for your liberal gift;
I must be gone to aid him; there's no shift.

Fres. I'll be no hinderer to so good an act.
Heaven prosper you in that you go about!
If fortune bring you this way back again,
Pray let me see you: so I take my leave;
All good a man can wish, I do beseech.

[*Exit Frescobald.*]

Crom. All good that God doth send, light on your head!

There's few such men within our climate bred.
How say you Hodge? is not this good fortune?

Hodge. How say you? I'll tell you what, master Thomas; if all men be of this gentleman's mind, let's keep our standings upon this bridge; we shall get more here, with begging in one day, than I shall with making horse-shoes in a whole year.

Crom. No, Hodge, we must be gone unto Bononia, There to relieve the noble earl of Bedford: Where, if I fail not in my policy, I shall deceive their subtle treachery.

Hodge. Nay, I'll follow you. God bless us from the thieving banditti again. [*Exeunt.*]

^a Whereas a noble earl is much distress'd:] Whereas for where. So in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:

"You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,

"Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk."

MALONE.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Bononia 9.*A room in an hotel.**Enter Bedford and Host.*

Bed. Am I betray'd? was Bedford born to die
By such base slaves, in such a place as this?
Have I escap'd so many times in France,
So many battles have I over-pass'd,
And made the French stir, when they heard my
name 1;

And am I now betray'd unto my death?
Some of their heart's-blood first shall pay for it.

Host. They do desire, my lord, to speak with you.

Bed. The traitors do desire to have my blood;
But by my birth, my honour, and my name,
By all my hopes, my life shall cost them dear.
Open the door; I'll venture out upon them,
And if I must die, then I'll die with honour.

Host. Alas, my lord, that is a desperate course;
They have begirt you round about the house.
Their meaning is, to take you prisoner,
And so to send your body unto France.

Bed. First shall the ocean be as dry as sand,
Before alive they send me unto France.

9 *Bononia* is the Latin name of *Bologna*, a town in Italy.

MALONE.

1 *And made the French stir, when they heard my name;* I suspect that we should read—*skir*, i. e. scour away, run away hastily. So in *K. Henry V*:

“We'll make them *skir* away as swift as stones

“Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.”

To *skir* may, as well mean, to be active in their own defence, as to fly before their enemies. STEEVENS.

I'll have my body first bor'd like a sieve,
 And die as Hector, 'gainst the Myrmidons*,
 Ere France shall boast, Bedford's their prisoner.
 Treacherous France! that, 'gainst the law of arms,
 Hath here betray'd thine enemy to death.
 But be assur'd, my blood shall be reveng'd
 Upon the best lives that remain in France.

Enter a Servant.

Stand back, or else thou run'st upon thy death.

Ser. Pardon, my lord; I come to tell your honour,

That they have hir'd a Neapolitan,
 Who by his oratory hath promis'd them,
 Without the shedding of one drop of blood,
 Into their hands safe to deliver you;
 And therefore craves none but himself may enter,
 And a poor swain that attends upon him.

Bed. A Neapolitan? bid him come in.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Were he as cunning in his eloquence,
 As Cicero, the famous man of Rome,
 His words would be as chaff against the wind.
 Sweet-tongu'd Ulysses, that made Ajax mad,
 Were he, and his tongue in this speaker's head,
 Alive he wins me not; then 'tis no conquest, dead.

Enter Cromwell in a Neapolitan habit, and Hodge.

Crom. Sir, are you the master of the house?

Hodg. I am, sir.

Crom. By this same token you must leave this place,

* *I'll have my body first bor'd like a sieve,
 And die as Hector, 'gainst the Myrmidons,]* So in *King Richard III*:

“ ———— this anointed body

“ By thee was punched full of deadly boles.” MALONE.

And

And leave none but the earl and I together,
And this my peasant here to tend on us.

Hof. With all my heart : God grant you do some good. [*Exit Hof. Cromwell shuts the door.*]

Bed. Now, fir, what is your will with me ?

Crom. Intends your honour not to yield yourself ?

Bed. No, good-man goose, not while my sword doth last.

Is this your eloquence for to persuade me ?

Crom. My lord, my eloquence is for to save you : I am not, as you judge, a Neapolitan, But Cromwell, your servant, and an Englishman.

Bed. How ! Cromwell ? not my farrier's son ?

Crom. The same, fir ; and am come to succour you.

Hodge. Yes 'faith, fir ; and I am Hodge, your poor smith : many a time and oft have I shod your dapple-grey¹.

Bed. And what avails it me that thou art here ?

Crom. It may avail, if you'll be rul'd by me.

My lord, you know, the men of Mantua
And these Bononians are at deadly strife ;
And they, my lord², both love and honour you.
Could you but get out of the Mantua port³,
Then were you safe, despite of all their force.

Bed. Tut, man, thou talk'st of things impossible ;
Dost thou not see, that we are round beset ?

¹ — *your dapple grey.*] The old copy reads—your *dapper grey*. It was clearly a misprint. MALONE.

² *And they, my lord,*] i. e. the people of Mantua. MALONE.

³ *Could you but get out of the Mantua port,*] He was in Bononia, and wanted to go to Mantua. It should therefore be "into the Mantuan port" or gate ;—or *in at*, &c. PERCY,

The old reading is, I think, right. Could you but get out of the *gate* in this town of Bononia, which leads to Mantua. It is very common in provincial towns to denominate the gates from the places to which they lead ;—thus *London gate* and *London road* are found in various parts of England.—So (as Mr. Stevens observes to me) "in Sparta one of the gates was called *Porta Amyclæa*, or *Amyclarum*, because it led towards *Amyclæ*, a city of Laconia." MALONE.

How then is't possible we should escape?

Crom. By force we cannot, but by policy.
Put on the apparel here that Hodge doth wear,
And give him yours: The states, they know you not⁶
(For, as I think, they never saw your face);
And at a watch-word must I call them in,
And will desire that we two safe may pass
To Mantua, where I'll say my business lies.
How doth your honour like of this device*?

Bed. O, wond'rous good.—But wilt thou venture,
Hodge?

Hodge. Will I?

O noble lord,

I do accord,

In any thing I can:

And do agree,

To set thee free,

Do Fortune what she can.

Bed. Come then, let us change our apparel straight.

⁶ The states, *they know you not*] A *state* was, in old language, a principal personage; a ruler or governour. So in *Troilus and Cressida*, vol. ix. p. 64:

“If any thing more than your sport and pleasure

“Did move your greatness, and this noble *state*,

“To call on him” —

See the note there. MALONE.

The word has often this sense in the writings of that time, especially among political writers, and even in publick proclamations, &c. So in the orders issued out for receiving the princess Catharine of Spain, when she came over to be espoused by our prince Arthur, A. D. 1501, it is directed

“The said princess shall be met about Blackwall, with the *states* following: that is to say, the duke of Bucks in one barge; the bishop of Bath in another: the bishop of Exeter in another: the earl of Northumberland in another: the earl of Kent in another, &c.” See the MS original in the British Museum, Harl. MSS, 69. (25).—So in our translation of the New Testament, St. Mark, vi. 21, it is, “Herod on his birth-day made a supper to his lords, high captains, and *chief states* [Gr. τοῖς μεγάλοις] of Gallilee.” PERCY.

* — of *this device*?] Thus the quarto, and folio 1664. The modern editions read—*advice*. MALONE.

Crom.

Crom. Go, Hodge; make haste, lest they should chance to call.

Hodge. I warrant you I'll fit him with a suit.

[*Exeunt Bedford and Hodge.*]

Crom. Heavens grant this policy doth take success,

And that the earl may safely scape away!
 And yet it grieves me for this simple wretch,
 For fear lest they should offer him violence:
 But of two evils 'tis best to shun the greatest;
 And better is it that he live in thrall,
 Than such a noble earl as he should fall.
 Their stubborn hearts, it may be, will relent,
 Since he is gone, to whom their hate is bent.

Re-enter Bedford and Hodge.

My lord, have you dispatch'd?

Bed. How dost thou like us, Cromwell? is it well?

Crom. O, my good lord, excellent. Hodge, how dost feel thyself?

Hodge. How do I feel myself? why, as a nobleman should do. O how I feel honour come creeping on! My nobility is wonderful melancholy⁷: Is it not most gentleman-like to be melancholy?

Bed. Yes, Hodge: now go sit down in the study, and take state upon thee.

Hodge. I warrant you, my lord; let me alone to take state upon me: But hark, my lord, do you feel nothing bite about you?

⁷ *My nobility is wonderful melancholy: Is it not most gentleman-like to be melancholy?* } So in the *Winter's Tale*:

"He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical."

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour*:

"Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir; your true melancholy breed; your perfect fine wit," MALONE.

Bed. No, trust me, Hodge.

Hodge. Ay, they know they want their old pasture. 'Tis a strange thing of this vermin, they dare not meddle with nobility.

Crom. Go take thy place, Hodge; I will call them in.

Now all is done:—Enter an if you please, ..

Enter the Governour and other States and Citizens of Bononia, and Officers with halberts.

Gov. What, have you won him? will he yield himself?

Crom. I have, an't please you; and the quiet earl doth yield himself to be dispos'd by you.

Gov. Give him the money that we promis'd him; so let him go, whither it please himself.

Crom. My business, sir, lies unto Mantua; please you to giye me a safe conduct thither.

Gov. Go, and conduct him to the Mantua port, and see him safe deliver'd presently.

[*Exeunt Cromwell, Bedford, and an Officer.*
Go draw the curtains, let us see the earl^a:—

[*An attendant opens the curtains.*

O, he

^a *Go draw the curtains, let us see the earl:—*] Here is another proof of what has been already advanced relative to the want of scenes in our old theatres. See vol. i. p. 19 MALONE.

To *draw* the curtains, anciently meant the same as to open, or *undraw* them, as we say in modern language. So in the stage directions relative to the murder of duke Humphrey, quarto edit. "Then the curtaines being *drawne*, duke Humphrey is discovered, &c." Again, *ibid.* at the death of cardinal Beaufort:—"the curtaines be *drawne* and the cardinal is discovered—"

Nothing was once more common than to divide large rooms by means of a curtain, or traverse, that they might answer the purpose of more than one apartment. The chamber of Bedford was properly separated from his study by this contrivance. I think therefore that nothing relative to want of scenery in our early theatres, can be inferred from the passage before us. STEEVENS.

I doubt

O, he is writing ; stand apart a while.

Hodge. [reads.] *Fellow William, I am not as I have been ; I went from you a smith, I write to you as a lord. I am at this present writing, among the Polonian sausages ? I do commend my lordship to Ralph and to Roger, to Bridget and to Dorothy, and so to all the youth of Putney.*

Gov. Sure these are the names of English noble-
men,

Some of his special friends, to whom he writes :—

[*Hodge sounds a note.*

But stay, he doth address himself to sing.

[*Hodge sings a song.*

My lord, I am glad you are so frolick and so blithe :
Believe me, noble lord, if you knew all,
You'd change your merry vein to sudden sorrow.

Hodge. I change my merry vein ? no, thou Bo-
nonian, no ;

I am a lord, and therefore let me go.

I do defy thee and thy sausages ;

Therefore stand off, and come not near my honour.

Gov. My lord, this jesting cannot serve your turn.

Hodge. Dost think, thou black Bononian beast,
That I do flout, do gibe, or jest ?

I doubt much whether it was ever a common practice in Eng-
land to divide rooms in *private houses* by means of curtains ; but
however that may have been, it seems both from the present
passage and many others (which are cited ante, vol. i. p. 19.) that
it certainly was a common practice in our ancient *theatres* : and
the resorting to this expedient, when any person was to be dis-
covered in a different apartment from that in which the prin-
cipal action was exhibited, appears to me as decisive a proof of the
want of scenery as can be well produced. MALONE.

— among the Polonian sausages.] I suppose Hodge uses this
as a term of contempt for the people of Bologna, they being fa-
mous for this kind of viand,—which in vulgar language is at this
day called a *Polony*. In the quarto the word is spelled, in one
place, *saffis*, in another *caffis*. MALONE.

I suppose he means *coffacks*, or as it was then written, *coffaques*.
PERCY.

From a subsequent line it appears that a word of three syllables
was intended. MALONE.

No, no, thou beer pot, know that I,
 A noble earl, a lord par-dy— [A trumpet sounds.
 Gov. What means this trumpet's sound?

Enter a Messenger.

Cit. One is come from the states of Mantua.

Gov. What, would you with us? speak thou man
 of Mantua.

Mes. Men of Bononia, this my message is;
 To let you know, the noble earl of Bedford
 Is safe within the town of Mantua,
 And wills you send the peasant that you have,
 Who hath deceiv'd your expectation:
 Or else the states of Mantua have vow'd,
 They will recall the truce that they have made;
 And not a man shall stir from forth your town,
 That shall return, unless you send him back.

Gov. O this misfortune, how it mads my heart!
 The Neapolitan hath beguil'd us all.
 Hence with this fool. What shall we do with him,
 The earl being gone? A plague upon it all!

Hodge. No, I'll assure you, I am no earl, but a
 smith, sir, one Hodge, a smith at Putney, sir; one
 that hath gull'd you, that hath bored you, sir!

Gov. Away with him; take hence the fool you
 came for.

Hodge. Ay, sir, and I'll leave the greater fool with
 you.

Mes. Farewel, Bononians. Come, friend, along
 with me.

Hodge. My friend, afore; my lordship will fol-
 low thee. [Exeunt Hodge and Messenger.

Gov. Well, Mantua, since by thee the earl is lost,
 Within few days I hope to see thee crost.

[Exeunt Governour, States, Attendants, &c.

* — that hath bored you, sir.] So in *King Henry VIII*:
 "He bores me with some trick." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Thus far you see how Cromwell's fortune pass'd.

The earl of Bedford, being safe in Mantua,
Desires Cromwell's company into France,
To make requital for his courtesy;
But Cromwell doth deny the earl his suit,
And tells him that those parts he meant to see,
He had not yet set footing on the land *;
And so directly takes his way to Spain;
The earl to France †; and so they both do part.
Now let your thoughts, as swift as is the wind,
Skip some few years that Cromwell spent in
travel;

And now imagine him to be in England,
Servant unto the Master of the rolls;
Where in short time he there began to flourish:
An hour shall show you what few years did
cherish ‡. [Exit.

* *And tells him that those parts he meant to see,
He had not yet set footing on the land;*] I would read—of
those parts. The lines appear to me ungrammatical as they stand.

STEEVENS.

† *The earl to France;*] Yet Bedford [ante, Scene II.] is only apprehensive of having his body sent into France, &c. This is a strange inconsistency. PERCY.

The earl's apprehensions in the former scene are, that he should be sent a prisoner into France.

“ I'll have my body first bor'd like a sieve,

“ Ere France shall boast, Bedford's their prisoner.”

It appears from a subsequent part of the play that he returned to England; to which his shortest route from Mantua was through France. MALONE.

‡ ——— *began to flourish;*

An hour will show you what few years did cherish.] I suppose for the sake of rhyme we should read *nourish*. STEEVENS.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*London.**A room in fir Christopher Hales's house.**Musick plays; then a banquet is brought in. Enter fir Christopher Hales, Cromwell, and two Servants.*

Hales. Come, sirs, be careful of your master's credit;

And as our bounty now exceeds the figure
Of common entertainment, so do you,
With looks as free as is your master's soul,
Give formal welcome to the thronged tables,
That shall receive the cardinal's followers,
And the attendants of the great lord chancellor.
But all my care, Cromwell, depends on thee:
Thou art a man differing from vulgar form,
And by how much thy spirit's rank'd 'bove these,
In rules of art, by so much it shines brighter
By travel, whose observance pleads his merit,
In a most learn'd, yet unassuming spirit.
Good Cromwell, cast an eye of fair regard
'Bout all my house; and what this ruder flesh^s,
Through ignorance, or wine, do miscreate,
Salve thou with courtesy. If welcome want,
Full bowls and ample banquets will seem scant⁶.

Crom. Sir, as to whatsoever lies in me,
Assure you, I will shew my utmost duty.

^s — *this ruder flesh,*] i. e. these coarser natures; meaning, I suppose, his servants, to whom he points as he speaks.

STEVENS.

⁶ — *If welcome want,*
Full bowls and ample banquets will seem scant.] We meet a similar sentiment in *Macbeth*:

“ — the feast is sold,
“ That is not often vouch'd while 'tis a making,
“ 'Tis given with *welcome*.” MALONE.

Hales.

Hales. About it then ; the lords will straight be here. [*Exit Cromwell.*

Cromwell, thou hast those parts would rather suit
The service of the state than of my house :
I look upon thee with a loving eye,
That one day will prefer thy destiny.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, the lords be at hand.

Hales. They are welcome : bid Cromwell straight attend us,
And look you all things be in perfect readyness. [*Exit Servant.*

The musick plays. Enter cardinal Wolsey, sir Thomas More, Gardiner, Cromwell, and other attendants.

Wol. O, sir Christopher,
You are too liberal : What ! a banquet too ?

Hales. My lords, if words could show the ample welcome
That my free heart affords you, I could then
Become a prater ; but I now must deal
Like a feast-politician with your lordships ;
Defer your welcome till the banquet end,
That it may then salve our defect of fare :
Yet welcome now, and all that tend on you.

Wol. Our thanks to the kind Master of the rolls.
Come and sit down ; sit down sir Thomas More.
'Tis strange, how that we and the Spaniard differ ;
Their dinner is our banquet after dinner,
And they are men of active disposition.
This I gather, that, by their sparing meat,
Their bodies are more fitter for the wars ;
And if that famine chance to pinch their maws,
Being us'd to fast, it breeds in them less pain.

Hales. Fill me some wipe ; I'll answer cardinal
Wolsey.

My

My lord, we English are of more freer souls,
 Than hunger-starv'd and ill-complexion'd Spaniards,
 They that are rich in Spain, spare belly-food,
 To deck their backs with an Italian hood,
 And silks of Seville; and the poorest snake,
 That feeds on lemons, pilchards⁸, and ne'er heated
 His palate with sweet flesh, will bear a case
 More fat and gallant than his starved face,
 Pride, the inquisition, and this belly-evil,
 Are, in my judgment, Spain's three-headed devil.

More. Indeed it is a plague unto their nation,
 Who stagger after* in blind imitation,

Hales. My lords, with welcome, I present your
 lordships

A solemn health.

More. I love healths well; but when as healths do
 bring

Pain to the head, and body's surfeiting,
 Then cease I healths:

* — and the poorest snake,] This term, equivalent to "poorest creature," is still current in Staffordshire. Cole (who in his *Latin and English Dictionary*, 8vo. has almost every peculiar word and phrase of Shakespeare) renders "a poor snake" *Latinè, brax*, as if it were expressive of "a poor beggar."

The same expression is found in *Sir John Oldcastle*:

" — and you poor snakes come seldom to a booty."

PERCY.

8 — pilchers,] We should read *pilchards*, i. e. the fish so called. *Pilche* or *pilcher* is a leathern coat. STEEVENS.

will bear a case

More fat and gallant than his starved face.] By *case* the poet seems to mean their *clothes*. They defraud their appetites to adorn their persons. Their habits are more *fat* (i. e. rich) than their faces. *Fat* may, however, mean *baftered out, bombasted*, as was anciently the fashion. STEEVENS.

When "queen Elizabeth (says Cary in his *Present State of England*, 1626) asked a knight, named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies; he answered—As I like my silver-haired comies at home; the *cases* are far better than the bodies."

Perhaps we ought to read,

More *fine* and gallant, &c. MALONE.

* *Who stagger after*—] Thus the folios. The quarto has *stager*,

MALONE.

Nay

Nay spill not friend; for though the drops be small,
Yet have they force to force men to the wall.

Wol. Sir Christopher, is that your man?

Hales. An't like

Your grace, he is a scholar, and a linguist;
One that hath travelled through many parts
Of Christendom, my lord.

Wol. My friend, come nearer: have you been a
traveller?

Crom. My lord,

I have added to my knowledge, the Low Countries,
With France, Spain, Germany, and Italy;
And though small gain of profit I did find,
Yet it did please my eye, content my mind.

Wol. What do you think then of the several states
And princes' courts as you have travelled?

Crom. My lord, no court with England may com-
pare,

Neither for state, nor civil government.
Lust dwells in France, in Italy, and Spain,
From the poor peasant, to the prince's train.
In Germany and Holland, riot serves;
And he that most can drink, most he deserves.
England I praise not for I here was born,
But that she laughs the others unto scorn.

Wol. My lord, there dwells within that spirit more
Than can be discern'd by the outward eye:—
Sir Christopher, will you part with your man?

Hales. I have fought to proffer him unto your lord-
ship;

And now I see he hath prefer'd himself.

Wol. What is thy name?

Crom. Cromwell, my lord.

Wol. Then, Cromwell, here we make thee solicitor

* — for I here was born,] I do not praise England because I am a native of it, but for its superiority over other countries. So in *Osbello*:

“ ——— haply for I am black.” MALONE.

414: LORD CROMWELL.

Of our causes, and nearest, next ourself:
Gardiner, give you kind welcome to the man.

[Gardiner embraces him.]

More. My lord cardinal, you are a royal winner*,
Have got a man, besides your bounteous dinner.
Well, my good knight, pray, that we come no more;
If we come often, thou may'st shut thy door.

Wol. Sir Christopher, hadst thou given me half
thy lands,

Thou could'st not have pleas'd me so much as with
This man of thine. My infant thoughts do spell,
Shortly his fortune shall be lifted higher;
True industry doth kindle honour's fire:
And so, kind master of the rolls, farewell.

Hales. Cromwell, farewell.

Crom. Cromwell takes his leave of you,
That ne'er will leave to love and honour you*.

[Exeunt. The musick plays as they go out.]

A C T IV.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now Cromwell's highest fortunes do begin,
Wolfey, that lov'd him as he did his life,
Committed all his treasure to his hands,
Wolfey is dead; and Gardiner, his man,
Is now created bishop of Winchester.
Pardon if we omit all Wolfey's life,

* My lord cardinal, you are a royal winner,—

Well, my good knight, pray that we come &c.] The metre of these lines is defective in the old copies, on which account the words in Roman characters have been added. There can be no doubt that these couplets were rendered imperfect by the carelessness of the printer. MALONE.

* That ne'er will leave to love and honour you.] That ne'er will cease to love, &c. So in King Henry VI. P. II.

“ You had me ban, and will you bid me leave?”

MALONE.

bc

Because our play depends on Cromwell's death.
 Now fit, and see his highest state of all,
 His height of rising, and his sudden fall.
 Pardon the errors are already past,
 And live in hope the best doth come at last.
 My hope upon your favour doth depend,
 And looks to have your liking ere the end. [Exit.]

S C E N E I.

The same.

A publick walk.

Enter Gardiner bishop of Winchester, the dukes of Norfolk and of Suffolk, sir Thomas More, sir Christopher Hales, and Cromwell.

Nor. Master Cromwell, since cardinal Wolsey's death,

His majesty is given to understand
 There's certain bills and writings in your hand,
 That much concern the state of England.

My lord of Winchester, is it not so?

Gar. My lord of Norfolk, we two were whilom fellows :

And master Cromwell, though our master's love
 Did bind us, while his love was to the king,
 It is no boot now to deny those things,
 Which may be prejudicial to the state :
 And though that God hath rais'd my fortune higher
 Than any way I look'd for, or deserv'd,
 Yet may my life no longer with me dwell,
 Than I prove true unto my sovereign !
 What say you, master Cromwell ? have you those
 Writings, ay, or no ?

Crom. Here are the writings :
 And on my knees I give them up unto
 The worthy dukes of Suffolk, and of Norfolk.

He

He was my master, and each virtuous part
That liv'd in him, I tender'd with my heart;
But what his head plotted gainst the state,
My country's love commands me that to hate.
His sudden death I grieve for, not his fall,
Because he sought to work my country's thrall.

Suf. Cromwell, the King shall hear of this thy
duty;

Who, I assure myself, will well reward thee.
My lord, let's go unto his majesty,
And show those writings which he longs to see.

[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*]

Enter Bedford hastily.

Bed. How now, who is this? Cromwell? By my
soul,
Welcome to England; thou once didst save my life;
Didst not, Cromwell?

Crom. If I did so, 'tis greater glory for me
That you remember it, than for myself
Vainly to report it.

Bed. Well, Cromwell, now's the time,
I shall commend thee to my sovereign;
Cheer up thyself, for I will raise thy state;
A Ruffel yet was never found ingrate. [Exit.]

Hales. O how uncertain is the wheel of state *!
Who lately greater than the cardinal,
For fear and love? and now who lower lies?
Gay honours are but Fortune's flatteries;

* *His sudden death, I grieve for, not his fall.*] Thus all the co-
pies. The context shews, I think, that the author wrote *for*.

MALONE.
I believe the old reading is the true one. I grieve, says
Cromwell, for his death, because it was too sudden to allow time
for repentance. I am *not* sorry for his fall, because had his
power lasted, he would have employed it against the interests of
his country. STEEVENS.

* *O how uncertain is the wheel of state!*] This may be the true
reading, and may mean the *revolution of state affairs*. But I rather
think we should read—the wheel of *fate*, the word *state* having
occurred just before. STEEVENS.

And

And whom this day pride and ambition swells,
To-morrow envy and ambition quells.

More. Who sees the cob-web tangle the poor fly,
May boldly say, the wretch's death is nigh.

Gard. I knew his state and proud ambition
Were too too violent to last o'er-long.

Hales. Who soars too near the sun with golden
wings,
Melts them; to ruin his own fortune brings.

Enter the duke of Suffolk.

Suf. Cromwell, kneel down. In king Henry's
name arise
Sir Thomas Cromwell; thus begins thy fame.

Enter the duke of Norfolk.

Nor. Cromwell, the gracious majesty of England,
For the good liking he conceives of thee,
Makes thee the master of the jewel-house,
Chief secretary to himself, and withal
Creates thee one of his highness' privy-council.

Enter the earl of Bedford.

Bed. Where is sir Thomas Cromwell? is he
knighted?

Suf. He is, my lord.

Bed. Then, to add honour to
His name, the king creates him the lord keeper
Of his privy seal, and master of the rolls,

Which

* *Then to add honour to*

His name, the king creates him the lord keeper

Of his privy seal, &c.] The rise of Cromwell to the
highest honours of the state was certainly sudden, but not quite
so rapid as this author has represented. In 1531 he was made
a privy counsellor and master of the jewel-house, and the next
year clerk of the hanaper, and chancellor of the exchequer:
in 1534, principal secretary of state and master of the rolls.
The following year he was appointed vicar-general over all
the spiritualities in England, under the king; on the second

Which you, fir Christopher, do now enjoy^s :
The king determines higher place for you.

Crom. My lords,

These honours are too high for my desert.

More. O content thee, man ; who would not
choose it ?

Yet thou art wise in seeming to refuse it.

Gard. Here's honours, titles and promotions :
I fear this climbing will have sudden fall.

Nor. Then come, my lords ; let's all together bring
This new-made counsellor to England's king.

[*Exeunt all but Gardiner.*

Gard. But Gardiner means his glory shall be
dimm'd.

Shall Cromwell live a greater man than I ?

My envy with his honour now is bred :

I hope to shorten Cromwell by the head.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

London.

A street before Cromwell's house.

Enter Frescobald.

Fres. O Frescobald, what shall become of thee ?
Where shalt thou go, or which way shalt thou turn ?
Fortune, that turns her too unconstant wheel,
Hath turn'd thy wealth and riches in the sea.
All parts abroad wherever I have been

of July 1536, lord keeper of the privy-seal ; and soon afterwards he was advanced to the dignity of a baron. In 1537 he was created knight of the garter, and in 1540 earl of Essex and lord high chamberlain of England. MALONE.

^s Which you, fir Christopher, do now enjoy :] The fact was exactly the reverse of what is here stated. Cromwell's predecessor in this office was not fir Christopher Hales, but Dr. Taylor ; and Hales, (who was the king's attorney-general,) succeeded Cromwell in the rolls ; not however immediately on his advancement to the office of keeper of the privy-seal. MALONE.

Grow

Grow weary of me, and deny me succour.
 My debtors, they that should relieve my want,
 Forswear my money⁶, say they owe me none;
 They know my state too mean to bear out law:
 And here in London, where I oft have been,
 And have done good to many a wretched man,
 I am now most wretched here, despis'd myself.
 In vain it is more of their hearts to try;
 Be patient therefore, lay thee down and die.

[Lies down.

Enter Seely and Joan.

Seely. Come Joan, come; let's see what he'll do for us now. I wis we have done for him⁷, when many a time and often he might have gone a-hungry to bed.

Joan. Alas man, now he is made a lord, he'll never look upon us; he'll fulfill the old proverb, *Set beggars a horseback and they'll ride*—A well-a-day for my cow! such as he hath made us come behind hand; we had never pawn'd our cow else to pay our rent.

Seely. Well Joan, he'll come this way; and by God's dickers I'll tell him roundly of it, an if he were ten lords: 'a shall know that I had not my cheese and my bacon for nothing.

Joan. Do you remember, husband, how he would mouch up my cheese-cakes⁸? He hath forgot this now; but now we'll remember him⁹.

⁶ *Forswear my money,*—] Deny on oath that they are indebted to me. MALONE.

⁷ *I wis we have done for him,*] *I wis* is *I know*. The word is now obsolete. MALONE.

⁸ — *how he would mouch up my cheese-cakes?*] To *mouch* is to eat eagerly. Hence, I suppose, *mouch*, a word which we meet with in *Macbeth*:

“ A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,

“ And *mouch'd*, and *mouch'd*, and *mouch'd*”.

MALONE.

⁹ — *but now we'll remember him.*] We'll remind him. So in *Sir John Oldcastle*:

“ If I forget, do you remember me.” MALONE.

Seely. Ay, we shall have now three flaps with a fox-tail : but i'faith I'll jibber a joint', but I'll tell him his own.—Stay, who comes here? O, stand up, here he comes ; stand up.

Enter Hodge with a tip-staff ; Cromwell, with the mace carried before him ; the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and attendants.

Hodge. Come ; away with these beggars here. Rise up, firrah ; come out, good people ; run afore there ho. [*Frescobald rises, and stands at a distance.*]

Seely. Ay, we are kick'd away, now we come for our own ; the time hath been, he would ha' look'd more friendly upon us : And you, Hodge, we know you well enough, though you are so fine.

Crom. Come hither, firrah :—Stay, what men are these ?

¹ *But, i'faith I'll jibber a joint, but I'll tell him his own.*] Of this phrase it is not easy to ascertain the precise import. The meaning seems to be—I'll suffer my joints to be torn asunder if I do not tell him, &c. Or perhaps Seely means to say—I'll be contented to be *spitted* if I don't, &c.

The phrase is used by Fletcher in his *Woman Pleas'd*, 1647, in such a manner as rather countenances the latter interpretation :

“ 3 *Gent.* To supper dost thou mean ?

“ *Pen.* To any thing

That has the smell of meat in't.—Tell me true, gentlemen,

Are not you three now going to be finfull ?

To *jeabard* a joint, or so? I've found your faces,
And see *whore* written in your eyes.”

The modern editors of Fletcher's plays, in 1750 and 1778, have for *jeabard* (which appears to be the same word as that in the text, only differently spelled) substituted *jeopard*, without assigning any reason for departing from the reading of the old copy, which appears from the present passage to be right. The substituted word will not admit of the equivoque which was clearly intended by the author. MALONE.

Perhaps we ought to read—I'll *gibbet* a joint, &c. i. e. suffer one of my limbs to be *gibbeted*. PERCY.

My

My honest host of Hounslow, and his wife?
I owe thee money, father, do I not?

Seely. Ay, by the body of me, dost thou. Would thou would'st pay me: good four pound it is; I hav't o' the post at home².

Crom. I know 'tis true. Sirrah, give him ten angels:—

And look your wife and you do stay to dinner³;
And while you live, I freely give to you
Four pound a year, for the four pound I ought
you.

Seely. Art not chang'd? Art old Tom still? Now God blefs thee, good lord Tom. Home Joan, home; I'll dine with my lord Tom to day, and thou shalt come next week. Fetch my cow; home Joan, home.

Joan. Now God blefs thee, my good lord Tom: I'll fetch my cow presently. [*Exit Joan.*]

Enter Gardiner.

Crom. Sirrah, go to yon stranger; tell him, I Desire him stay to dinner; I must speak With him. [*To Hodge.*]

Gard. My lord of Norfolk, see you this Same bubble? that same puff? but mark the end, My lord; mark the end.

² *Good four pound it is; I hav't o' the post at home.*] The *post* on which the account was scored. So in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“ If the return, I shall be *post* indeed,
“ For she will *score* your fault upon my pate.”

MALONE.

³ *And look your wife and you do stay to dinner:*] Stowe says [*Survey of London*, p. 139.] that “ he had himself often seen at lord Cromwell's gate more than two hundred persons served twice every day with bread, meat, and drink sufficient.”

MALONE.

Nor. I promise you, I like not something he hath done :

But let that pass; the king doth love him well.

Crom. Good morrow to my lord of Winchester: I know

You bear me hard about the abbey lands.

Gard. Have I not reason, when religion's wrong'd? You had no colour for what you have done.

Crom. Yes, the abolishing of antichrist, And of his popish order from our realm.

I am no enemy to religion ;

But what is done, it is for England's good.

What did they serve for, but to feed a sort Of lazy abbots and of full-fed fryars⁴?

They neither plow nor sow, and yet they reap The fat of all the land, and suck the poor.

Look, what was theirs is in king Henry's hands ; His wealth before lay in the abbey lands.

Gard. Indeed these things you have alledg'd, my lord ;

When, God doth know, the infant yet unborn Will curse the time the abbies were pull'd down: I pray now where is hospitality?

Where now may poor distressed people go, For to relieve their need, or rest their bones, When weary travel doth oppress their limbs?

And where religious men should take them in, Shall now be kept back with a mastiff dog ; And thousand thousand——

Nor. O my lord, no more :

—— but to feed a sort

Of lazy abbots and of full-fed fryars?] A sort anciently signified a company; a numerous body. So in Aretine's *Wars of the Goths*, translated by Golding, 1563: "Howbeit, when night came, espying a great-sort of fiets on the sea-coast"—

MALONE.

Things

Things past redress 'tis bootless to complain⁹.

Crom. What, shall we to the convocation-house?

Nor. We'll follow you, my lord; pray lead the way.

Enter old Cromwell, in the dress of a farmer.

Old Crom. How! one Cromwell made lord keeper, since I left Putney, and dwelt in Yorkshire? I never heard better news: I'll see that Cromwell, or it shall go hard.

Crom. My aged father! State then set aside, Father, upon my knee I crave your blessing. One of my servants, go, and have him in; At better leisure will we talk with him.

Old Crom. Now if I die, how happy were the day! To see this comfort, rains forth showers of joy.

[*Exeunt old Cromwell and Servant.*]

Nor. This duty in him shows a kind of grace.

[*Afide.*]

Crom. Go on before, for time draws on apace.

[*Exeunt all but Frescobald.*]

Fres. I wonder what this lord would have with me, His man so strictly gave me charge to stay: I never did offend him to my knowledge. Well, good or bad, I mean to bide it all; Worse than I am, now never can befall.

Enter Banister and his wife.

Ban. Come, wife, I take it to be almost dinner time; For master Newton, and master Crosby sent To me last night, they would come dine with me, And take their bond in. I pray thee, hie thee home, And see that all things be in readiness.

⁹ Things past redress 'tis bootless to complain.] *Complain* was formerly used in an active sense. So in *the Rape of Lucrece*:

“ And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late complains' d

“ Her wrongs to us” — MALONE.

Mrs. Ban. They shall be welcome, husband; I'll go before :

But is not that man master Frescobald ?

[*She runs and embraces him,*

Ban. O heavens ! it is kind master Frescobald :
Say, fir, what hap hath brought you to this pass ?

Fres. The same that brought you to your misery,

Ban. Why would you not acquaint me with your state ?

Is Banister your poor friend then forgot,
Whose goods, whose loye, whose life and all is yours ?

Fres. I thought your usage would be as the rest,
That had more kindness at my hands than you,
Yet look'd askance when as they saw me poor.

Mrs. Ban. If Banister would bear so base a heart,
I ne'er would look my husband in the face,
But hate him as I would a cockatrice.

Ban. And well thou might'st, should Banister deal so.

Since that I saw you, fir, my state is mended ;
And for the thousand pound I owe to you,
I have it ready for you, fir, at home :
And though I grieve your fortune is so bad,
Yet that my hap's to help you, makes me glad.
And now, fir, will it please you walk with me ?

Fres. Not yet I cannot, for the lord chancellor
Hath here commanded me to wait on him :
For what I know not ; pray God it be for good.

Ban. Never make doubt of that ; I'll warrant you,
He is as kind a noble gentleman,
As ever did possess the place he hath.

Mrs. Ban. Sir, my brother is his steward : if you please,
We'll go along and bear you company ;
I know we shall not want for welcome there.

Fres. With all my heart : but what's become of Bagot ?

Ban.

Ban. He is hang'd for buying jewels of the king's.

Fref. A just reward for one so impious.

The time draws on: fir, will you go along?

Ban. I'll follow you, kind master Frefcobald.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The same.

Another street.

Enter Newton and Crosby.

New. Now, master Crosby, I see you have a care
To keep your word, in payment of your money.

Crof. By my faith I have reason on a bond.
Three thousand pound is far too much to forfeit;
And yet I doubt not master Banister.

New. By my faith, fir, your sum is more than
mine;
And yet I am not much behind you too,
Considering that to-day I paid at court.

Crof. Mass, and well remember'd: What is the
reason

Lord Cromwell's men wear such long skirts upon
Their coats? they reach down to their very hams.

New. I will resolve you, fir; and thus it is:
The bishop of Winchester, that loves not Cromwell,
(As great men are envied as well as less)
A while ago there was a jar between them;
And it was brought to my lord Cromwell's ear
That bishop Gardiner would fit on his skirts:
Upon which word he made his men long blue
coats,

And in the court wore one of them himself;
And meeting with the bishop, quoth he, my lord,
Here's skirts enough now for your grace to fit on;
Which

Which vex'd the bishop to the very heart.
This is the reason why they wear long coats *.

Cros. 'Tis always seen, and mark it for a rule,
That one great man will envy still another ;
But 'tis a thing that nothing concerns me :—
What, shall we now to master Banister's ?

New. Ay, come, we'll pay him royally for our
dinner. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

The same.

A room in Cromwell's house.

*Enter the Usher, and the Sewer¹. Several servants cross
the stage with dishes in their hands.*

Ush. Uncover there, gentlemen.

Enter

¹⁰ *[This is the reason why they wear long coats.]* Whatever might have been the reason, the fact is as here represented. Stowe, who tells us he remembered Cromwell's household, says that the *skirts of his yeomen in livery were large enough for their friends to sit upon them.* *Survey of London, 139. edit. 1618. MALONE.*

Is not this story of the bishop sitting on his skirts told of the difference between the duke of Buckingham and cardinal Wolsey ?

PERCY.

The story told of the duke of Buckingham and cardinal Wolsey is somewhat different. It is this. The duke one day holding a basin for the king to wash, as soon as his majesty had done, the cardinal dipped his hands in the same water. The duke resenting this as an indignity, spilled some of the water in Wolsey's shoes, with which the cardinal being provoked threatened him that he would sit on his skirts. Buckingham came the next day to court very richly dressed, but without skirts to his doublet ; at which Henry being surpris'd, asked him what he meant by that strange fashion ; to which he replied, that his purpose was to prevent cardinal Wolsey from sitting on his skirts

The author of the present piece, who does not appear to have been a very accurate historian, had probably a confused recollection of this story. Nothing of this kind is said by any of our ancient writers (that I have read) to have happened between Cromwell and the bishop of Winchester. MALONE.

¹¹ *Enter the Usher and the Sewer.]* The sewer was the officer in the households of our ancient nobility, who placed the dishes on
the

Enter Cromwell, Bedford, Suffolk, old Cromwell, Frescobald, Seely, and Attendants.

Crom. My noble lords of Suffolk and of Bedford,
Your honours are welcome to poor Cromwell's house.
Where is my father? nay, be cover'd, father;
Although that duty to these noblemen
Doth challenge it, yet I'll make bold with them.
Your head doth bear the calendar of care.
What! Cromwell cover'd, and his father bare?
It must not be.—Now, fir, to you: is not
Your name Frescobald, and a Florentine?

Fres. My name was Frescobald, till cruel fate
Did rob me of my name, and of my state.

Crom. What fortune brought you to this country
now?

Fres. All other parts have left me succourless,
Save only this. Because of debts I have,
I hope to gain for to relieve my want.

Crom. Did you not once upon your Florence bridge
Help a distress'd man, robb'd by the banditti?
His name was Cromwell.

Fres. I ne'er made my brain
A calendar of any good I did:
I always lov'd this nation with my heart.

Crom. I am that Cromwell that you there re-
liev'd^s.

Sixteen ducats you gave me for to cloath me,

the table. He and the carver stood on each side their lord,
when he was seated at table. Cole renders *sewer*, Lat. *strator*,
lapifer. And to *sewer*, Lat. *Fercula fruere*, *prægnare*.

PERCY.

^s *I am that Cromwell that you there reliev'd.*] This incident is
founded on an historical fact. See Burnet's *History of the Refor-*
mation, vol. i. p. 172; and Wanley's *History of Man*, p. 173.

MALONE.

Sixteen

Sixteen to bear my charges by the way,
 And sixteen more I had for my horse-hire.
 There be those several sums justly return'd :
 Yet it injustice were, that serving at
 My need, to repay thee without interest⁹ :
 Therefore receive of me four several bags ;
 In each of them there is four hundred marks :
 And bring to me the names of all your debtors ;
 And if they will not see you paid, I will.
 O God forbid that I should see him fall,
 That help'd me in my greatest need of all.
 Here stands my father that first gave me life ;
 Alas, what duty is too much for him ?
 This man in time of need did save my life ;
 I therefore cannot do too much for him.
 By this old man I oftentimes was fed,
 Else might I have gone supperless to bed.
 Such kindness have I had of these three men,
 That Cromwell no way can repay again,
 Now in to dinner, for we stay too long ;
 And to good stomachs is no greater wrong.

[*Exeunt,*

S C E N E V.

*The same.**A room in the bishop of Winchester's house.**Enter Gardiner and a Servant.**Gard.* Sirrah, where be those men I caus'd to stay ?*Ser.* They do attend your pleasure, sir, within.

⁹ — *to repay thee without interest.*] The old copies read un-
 intelligibly :

Yet it injustice were that serving at my need
 For to repay them, &c.

Serving is, I think, used for *service*. MALONE.

Gard,

Gard. Bid them come hither, and stay you without :
 [Exit Servant.]

For by those men the fox of this same land,
 That makes a goose of better than himself,
 Must worried be unto his latest home ;
 Or Gardiner will fail in his intent.
 As for the dukes of Suffolk and of Norfolk,
 Whom I have sent for to come speak with me ;
 Howsoever outwardly they shadow it,
 Yet in their hearts I know they love him not.
 As for the earl of Bedford, he's but one,
 And dares not gainsay what we do set down.

Enter the two Witnesses.

Now, my good friends, you know I fav'd your lives,
 When by the law you had deserved death ;
 And then you promis'd me, upon your oaths,
 To venture both your lives to do me good.

Both Wit. We swore no more than that we will perform.

Gard. I take your words ; and that which you must do,
 Is service for your God, and for your king ;
 To root a rebel from this flourishing land,
 One that's an enemy unto the church :
 And therefore must you take your solemn oaths,
 That you heard Cromwell, the lord chancellor¹,
 Did

¹ *That you heard Cromwell, the lord chancellor,*] Cromwell was never lord chancellor. He is before with equal impropriety called lord keeper, and introduced with the mace carried before him. The author of this piece confounded the *great* and the *privy* seal.—The story of his *wisbing a dagger in the king's heart* is an invention of the poet's.—Though the bishop of Winchester was his enemy, and contributed as much as he could to his downfall, he was not the principal agent in that business. It is well known that the immediate cause of Cromwell's ruin (added to the jealousy of the nobility, and the hatred of the common people on account of the subversion of the monasteries) was Henry's aversion to Anne of Cleves, and his desire to marry Catharine

Did with a dagger at king Henry's heart.
 Fear not to swear it, for I heard him speak it ;
 Therefore we'll shield you from ensuing harms.

2 Wit. If you will warrant us the deed is good,
 We'll undertake it.

Gard. Kneel down, and I will here absolve you
 both :

This crucifix * I lay upon your heads,
 And sprinkle holy water on your brows.
 The deed is meritorious that you do,
 And by it shall you purchase grace from heaven.

1 Wit. Now sir we'll undertake it, by our souls.

2 Wit. For Cromwell never lov'd none of our sort.

Gard. I know he doth not ; and for both of you,
 I will prefer you to some place of worth.
 Now get you in, until I call for you,
 For presently the dukes mean to be here.

[*Exeunt Witnesses.*]

Cromwell, sit fast ; thy time's not long to reign.
 The abbies that were pull'd down by thy means
 Is now a mean for me to pull thee down.
 Thy pride also thy own head lights upon,
 For thou art he hath chang'd religion :—
 But now no more, for here the dukes are come.

Enter Suffolk, Norfolk, and Bedford.

Suf. Good even to my lord bishop.

Nor. How fares my lord ? what, are you all alone ?

Gard. No, not alone, my lords ; my mind is
 troubled.

tharine Howard, niece to the duke of Norfolk, Cromwell's chief enemy. By him he was accused of high treason, and attainted, unheard, in parliament, in the absence of Cranmer, the only person who had spirit and honesty enough to remonstrate with the king on the injustice of this proceeding. MALONE.

* *This crucifix—*] Before the Reformation, the English bishops probably wore a small crucifix hanging on their outward garment ; as in popish countries the bishops do at this day.

MALONE.

I know

I know your honours muse wherefore I sent^s,
And in such haste. What, came you from the
king?

Nor. We did, and left none but lord Cromwell
with him.

Gard. O what a dangerous time is this we live in?
There's Thomas Wolfey, he's already gone,
And Thomas More, he follow'd after him:
Another Thomas yet there doth remain,
That is far worse than either of those twain;
And if with speed, my lords, we not pursue it,
I fear the king and all the land will rue it.

Bed. Another Thomas? pray God, it be not
Cromwell.

Gard. My lord of Bedford, it is that traitor Crom-
well,

Bed. Is Cromwell false? my heart will never think it.

Suf. My lord of Winchester, what likelihood
Or proof have you of this his treachery?

Gard. My lord, too much: call in the men
within.

Enter the Witnesses.

These men, my lord, upon their oaths affirm
That they did hear lord Cromwell in his garden
Wishing a dagger sticking at the heart
Of our king Henry: what is this but treason?

Bed. If it be so, my heart doth bleed with sorrow.

Suf. How say you, friends? What, did you hear
these words?

1 Wit. We did, an't like your grace.

Nor. In what place was lord Cromwell when he
spake them?

2 Wit. In his garden; where we did attend a suit,
Which we had waited for two years and more.

^s I know your honours muse—] To muse, in old language, is to
wonder. MALONE.

Suf.

Suf. How long is't since you heard him speak these words ?

2 Wit. Some half year since.

Bed. How chance that you conceal'd it all this time ?

1 Wit. His greatness made us fear ; that was the cause.

Gard. Ay, ay, his greatness, that's the cause indeed. And to make his treason here more manifest, He calls his servants to him round about, Tells them of *Wolsey's* life, and of his fall ; Says that himself hath many enemies, And gives to some of them a park, or manor, To others leases, lands to other some : What need he do thus in his prime of life, An if he were not fearful of his death ?

Suf. My lord, these likelihoods are very great.

Bed. Pardon me, lords, for I must needs depart ; Their proofs are great, but greater is my heart ³.

[*Exit Bedford.*

Nor. My friends, take heed of that which you have said ;

Your souls must answer what your tongues report : Therefore take heed ; be wary what you do.

2 Wit. My lord, we speak no more but truth.

Nor. Let them

Depart, my lord of *Winchester* ⁴ : and let These men be close kept till the day of trial.

Gard. They shall, my lord : ho, take in these two men. [*Exeunt Witnesses, &c.*

³ *Their proofs are great, but greater is my heart.*] I suppose he means—the proofs that have been brought against *Cromwell* are strong, but my affection for him, and my confidence in his innocence, are still stronger. MALONE.

⁴ *Let them*

Depart, my lord of Winchester :] Perhaps we ought to read, *Let him depart*—alluding to what *Bedford* had just before said as he went out :

Pardon me, lords, for I must needs depart. MALONE.

My

My lords, if Cromwell have a publick trial,
That which we do, is void, by his denial :
You know the king will credit none but him.

Nor. 'Tis true ; he rules the king even as he
pleases.

Suf. How shall we do for to attach him then ?

Gard. Marry, thus, my lords ; by an act he made
himself,

With an intent to entrap some of our lives ;

And this it is : *If any counsellor*

Be convicted of high treason, he shall

Be executed without publick trial :

This act, my lords, he caus'd the king to make ⁵.

Suf. He did indeed, and I remember it ;

And now 'tis like to fall upon himself.

Nor. Let us not slack it ; 'tis for England's good :
We must be wary, else he'll go beyond us ⁶.

Gard. Well bath your grace said, my good lord of
Norfolk :

Therefore let us go presently to Lambeth ;

Thither comes Cromwell from the court to night.

Let us arrest him ; send him to the Tower ;

And in the morning cut off the traitor's head.

Nor. Come then, about it ; let us guard the town :
This is the day that Cromwell must go down.

Gard. Along my lords. Well, Cromwell is half
dead ;

He shak'd my heart, but I will shave his head *.

[*Exeunt.*

⁵ *This act, my lords, he caus'd the king to make.]* This is asserted by Saunders in his book *de Scism. Angl.* but no such act of parliament was made in Henry's reign. MALONE.

⁶ — *else he'll go beyond us.]* Over-reach us. So in *Hamlet* :
“ For in these things we cast *beyond ourselves.*”

MALONE.

* — *but I will shave his head.]* We ought perhaps to read—
shake his head. The compositor might have been misled by thinking on the more familiar phrase. MALONE.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A street in London.

Enter Bedford.

Bed. My soul is like a water troubled ;
And Gardiner is the man that makes it so.
O Cromwell, I do fear thy end is near ;
Yet I'll prevent their malice if I can :
And in good time, see where the man doth come,
Who little knows how near's his day of doom.

Enter Cromwell, with his train. Bedford makes as though he would speak to him. Cromwell goes on.

Crom. You're well encounter'd, my good lord of Bedford.

I see your honour is address'd to talk *.
Pray pardon me ; I am sent for to the king,
And do not know the business yet myself :
So fare you well, for I must needs be gone.

[Exit Cromwell, &c.]

Bed. You must ; well, what remedy ?
I fear too soon you must be gone indeed.
The king hath business ; but little dost thou know,
Who's busy for thy life ; thou think'st not so.

Re-enter Cromwell, attended.

Crom. The second time well met my lord of Bedford :

I am very sorry that my haste is such.
Lord marquis Dorset being sick to death,
I must receive of him the privy-seal.
At Lambeth soon, my lord, we'll talk our fill. *[Exit.]*

* *I see your honour is address'd to talk.]* This line, which is omitted in the folios and the modern editions, has been recovered from the quarto. *Address'd is prepared.* MALONE.

Bed.

Bed. How smooth and easy is the way to death * !

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, the dukés of Norfolk and of Suffolk,

Accompanied with the bishop of Winchester,
Entreat you to come presently to Lambeth,
On earnest matters that concern the state.

Bed. To Lambeth ! so : go fetch me pen and ink ;
I and lord Cromwell there shall talk enough :

Ay, and our last, I fear, an if he come. [*Writes.*
Here, take this letter ⁷, and bear it to lord Cromwell ;

Bid him read it ; say it concerns him near :

Away, be gone, make all the haste you can.

To Lambeth do I go a woeful man. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

A street near the Thames.

Enter Cromwell, attended.

Crom. Is the barge ready ? I will straight to Lambeth :

And, if this one day's business once were past,
I'd take my ease to-morrow after trouble.

Enter Messenger.

How now my friend, wouldst thou speak with me ?

* *How smooth and easy is the way to death !*] In *England's Paraphras*, 1600, p. 48, the following line is attributed to Shakespeare :

" *The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger.*"

but perhaps it is only the preceding one misquoted. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Here, take this letter, —*] The author attended but little to his scenery. It is evident from the manner of Cromwell's passing and repassing in this scene, that Bedford must be here supposed to be in a street or other publick place, not very well calculated for writing. But a letter was wanted, and one is accordingly written.

MALONE.

Mef. Sir, here's a letter from my lord of Bedford.
 [*Gives him a letter. Cromwell puts it in his pocket.*
Crom. O good my friend, commend me to thy lord:
 Hold, take those angels; drink them for thy pains.
Mef. He doth desire your grace to read it
 Because he says it doth concern you near.
Crom. Bid him assure himself of that. Farewel.
 To-morrow, tell him, he shall hear from me.
 Set on before there, and away to Lambeth. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Lambeth.

*Enter Gardiner, Suffolk, Norfolk, Bedford, Lieutenant
 of the Tower, a Serjeant at Arms, a Herald, and Hal-
 berts.*

Gard. Halberts, stand close unto the water-side;
 Serjeant at arms, be you hold in your office;
 Herald, deliver your proclamation.

Her. This is to give notice to all the king's subjects,
 the late lord Cromwell, lord chancellor of England, vicar-
 general over the realm, him to hold and esteem as a traitor
 against the crown and dignity of England. So God save
 the king.

Gard. Amen.

Bed. Amen, and root thee from the land!
 For whilst thou livest, the truth cannot stand.

Nor. Make a lane there, the traitor is at hand.
 Keep back Cromwell's men; drown them, if they
 come on.

Serjeant, your office.

Enter Cromwell, attended. The halbert-men make a lane.

Crom. What means my lord of Norfolk, by these
 words?

Sirs, come along.

Gard. Kill them, if they come on.

Exe.

Ser. Lord Thomas Cromwell, in king Henry's name,

I do arrest your honour of high treason.

Crom. Serjeant, me of treason?

[Cromwell's attendants offer to draw.

Suf. Kill them; if they draw a sword.

Crom. Hold; I charge you, as you love me, draw not a sword.

Who dares accuse Cromwell of treason now?

Gard. This is no place to reckon up your crime; Your dove-like looks were view'd with serpents' eyes.

Crom. With serpents' eyes indeed, by thine they were.

But, Gardiner, do thy worst; I fear thee not.

My faith compar'd with thine, as much shall pass

As doth the diamond excell the glass.

Attach'd of treason, no accusers by!

Indeed what tongue dares speak so foul a lie?

Nor. My lord, my lord, matters are too well known;

And it is time the King had note thereof.

Crom. The king! let me go to him face to face;

No better trial I desire than that.

Let him but say, that Cromwell's faith was feign'd,

Then let my honour and my name be stain'd.

If e'er my heart against the king was set,

O let my soul in judgment answer it!

Then if my faith's confirmed with his reason,

'Gainst whom hath Cromwell then committed treason?

Suf. My lord, my lord, your matter shall be tried;

Meane time with patience content yourself.

Crom. Perforce I must with patience be content:—

O dear friend Bedford, dost thou stand so near?

Cromwell rejoyneth one friend that's a year.

And whither is't? Which way must Cromwell now?

Gard. My lord, you must unto the Tower. Lieutenant,

Take him unto your charge.

Crom. Well, where you please: but yet before I part,
Let me confer a little with my men.

Gard. Ay, as you go by water, so you shall.

Crom. I have some business present to impart.

Nor. You may not stay: lieutenant, take your charge.

Crom. Well, well, my lord, you second Gardiner's text.

Norfolk, farewell! thy turn will be the next.

[*Exeunt Cromwell and Lieutenant.*]

Gard. His guilty conscience makes him rave, my lord.

Nor. Ay, let him talk; his time is short enough.

Gard. My lord of Bedford, come; you weep for him

That would not shed even half a tear for you.

Bed. It grieves me for to see his sudden fall.

Gard. Such success wish I unto traitors all

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

London.

A street.

Enter two Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Why, can this news be true? Is't possible?
The great lord Cromwell arrested upon treason?
I hardly will believe it can be so.

2 *Cit.* It is too true, fir. Would it were otherwise,

Condition I spent half the wealth I have!

I was at Lambeth, saw him there arrested,

And afterward committed to the Tower.

3 *Cit.* What, was't for treason that he was committed?

4 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* Kind, noble gentleman ! I may rue the time :
 All that I have, I did enjoy by him ;
 And if he die, then all my state is gone.

1 *Cit.* It may be hoped that he shall not die,
 Because the king did favour him so much.

2 *Cit.* O fir, you are deceiv'd in thinking so :
 The grace and favour he had with the king,
 Hath caus'd him have so many enemies.

He that in court secure will keep himself,
 Must not be great, for then he is envied at.
 The shrub is safe, when as the cedar shakes ;
 For where the king doth love above compare,
 Of others they as much more envied are.

1 *Cit.* 'Tis pity that this nobleman should fall,
 He did so many charitable deeds.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis true ; and yet you see in each estate
 There's none so good, but some one doth him
 hate ;

And they before would smile him in the face,
 Will be the foremost to do him disgrace.
 What, will you go along unto the court ?

1 *Cit.* I care not if I do, and hear the news,
 How men will judge what shall become of him.

2 *Cit.* Some will speak hardly, some will speak in
 pity.

Go you to the court ; I'll go into the city ;
 There I am sure to hear more news than you.

1 *Cit.* Why then soon will we meet again : adieu !
 [*Exeunt.*]

* *Why then soon will we meet again : adieu !*] The concluding word of this line has been supplied by Mr. Steevens. A rhyme was probably intended. MALONE.

S C E N E V.

*A room in the Tower.**Enter Cromwell,*

Crom. Now, Cromwell, hast thou time to meditate,

And think upon thy state, and of the time:
 Thy honours came unfought, ay, and unlook'd for;
 Thy fall as sudden, and unlook'd for too.
 What glory was in England that had I not?
 Who in this land commanded more than Cromwell?
 Except the king, who greater than myself?
 But now I see what after ages shall;
 The greater men, more sudden is their fall.
 And now I do remember, the earl of Bedford
 Was very desirous for to speak to me;
 And afterward sent unto me a letter,
 The which I think I still have in my pocket,
 Now may I read it, for I now have leisure;
 And this I take it is.

[*Reads.*]

*My lord, come not this night to Lambeth,
 For if you do, your state is overthrown;
 And much I doubt your life, an if you come:
 Then if you love yourself, stay where you are.*
 O God, O God! had I but read this letter,
 Then had I been free from the lion's paw:
 Deferring this to read until to-morrow,
 I spurn'd at joy, and did embrace my sorrow.

Enter Lieutenant of the Tower, Officers, &c.

Now, master lieutenant, when's this day of death?
Lieu. Alas, my lord, would I might never see it!
 Here are the dukes of Suffolk and of Norfolk,
 Winchester, Bedford, and sir Richard Radcliff,
 With others; but why they come I know not.

Crom.

Crom. No matter wherefore. Cromwell is prepar'd,

For Gardiner has my life and state ensnar'd.
 Bid them come in, or you shall do them wrong;
 For here stands he who some think lives too long.
 Learning kills learning, and, instead of ink
 To dip his pen, Cromwell's heart-blood doth drink.

Enter the dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk; the earl of Bedford; Gardiner bishop of Winchester, sir Richard Radcliff, and sir Ralph Sadler.

Nor. Good morrow, Cromwell. What, alone so sad?

Crom. One good among you, none of you are bad.
 For my part, it best fits me be alone;
 Sadness with me, not I with any one.

What, is the king acquainted with my cause?

Nor. He is; and he hath answer'd us my lord.

Crom. How shall I come to speak with him myself?

Gard. The king is so advertis'd of your guilt,
 He'll by no means admit you to his presence.

Crom. No way admit me! am I so soon forgot?

Did he but yesterday embrace my neck,
 And said that Cromwell was even half himself?
 And are his princely ears so much bewitch'd
 With scandalous ignomy^o, and slanderous speeches,
 That now he doth deny to look on me?

Well, my lord of Winchester, no doubt but you
 Are much in favour with his majesty:

Will you bear a letter from me to his grace?

Gard. Pardon me; I will bear no traitor's letters.

Crom. Ha!—Will you do this kindness then? Tell
 him

By word of mouth what I shall say to you?

^o *With scandalous ignomy, —] Ignominy.* The word is contracted in the same manner in Shakspeare's plays, and in many other of our ancient dramas. MALONE.

Gard.

Gard. That will I.

Crom. But, on your honour will you ?

Gard. Ay, on my honour.

Crom. Bear witness, lords. Tell him, when he hath known you,

And try'd your faith but half so much as mine,
He'll find you to be the falsest-hearted man
In England: pray, tell him this.

Bed. Be patient, good my lord, in these extremes.

Crom. My kind and honourable lord of Bedford,
I know your honour always lov'd me well ;
But, pardon me, this still shall be my theme ;
Gardiner's the cause makes Cromwell so extreme.
Sir Ralph Sadler, I pray a word with you ;
You were my man, and all that you possess
Came by my means : fir, to requite all this,
Say will you take this letter here of me,
And give it with your own hands to the king ?

Sad. I kiss your hand, and never will I rest
Ere to the king this be delivered. [Exit Sadler.]

Crom. Why then yet Cromwell hath one friend in store.

Gard. But all the haste he makes shall be but vain.
Here is a discharge for your prisoner,
To see him executed presently : [To the lieutenant,
My lord, you hear the tenure of your life ¹.

Crom. I do embrace it ; welcome my last date,
And of this glistening world I take last leave :
And, noble lords, I take my leave of you.
As willingly I go to meet with death,
As Gardiner did pronounce it with his breath.
From treason is my heart as white as snow ;
My death procured only by my foe.

¹ — *you bear the tenure of your life.*] You hear how short a period you have to live. The old copy reads, I think corruptedly, *tenor*. The two words are frequently confounded in our ancient dramas. MALONE,

I pray

I pray commend me to my sovereign king,
 And tell him in what fort his Cromwell dy'd,
 To lose his head before his cause was try'd²;
 But let his grace, when he shall hear my name,
 Say only this; Gardiner procur'd the same.

Enter young Cromwell.

Lieu. Here is your son, sir, come to take his leave.

Crom. To take his leave? Come hither, Harry Cromwell.

Mark, boy, the last words that I speak to thee³:
 Flatter not Fortune, neither fawn upon her;
 Gape not for state, yet lose no spark of honour;
 Ambition, like the plague, see thou eschew it⁴;
 I die for treason, boy, and never knew it.
 Yet let thy faith as spotless be as mine,
 And Cromwell's virtues in thy face shall shine:
 Come, go along, and see me leave my breath,
 And I'll leave thee upon the floor of death⁵.

Son. O father, I shall die to see that wound,
 Your blood being spilt will make my heart to swoond.

Crom. How, boy! not dare to look upon the axe?
 How shall I do then to have my head struck off?

² *To lose his head before his cause was tried;*] Speed is the only historian (that I have seen) who asserts that the bill of attainder against Cromwell did not pass till after his death. In one sense indeed he might be said to be executed *before his cause was tried*, for it was never fairly tried; but the act of parliament by which he suffered, received the royal assent four days before his execution.

MALONE.

³ *Mark, boy, the last words that I speak to thee:*] The author has here departed from historical truth. The earl of Essex's son was arrived to manhood some time before the execution of his father; and had been called up by summons to the house of peers four years before that event, by the title of baron Cromwell of Wimbleton in the county of Surry. MALONE.

⁴ *Ambition, like the plague, see thou eschew it;*] *To eschew* is to avoid. It is a very common phrase in ancient warrants—"as you will *eschew* that which may ensue." PERCY.

⁵ — *upon the floor of death.*] Thus the folios. The quarto has *floure*. MALONE.

Com

Come on, my child, and see the end of all ;
And after say, that Gardiner was my fall.

Gard. My lord you speak it of an envious heart ;
I have done no more than law and equity.

Bed. O, my good lord of Winchester, forbear :
It would have better seem'd you to have been absent,
Than with your words disturb a dying man ^s.

Crom. Whome, my lord ? no : he disturbs not me.
My mind he stirs not, though his mighty shock
Hath brought more peers' heads down unto the
block.

Farewel, my boy ! all Cromwell can bequeath,—
My hearty blessing :—so I take my leave.

Exec. I am your death's-man ; pray my lord for-
give me.

Crom. Even with my soul. Why man, thou art my
doctor,

And bring'st me precious phyfick for my soul.

My lord of Bedford, I desire of you
Before my death a corporal embrace.

Farewel, great lord ; my love I do commend,

My heart to you ; my soul to heaven I send.

This is my joy, that ere my body fleet,
Your honour'd arms are my true winding-sheet.

Farewel, dear Bedford ; my peace is made in heaven.

Thus falls great Cromwell, a poor ell in length,
To rise to unmeasur'd height, wing'd with new
strength,

The land of worms, which dying men discover ^s :

My soul is shrin'd with heaven's celestial cover.

[*Exeunt Cromwell, Officers, &c.*

^s *It would have better seem'd you to have been absent,*

Than with your words disturb a dying man.] Perhaps here
is a covert allusion to sir Walter Raleigh, who was reproached for
having attended at the execution of his rival, the amiable earl
of Essex. MALONE.

* *The land of worms, which dying men discover :*] Some line, or
couplet, seems wanting here, to introduce what follows ; or per-
haps we should read :

Hail land of worms, which dying men discover ! STEEVEN

Bed. Well, farewell Cromwell! sure the truest friend

That ever Bedford shall possess again.

Well, lords, I fear that when this man is dead,
You'll wish in vain that Cromwell had a head.

Enter an Officer with Cromwell's head.

Off. Here is the head of the deceased Cromwell.

Bed. Pray thee go hence, and bear his head away
Unto his body; interr them both in clay.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Enter sir Ralph Sadler.

Sad. How now my lords? What, is lord Cromwell
dead?

Bed. Lord Cromwell's body now doth want a
head.

Sad. O God, a little speed had sav'd his life.
Here is a kind reprieve come from the king,
To bring him straight unto his majesty⁶.

Suf. Ay, ay, sir Ralph, reprieves come now too
late.

Gard. My conscience now tells me this deed was
ill⁷.

Would Christ that Cromwell were alive again!

Nor. Come let us to the king, who, well I know,
Will grieve for Cromwell, that his death was so⁸.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

⁶ *Here is a kind reprieve come from the king,*] No reprieve was at any time sent for Cromwell. The unfortunate statesman during his confinement in the Tower wrote a pathetick letter to Henry, which brought tears into the eyes of that sanguinary tyrant, but produced no other effect. MALONE.

⁷ *My conscience now tells me this deed was ill;*] So sir Piers of Exton, on the same occasion, at the conclusion of *K. Richard II.*

“For now the devil that told me I did well,

“Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.” STEVENS.

⁸ On the fall of this nobleman many satirical ballads were composed by the party who were adverse to him, one of which may be found in the *Reliques of Anc. Poetry*, vol. II. p. 64.

To vindicate Shakspeare from having written a single line of this piece would be a waste of time. The poverty of the language, the bareness of incident, and the inartificial conduct of every part of the performance, place it rather perhaps below the compositions of even the second-rate dramattick authors of the age in which it was produced. Dr. Farmer thinks it was written by Thomas Heywood. That poet, according to his own account, having had "*either an entire hand or at least a main finger in two hundred and twenty plays,*" it is extremely probable that many of his compositions (of which he appears to have taken little care) were printed either without a name, or, as in the present instance, with initial letters calculated to deceive. MALONE.

LONDON

LONDON. PRODIGAL.

Persons Represented.

Flowerdale, *senior, a merchant.*

Matthew Flowerdale, *his son.*

Flowerdale, *junior, brother to the merchant.*

Sir Lancelot Spurcock.

Sir Arthur Greenfield, *a military officer,* } *in love with*
Oliver, *a Devonshire clothier,* } Luce.

Weathercock, *a parasite to sir Lancelot Spurcock.*

Civet, *in love with Frances.*

A Citizen.

Daffodill, } *servants to sir Lancelot Spurcock.*
Artichoke, }

Dick and Ralph, *two cheating gamesters.*

Ruffian, *a pander.*

Delia, } *daughters to sir Lancelot Spurcock.*
Frances, }
Luce, }

Citizen's wife.

*Sheriff and Officers; Lieutenant and Soldiers; Drawers,
and other attendants.*

SCENE *London, and the parts adjacent.*

LONDON PRODIGAL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London.

A room in Flowerdale Junior's house.

Enter Flowerdale Senior, and Flowerdale Junior.

Flow. Sen. Brother, from Venice, being thus disguis'd,

I come, to prove the humours of my son.

How hath he borne himself since my departure,

I leaving you his patron and his guide?

Flow. Jun. I'faith, brother, so, as you will grieve to hear,

And I almost ashamed to report it.

Flow. Sen. Why how is't, brother? What, doth he spend beyond the allowance I left him?

Flow. Jun. How! beyond that? and far more.

¹ Concerning the origin of this play having been ever ascribed to Shakspeare, I have not been able to form any probable hypothesis. It was not entered on the Stationers' Books, but was published in 1605, as it was plaide by the king's majestie's servants, and is said in the title-page to be written by William Shakspeare. It was printed by T. C. [Thomas Creede] for Nathaniel Butter, who three years afterwards published *King Lear*.

One knows not which most to admire, the impudence of the printer in affixing our great poet's name to a comedy publicly acted at his own theatre, of which it is very improbable that he should have written a single line, or Shakspeare's negligence of fame in suffering such a piece to be imputed to him without taking the least notice of it.

It appears from a passage in the first act that this play was written either in the year 1603 or 1604. MALONE.

Why, your exhibition ² is nothing. He hath spent that, and since hath borrow'd: protested with oaths, alledged kindred, to wring money from me,—*by the love I bore his father,*—*by the fortunes might fall upon himself,*—to furnish his wants: that done, I have had since, his bond, his friend and friend's bond. Although I know that he spends is yours ³, yet it grieves me to see the unbridled wildness that reigns over him.

Flow. Sen. Brother, what is the manner of his life? how is the name of his offences? If they do not relish altogether of damnation ⁴, his youth may privilege his wantonness. I myself ran an unbridled course till thirty, nay, almost till forty:—well, you see how I am. For vice once look'd into with the eyes of discretion, and well balanced with the weights of reason, the course past seems so abominable, that the landlord of himself, which is the heart of his body, will rather entomb himself in the earth, or seek a new tenant to remain in him; which once settled, how much better are they that in their youth have known all these vices, and left them, than those that knew little; and in their age run into them? Believe me, brother, they that die most virtuous, have in their youth liv'd most vicious; and none knows the danger of the fire more than he that falls into it.—

² *Why your exhibition.—*] The allowance you gave him. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ Like exhibition you shall have from me.”

This word is now used in this sense only in the universities.

MALONE.

³ *Although I know that he spends is yours,—*] An ancient idiom for “ *that which?*” So afterwards, *Weathercock* says, “ who can hold *that* will away.” So in our Liturgy, “ so do always *that* is righteous in thy fight.” See the third Collect for grace, in the morning service. PERCY.

⁴ *If they do not relish altogether of damnation,*] So in *Hamlet*:
“ That hath no relish of salvation in it.” MALONE.

But

But say, how is the course of his life? let's hear his particulars.

Flow. Jun. Why I'll tell you, brother; he is a continual swearer, and a breaker of his oaths; which is bad.

Flow. Sen. I grant indeed to swear is bad, but not in keeping those oaths is better^s; for who will set by a bad thing? Nay by my faith, I hold this rather a virtue than a vice. Well, I pray proceed.

Flow. Jun. He is a mighty brawler, and comes commonly by the worst.

Flow. Sen. By my faith this is none of the worst neither; for if he brawl and be beaten for it, it will in time make him shun it; for what brings man or child more to virtue than correction?—What reigns over him else?

Flow. Jun. He is a great drinker, and one that will forget himself.

Flow. Sen. O best of all! vice should be forgotten: let him drink on, so he drink not churches. Nay, an this be the worst, I hold it rather a happiness in him, than any iniquity. Hath he any more attendants?

Flow. Jun. Brother, he is one that will borrow of any man.

Flow. Sen. Why you see, so doth the sea; it borrows of all the small currents in the world to increase himself.

Flow. Jun. Ay, but the sea pays it again, and so will never your son.

Flow. Sen. No more would the sea neither, if it were as dry as my son.

^s — *but not in keeping those oaths is better;*] There must be here, I think, some corruption. We might read—“*but keeping those oaths is not better;*” or rather thus:—*but in not keeping those oaths is better:*—which, though strangely expressed, may mean—I acknowledge swearing at all to be bad, but the *not keeping an oath*, that ought never to have been sworn, in some sort redeems the crime. MALONE.

Flow. Jun. Then, brother, I see you rather like these vices in your son, than any way condemn them.

Flow. Sen. Nay mistake me not, brother; for though I slur them over now, as things slight and nothing, his crimes being in the bud, it would gall my heart, they should ever reign in him.

M. Flow. [*within*] Ho! who's within ho?

[*M. Flowerdale knocks within.*]

Flow. Jun. That's your son; he is come to borrow more money.

Flow. Sen. For God's sake give it out I am dead; see how he'll take it. Say I have brought you news from his father. I have here drawn a formal Will, as it were from myself, which I'll deliver him.

Flow. Jun. Go to, brother, no more: I will.

M. Flow. Uncle, where are you, uncle? [*Within.*]

Flow. Jun. Let my cousin in there.

Flow, Sen. I am 'a sailor come from Venice, and my name is Christopher.

Enter M. Flowerdale.

M. Flow. By the lord, in truth, uncle——

Flow. Jun. In truth would have serv'd, cousin, without the lord.

M. Flow. By your leave, uncle, the Lord is the Lord of truth. A couple of rascals at the gate set upon me for my purse.

Flow. Jun. You never come, but you bring a brawl in your mouth.

M. Flow. By my truth, uncle, you must needs lend me ten pound.

Flow. Jun. Give my cousin some small beer here.

M. Flow. Nay look you, you turn it to 'a jest now. By this light, I should ride to Croydon Fair, to meet fir Lancelot Spurcock; I should have his daughter Luce: and for scurvy ten pound, a man shall lose
nine

nine hundred threescore and odd pounds, and a daily friend beside! By this hand, uncle, 'tis true.

Flow. Jun. Why, any thing is true for aught I know.

M. Flow. To see now!—why you shall have my bond, uncle, or Tom White's, James Brock's, or Nick Hall's⁶; as good rapier-and-dagger-men, as any be in England; let's be damn'd if we do not pay you; the worst of us all will not damn ourselves for ten pound. A pox of ten pound.

Flow. Jun. Cousin, this is not the first time I have believ'd you.

M. Flow. Why trust me now, you know not what may fall. If one thing were but true, I would not greatly care; I should not need ten pound;—but when a man cannot be believ'd, there's it.

Flow. Jun. Why what is it, cousin?

M. Flow. Marry this, uncle. Can you tell me if the *Catharine and Hugh* be come home or no?⁷

Flow. Jun. Ay marry is't.

M. Flow. By God I thank you for that news. What is't in the Pool can you tell?

Flow. Jun. It is; what of that?

M. Flow. What? why then I have six pieces of velvet sent me; I'll give you a piece, uncle: for thus said the letter;—A piece of ash-colour, a three-

⁶ *Tom White's, James Brock's, or Nick Hall's; as good rapier-and-dagger-men, &c.*] It is observable that when Shakspeare introduces any names in this way, they are always characteristic; master *Forthright*, the tilter, master *Sboetie*, the traveller, &c. These are not so. MALONE.

⁷—*if the Catharine and Hugh be come home or no?*] A ship of that name. The old copy has—if the *Katern-hue*. In a subsequent passage the name is given rightly. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read the *Catharine boy*, i. e. a vessel whose size is between that of a boat and a ship. So in naval language—the *Nancy sloop*, the *Sarah galley*, the *Betsy pink*, the *Infernal bomb*. STEEVENS.

pil'd black, a colour de roy⁸, a crimson, a sad green⁹, and a purple : yes i'faith.

Flow. Jun. From whom should you receive this ?

M. Flow. From whom ? why from my father ; with commendations to you, uncle ; and thus he writes. I know, (saith he,) thou hast much troubled thy kind uncle, whom, God willing, at my return I will see amply satisfied ; amply, I remember was the very word : so God help me.

Flow, Jun. Have you the letter here ?

M. Flow. Yes, I have the letter here, here is the letter : no,—yes—no ;—let me see ; what breeches wore I o' Saturday ? Let me see : o' Tuesday, my calamanco ; o' Wednesday, my peach-colour sattin ; o' Thursday my velure¹ ; o' Friday my calamanco again ; o' Saturday,—let me see,—o' Saturday,—for in those breeches I wore o' Saturday is the letter—O, my riding breeches, uncle, those that you thought had been velvet ; in those very breeches is the letter.

Flow. Jun. When should it be dated ?

M. Flow. Marry, decimo tertio Septembris—no, no ; decimo tertio Octobris² ; ay, Octobris, so it is.

⁸ — a colour de roy,] A colour so called in honour of the king. There is, I believe, a silk of that name at present. MALONE.

⁹ — a sad green,] A grave, dark, green. MALONE.

¹ — o' Thursday, my velure,—] My velvet. So in the *Taming of the Shrew*—"a crupper of velure." MALONE.

² — decimo tertio Septembris—no, no ; decimo tertio Octobris ;] All the copies read—didecimo tertios Septembris ; no no tridissimo tertios Octobris. It does not appear that the author meant to describe young Flowerdale as wholly illiterate, and therefore I suppose this was a printer's blunder. The opposition intended seems to be between *September* and *October*, and not between any particular days of either month. MALONE.

Could this gibberish be intended for *decimo tertio Septembris*, and *vicefimo tertio Octobris* ; or was it meant to pass for Spanish or Italian, then used in keeping merchants' accounts and bills of lading ? PERCY.

Flow.

Flow. Jun. Decimo tertio Octobris! and here receive I a letter that your father died in June. How say you, Kester³?

Flow. Sen. Yes truly, fir, your father is dead; these hands of mine help to wind him.

M. Flow. Dead?

Flow. Sen. Ay, fir, dead.

M. Flow. 'Sblood, how should my father come dead?

Flow. Sen. I' faith fir, according to the old proverb: The child was born, and cried, Became a man, after fell sick, and died.

Flow. Jun. Nay, cousin, do not take it so heavily.

M. Flow. Nay, I cannot weep you extempore: marry, some two or three days hence I shall weep without any stintance⁴.—But I hope he died in good memory.

Flow. Sen. Very well, fir, and set down every thing in good order; and the *Catharine and Hugh* you talk'd of, I came over in; and I saw all the bills of lading; and the velvet that you talk'd of, there is no such aboard.

M. Flow. By God, I assure you⁵, then there is knavery abroad.

Flow. Sen. I'll be sworn of that: there's knavery abroad, although there were never a piece of velvet in Venice.

M. Flow. I hope he died in good estate.

Flow. Sen. To the report of the world he did; and made his Will, of which I am an unworthy bearer.

³ — *How say you, Kester?*] This should seem to have been formerly the abbreviation of *Christopher*. MALONE.

⁴ — *any stintance.*—] i. e. any stop, any remission. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—"it flinted and cried ay." STEEVENS.

⁵ *By God, I assure you,*] The sacred name is oftner introduced in this play than any that I remember to have read. Being published before the stat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. neither the author or printer had any scruple on the subject. MALONE.

M. Flow. His Will ! have you his Will ?

Flow. Sen. Yes, fir, and in the presence of your uncle I was will'd to deliver it. [*Delivers the Will.*]

Flow. Jun. I hope, cousin, now God hath blessed you with wealth, you will not be unmindful of me.

M. Flow. I'll do reason, uncle : yet i'faith I take the denial of this ten pound very hardly.

Flow. Jun. Nay, I deny'd you not.

M. Flow. By God you deny'd me directly.

Flow. Jun. I'll be judg'd by this good fellow.

Flow. Sen. Not directly, fir.

M. Flow. Why, he said he would lend me none, and that had wont to be a direct denial, if the old phrase hold. Well, uncle, come, we'll fall to the legacies. [*reads.*] " In the name of God, Amen.— Item, I bequeath to my brother Flowerdale, three hundred pounds, to pay such trivial debts as I owe in London.

" Item, to my son Mat. Flowerdale, I bequeath two bale of false dice, videlicet, high men and low men, fulloms, stop-cater-traies, and other bones of function ⁶." 'Sblood what doth he mean by this ?

Flow. Jun. Proceed, cousin.

M. Flow. " These precepts I leave him : Let him borrow of his oath ; for of his word no body will

⁶ — *two bale of false dice*, viz. high men and low men, fulloms, stop-cater-traies, &c.] In the *English Rogue*, P. I. p. 322. edit. 1680, we are told that " *high fulloms* are those dice which are loaded in such a manner as seldom to run any other chance than four, five, or six ; *low fulloms*, or low men, are those which usually run one, two, or three." *Stop-cater-traies* were probably dice prepared in such a manner as frequently to exhibit a four and a three. Pistol, in one of his rants, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, mentions some of these *bones of function* :

" Let vultures gripe thy guts ! for gourd and *fullam* holds
" And *high* and *low* beguiles the rich and poor."

MALONE.

See note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, last edit. vol. i. p. 245.

STEVENS.

trust him. Let him by no means marry an honest woman; for the other will keep herself. Let him steal as much as he can, that a guilty conscience may bring him to his destinate repentance:—"I think he means hanging. An this were his last will and testament, the devil stood laughing at his bed's feet while he made it. 'Sblood, what doth he think to fob off his posterity with paradoxes?

Flow. Sen. This he made, sir, with his own hands.

M. Flow. Ay, well; nay come, good uncle, let me have this ten pound: imagine you have lost it, or were robb'd of it, or misreckon'd yourself so much; any way to make it come easily off', good uncle.

Flow. Jun. Not a penny.

Flow. Sen. I'faith lend it him, sir. I myself have an estate in the city worth twenty pound; all that I'll engage for him: he'faith it concerns him in a marriage.

M. Flow. Ay marry doth it. This is a fellow of some sense, this: come, good uncle.

Flow. Jun. Will you give your word for it, Kester?

Flow. Sen. I will, sir, willingly.

Flow. Jun. Well, cousin, come to me an hour hence, you shall have it ready.

M. Flow. Shall I not fail?

Flow. Jun. You shall not, come or send.

M. Flow. Nay I'll come myself.

Flow. Sen. By my troth, would I were your worship's man.

M. Flow. What? would'st thou serve?

Flow. Sen. Very willingly, sir.

M. Flow. Why I'll tell thee what thou shalt do. Thou say'st thou hast twenty pound: go into Birchin-

' any way to make it come easily off,—] To get it counted down freely. So in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "They must come off: I'll sauce them." MALONE.

See notes on *Timon of Athens*, and the *Merry Wives*, last edit. vol. VIII. p. 321, and vol. I. p. 338. STEEVENS.

Lane, put thyself into cloaths : thou shalt ride with me to Croydon fair.

Flow. Sen. I thank you, fir, I will attend you.

M. Flow. Well, uncle, you will not fail me an hour hence.

Flow. Jun. I will not, coufin.

M. Flow. What's thy name ? Kester ?

Flow. Sen. Ay, fir.

M. Flow. Well, provide thyself : uncle, farewell till anon. [*Exit M. Flowerdale.*]

Flow. Jun. Brother, how do you like your son ?

Flow. Sen. I'faith brother, like a mad unbridled colt,

Or as a hawk, that never stoop'd to lure :

The one must be tamed with an iron bit,

The other must be watch'd, or still she's wild^s.

Such is my son ; a while let him be so ;

For counsel still is folly's deadly foe.

I'll serve his youth, for youth must have his course ;

For being restrain'd, it makes him ten times worse :

His pride, his riot, all that may be nam'd,

Time may recall, and all his madness tam'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

Or as a hawk, ———

— must be watch'd, or still she's wild.] See the *Taming of a Shrew*, last edit. vol. iii. p. 486. STEEVENS.

No allusions are more frequent in the old comedies than those referring to the sport of hawking. Wild hawks are tamed, by keeping them from sleeping. The falconers sit up by turns to watch them, or they will still continue wild. PERCY.

SCENE

S C E N E. II.

The high street in Croydon.

An inn appearing, with an open drinking booth before it.

Enter Sir Lancelot Spurcock, Weathercock, Daffodil, Artichoke, Luce, and Frances.

Sir Lanc. Sirrah, Artichoke, get you home before;
And as you prov'd yourself a calf in buying,
Drive home your fellow calves that you have bought.

Art. Yes, forsooth: Shall not my fellow Daffodil
go along with me?

Sir Lanc. No, fir, no; I must have one to wait on
me.

Art. Daffodil, farewell, good fellow Daffodil.

You may see, mistress, I am set up by the halves;
Instead of waiting on you, I am sent to drive home
calves. [Exit.

Sir Lanc. P'faith, Franke, I must turn away this
Daffodil;

He's grown a very foolish sawcy fellow.

Fran. Indeed la, father, he was so since I had him:
Before, he was wise enough for a foolish serving-man.

Weath. But what say you to me, fir Lancelot?

Sir Lanc. O, about my daughters?—well, I will
go forward.

Here's two of them, God save them; but the third,
O she's a stranger in her course of life:

She hath refus'd you, master Weathercock.

Weath. Ay by the rood, fir Lancelot, that she
hath; but had she try'd me, she should have found a
man of me indeed.

Sir Lanc. Nay be not angry, fir, at her denial;
She hath refus'd seven of the worshipfull'st
And worthiest house-keepers this day in Kent:
Indeed she will not marry, I suppose.

Weath.

Weath. The more fool she.

Sir Lanc. What, is it folly to love chastity?

Weath. No, no, mistake me not, fir Lancelot;
But 'tis an old proverb, and you know it well,
That women dying maids, lead apes in hell.

Sir Lanc. That is a foolish proverb and a false.

Weath. By the mass, I think it be, and therefore
let it go: but who shall marry with mistress Frances?

Fran. By my troth they are talking of marrying
me, sister.

Luce. Peace, let them talk:
Fools may have leave to prattle as they walk.

Daff. Sentences still, sweet mistress⁹!
You have a wit, an it were your alabaster¹.

Luce. P'faith and thy tongue trips trenchmore².

Sir Lanc. No of my knighthood, not a suitor yet,
Alas, God help her, silly girl, a fool, a very fool;
But there's the other black-brows, a shrewd girl,
She hath wit at will, and suitors two or three;
Sir Arthur Greenshield one, a gallant knight,
A valiant soldier, but his power but poor:
Then there's young Oliver, the De'nshire lad³,
A wary fellow, marry full of wit,
And rich by the rood: But there's a third, all air,

⁹ Sentences still, sweet mistress!] Sentences are wise sayings; maxims. MALONE.

¹ — an it were your alabaster.] i. e. as fair as alabaster; a comparison purposely affected. STEEVENS.

² — thy tongue trips trenchmore.] Trenchmore was a dance. In the *Island Princess* of B. and Fletcher, one of the townsmen says, "All the windows of the town dance a new trenchmore." The same dance is mentioned in Selden's *Table-talk*, and in the duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal*. STEEVENS.

³ Then there's young Oliver, the De'nshire lad,] Throughout this play *Devonshire* is used as a dissyllable. Perhaps it was formerly pronounced *De'nshire*. Thus we at this day say *se'night* instead of *sevenight*; and *Ca'ndish* for *Cavendish*. "To *Devonshire* or *De'nshire* land (says Ray in his *Collection of English Proverbs*, 1670) is to pare off the surface, &c." MALONE.

Light as a feather, changing as the wind;

Young Flowerdale.

Weath. O he, fir, he's a desperate Dick indeed⁴;
Bar him your house.

Sir Lanc. Fie, fir, not so: he's of good parentage.

Weath. By my fay⁵ and so he is, and a proper man.

Sir Lanc. Ay, proper enough, had he good qualities.

Weath. Ay marry, there's the point, fir Lancelot: for there's an old saying,

Be he rich, or be he poor⁶,

Be he high, or be he low:

Be he born in barn or hall,

'Tis manners makes the man and all.

Sir Lanc. You are in the right, master Weathercock.

Enter Civet.

Civ. 'Soul, I think I am sure cross'd, or witch'd with an owl⁷. I have haunted them, inn after inn, booth after booth, yet cannot find them. Ha, yonder they are; that's she. I hope to God 'tis she:

⁴ — *be's a desperate Dick indeed*] Of this phrase I know not the origin. It probably had its rise from some well-known individual, and perhaps the alliteration chiefly contributed to its being preserved. MALONE.

Perhaps originally from the desperate conduct of *K. Rich. III.* STEEVENS.

In Grubb's old song of ST. GEORGE, (printed in the *Reliques of Anc. Eng. Poetry*, vol. III. p. 323, 3d. edit.) the twin deities Castor and Pollux are called heavenly *double-Dicks*. PERCY.

⁵ *By my fay*—] *By my faith*. MALONE.

⁶ *Be he rich, or be he poor,*

Be he high, or be he low,] Perhaps we should read—*Be he rich or be he poe*. So in old language *moe* for *more*. This abbreviation or corruption is used in *Sir John Oldcastle*: "Alas *poe* master!" MALONE.

⁷ — *witch'd with an owl*.—] So in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites."

See note on that passage, edit. 1778, vol. II. p. 190, &c.

STEEVENS.

nay,

nay, I know 'tis she now, for she treads her shoe a little awry.

Sir Lanc. Where is this inn? We are past it, Dafodil.

Daf. The good sign is here, fir, but the back gate is before^s.

Civ. Save you, fir. I pray may I borrow a piece of a word with you?

Daf. No pieces, fir.

Civ. Why then the whole. I pray, fir, what may yonder gentlewomen be?

Daf. They may be ladies, fir, if the destinies and mortality work.

Civ. What's her name, fir?

Daf. Mistress Frances Spurcock, fir Lancelot Spurcock's daughter.

Civ. Is she a maid, fir?

Daf. You may ask Pluto and dame Proserpine that: I would be loth to be riddled, fir⁹.

Civ. Is she married, I mean, fir?

Daf. The Fates know not yet what shoe-maker shall make her wedding shoes.

Civ. I pray where inn you, fir? I would be very glad to bestow the wine of that gentlewoman¹.

Daf. At the George, fir.

Civ. God save you, fir.

Daf. I pray your name, fir?

Civ. My name is master Civet, fir.

Daf. A sweet name! God be with you, good master Civet,
[Exit Civet.]

^s — *but the black gate is before*] Thus the folios and the modern editions. The quarto furnished the true reading.

MALONE.

⁹ *I would be loth to be riddled, fir.*] i. e. to be sifted, examined. In some counties a sieve is called a riddle.

STEEVENS.

¹ — *to bestow the wine of that gentlewoman.*] To pay for what she may choose to drink;—to send her a present of wine. See note 6, page 464. MALONE.

Lanc.

Sir Lanc. Ha, have we spy'd you stout St. George?

For all

Your dragon, you had best sell us good wine
That needs no ivy-bush. Well, we'll not fit by it,
As you do on your horse: This room shall serve:—
Drawer.

Enter Drawer.

Let me have sack for us old men:
For these girls and knaves small wines are the best.
A pint of sack,—no more.

Draw. A quart of sack in the Three Tuns. [*Exit.*

Sir Lanc. A pint, draw but a pint. Daffodil, call
for wine to make yourselves drink.

Fran. And a cup of small beer, and a cake, good
Daffodil.

[*Daffodil goes into the house, and returns with wine, &c.*

*Enter M. Flowerdale, and Flowerdale Senior as his
servant.*

M. Flow. How now! fie, sit in the open room?
Now good sir Lancelot, and my kind friend, wor-
shipful master Weathercock! What at your pint?
A quart for shame.

Sir Lanc. Nay royster², by your leave we will away.

M. Flow. Come, give us some musick, we'll go
dance. Be gone, sir Lancelot! what, and Fair day too?

Sir Lanc. 'Twere foully done, to dance within the
Fair.

M. Flow. Nay if you say so, fairest of all Fairs,
then I'll not dance. A pox upon my taylor, he hath
spoil'd me a peach-colour sattin suit, cut upon cloth

² *Nay royster*,—] This word for a braggadocio or swaggerer,
is derived from the old verb *to roist*, which was not out of use
when Cole compiled his *English and Latin Dictionary*, who thus
Latinizes it:

To roist, Thraſonice jaſtare. A roisting, jaſtatio Thraſonica.
A roister, Thraſo. PERCY.

of silver³; but if ever the rascal serve me such another trick, I'll give him leave, i'faith, to put me in the calendar of fools, and you, and you, sir Lancelot, and master Weathercock. My goldsmith too on t'other side—I bespoke thee, Luce, a carcanet of gold⁴, and thought thou should'st have had it for a fairing; and the rogue puts me in rerages for orient pearl⁵: but thou shalt have it by Sunday night, wench.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, here is one hath sent you a pottle of Rhenish wine, brewed with rose-water⁶.

³ — *cut upon cloth of silver*; —] i. e. with cloth of silver placed under all the cuts, openings, or slashes in it. "Cloth of gold and cuts" is mentioned in *Much Ado about Nothing*, last edit. vol. ii. p. 322. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *a carcanet of gold*, —] A carcanet was an ornament for the neck formerly worn. MALONE.

See note on the *Comedy of Errors*, last edit. vol. ii. p. 192.

STEEVENS.

⁵ — *and the rogue puts me in rerages for orient pearl*:] *Rerages*, I suppose, is for *arrearages*, which properly signifies the remainder of an account or sum of money in the hands of an accountant, [*arrearages* Fr.] and might thence be applied to signify *old goods left behind* or *on hand, as unsaleable*. MALONE.

Perhaps *rerages* has here the same meaning as *refuse*. The rear of an army is the *hindmost* division of it. *Rerages* therefore may signify such pearls as have been *left behind*, after all the better sort had been selected from them. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Sir, here is one that hath sent you a pottle of Rhenish wine, brewed with rose-water.*] It seems to have been formerly a very common custom at taverns to send presents of wine from one room to another, either as a memorial of friendship, or (as in the present instance) by way of introduction to acquaintance. Of the existence of this practice the following anecdote of Ben Jonson and the ingenious bishop Corbet (which has not, I believe, been printed) furnishes a proof: "Ben Jonson was at a tavern, and in comes bishop Corbet (but not so then) into the next room. Ben Jonson calls for a quart of raw wine, and gives it the tapster. Sirrah, (says he) carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him I sacrifice my service to him. The fellow did; and in those words. Friend, says Dr. Corbet, I thank him for his love; but pr'ythee tell him from me, he is mistaken; for sacrifices are always burnt." *Merry Passages and Feasts*, *Mis. Harl.* 6395. MALONE.

M. Flow.

M. Flow. To me?

Draw. No, fir; to the knight; and desires his more acquaintance.

Sir Lanc. To me? what's he that proves so kind?

Daf. I have a trick to know his name, fir. He hath a month's mind⁷ here to mistress Frances; his name is master Civet.

Sir Lanc. Call him in, Daffodil. [*Exit Daffodil.*]

M. Flow. O, I know him, fir; he is a fool, but reasonable rich: his father was one of these lease-mongers, these corn-mongers⁸, these money-mongers; but he never had the wit to be a whore-monger.

Enter Civet.

Sir Lanc. I promise you, fir, you are at too much charge.

Civ. The charge is small charge, fir; I thank God, my father left me wherewithal. If it please you, fir, I have a great mind to this gentlewoman here, in the way of marriage.

Sir Lanc. I thank you, fir. Please you to come to Lewisham,

To my poor house, you shall be kindly welcome.

I knew your father; he was a wary husband⁹.—

To pay here, drawer.

Draw. All is paid, fir; this gentleman hath paid all.

⁷ — a month's mind—] See note on the *Two Gent. of Verona*, last edit. vol. i. p. 135. STEEVENS.

⁸ — his father was one of these lease-mongers, these corn-mongers,] This should seem to allude to some particular transactions; but to what it refers, I have not been able to learn.

MALONE.

I believe he alludes to the *monopolies* so much complained of about the time when this play may be supposed to have been written. STEEVENS.

⁹ — he was a wary husband.] A prudent manager. MALONE. The person who manages the repairs and fitting out of an East India ship is still called her *husband*. STEEVENS.

Sir Lanc. I'faith you do us wrong;
But we shall live to make amends ere long.
Master Flowerdale, is that your man?

M. Flow. Yes 'faith, a good old knave.

Sir Lanc. Nay then I think
You will turn wise, now you take such a servant:
Come, you'll ride with us to Lewsham; let's away;
'Tis scarce two hours to the end of day. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A road near Sir Lancelot Spurcock's house, in Kent.

Enter Sir Arthur Greenshield, Oliver, Lieutenant, and Soldiers.

Sir Arb. Lieutenant, lead your soldiers to the
ships,
There let them have their coats; at their arrival
They shall have pay. Farewel; look to your charge.

Sol. Ay, we are now sent away, and cannot so
much as speak with our friends.

Oli. No man what e'er you used a such a fashion,
thick you cannot take your leave of your vreens.

Sir Arb. Fellow, no more: lieutenant lead them off.

Sol. Well, if I have not my pay and my cloaths,
I'll venture a running away, though I hang for't.

Sir Arb. Away, firrah: charm your tongue^a.

[Exeunt Lieutenant and Soldiers.]

^a *Away, firrah; charm your tongue.*] This phrase, which occurs frequently in our old dramas, means no more than *hold your peace*. So in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

“ This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,

“ And therefore shall it *charm* thy riotous tongue.”

Again, in *Othello*:

“ With Cassio, mistress: Go to; *charm* your tongue.”

MALONE.

See note on *Othello*, last edit. vol. X. p. 612. STEEVENS.

Oli. Bin you a presser, fir?

Sir Arth. I am a commander, fir, under the king².

Oli. 'Sfoot man, an you be ne'er zutch a commander, shud 'a spoke with my vreens before I chid 'a gone; so shud.

Sir Arth. Content yourself man; my authority will stretch to presf so good a man as you.

Oli. Presf me? I devy^{*}; presf scoundrels, and thy messels³. Presf me! che scorns thee i'faith; for feest thee, here's a worshipful knight knows, cham not to be pressed by thee.

Enter Sir Lancelot, Weathercock, M. Flowerdale, Flowerdale senior, Luce, and Frances.

Sir Lanc. Sir Arthur, welcome to Lewsham⁴; welcome by my troth. What's the matter man? why are you vext?

Oli. Why man, he would presf me.

Sir Lanc. O fie, fir Arthur, presf him? he is a man of reckoning.

² *I am a commander, fir, under the king.]* Is it not to be inferred from hence that this play was written after the accession of king James? If it had been written in queen Elizabeth's reign, would it not have been "under the queen?" PERCY.

From this passage and another in the next page—"The fitter for the wars," it is almost certain that the play before us was written between the 24th of March 1602-3, when queen Elizabeth died, and the 19th of August 1604, when peace was proclaimed with Spain. MALONE.

^{*} — *I devy;—]* Perhaps he means to say *I defy* thee, though his words are clouded by provinciality. STEEVENS.

³ — *presf scoundrels and thy messels.]* Such poor mean rascals as you can pick up. *Messel* was perhaps a corruption of *measle*, a term of contempt for a low wretch, which is now supplied by one equally offensive—*a scab*. MALONE.

A messel signified originally a leprous person, and thence became a term of abhorrence. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *Lewsham;]* A village in Kent, not far from Greenwich. Queen Elizabeth is said to have given it this character as she passed through it:—"Long, lazy, lousy Lewsham."

STEEVENS.

Weath. Ay, that he is, fir Arthur; he hath the nobles, the golden ruddocks he ⁵.

Sir Arth. The fitter for the wars: and were he not In favour with your worships, he should see That I have power to pres so good as he.

Oli. Chill stand to the trial, so chill.

M. Flow. Ay marry shall he. Pres cloth and kersey ⁶, white-pot ⁷ and drowfen broth ⁸! tut, tut, he cannot.

Oli. Well, fir, though you see vlouten cloth and karshey, che 'a zeen zutch a karshey-coat wear out the town sick a zilken jacket as thick a one you wear.

M. Flow. Well said vlittan vlattan ⁹.

Oli. Ay, and well said cocknell, and Bow-bell too ¹. What do'st think cham aveard of thy zilken-coat? no vear vor thee.

Sir Lanc. Nay come, no more: be all lovers and friends.

Weath. Ay, 'tis best so, good master Oliver.

M. Flow. Is your name master Oliver, I pray you?

Oli. What tit and be tit, and grieve you.

M. Flow. No, but I'd gladly know if a man might not have a foolish plot out of master Oliver to work upon.

⁵ — *the golden ruddocks be.*] The *ruddock* is the red-breast. This cant phrase for money has already occurred in *Sir John Oldcastle*:

“ Beshrew me but my fingers' ends do itch

“ To be upon those golden *ruddocks*.” MALONE.

⁶ *Ay marry shall be.* Pres cloth and kersey,] Alluding to the manufacture of the Devonshire clothier. PERCY.

⁷ — *white-pot*] This is a favourite dish in Devonshire. PERCY.

⁸ — *drowfen broth*;] i. e. grounds of beer boiled up with herbs. It is a common beverage for servants &c. in Devonshire. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Well said vlittan vlattan.*] These seem to be made words, merely to ridicule the clothier's founding an *f.* like a *v.* MALONE.

¹ *Ay, and well sed cocknel and Bow-bell too.*] A *cocknell* is in old language what we now call a *cockney*; a mere Londoner, born within the sound of *Bow-bell*. *Cockney* originally seems to have meant a *fondling*; one too tenderly and effeminately brought up. *Cotgrave* renders the word by *Mignot*, *Niais*. MALONE.

Oli.

Oli. Work thy plots upon me ! Stand aside : work thy foolish plots upon me, chil so use thee, thou wert never so used since thy dame bound thy head². Work upon me !

M. Flow. Let him come, let him come.

Oli. Zyrpha, Zyrpha, if it were not vor shame, che would 'a given thee zutch a whister-poop under the ear, che would have made thee a vanged another at my feet : Stand aside, let me loose ; cham all of a vlaming fire-brand³ ; stand aside.

M. Flow. Well, I forbear you for your friends' sake.

Oli. A vig for all my vreens : do'st thou tell me of my vreens ?

Sir Lanc. No more, good master Oliver ; no more, Sir Arthur. And, maiden, here in the fight Of all your suitors, every man of worth, I'll tell you whom I fainest would prefer To the hard bargain of your marriage-bed. Shall I be plain among you, gentlemen ?

Sir Arth. Ay, fir, it is best.

Sir Lanc. Then, fir, first to you.

I do confes you a most gallant knight,
A worthy soldier, and an honest man :
But honesty maintains not a French-hood⁴ ;
Goes very seldom in a chain of gold ;
Keeps a small train of servants ; hath few friends.
And for this wild oats here, young Flowerdale,

² — *since thy dame bound thy head*] Since thou wert an infant ; since thou wore a frontlet or forehead cloth. MALONE.

³ — *cham all of a vlaming fire-brand* ;] *Cham* in the western dialect is *I am* ; *chill*, I will. MALONE.

⁴ *But honesty maintains a French-hood* ;] The context, as well as the metre, shows that we should read — maintains *not* a French hood. It appears from the contemporary writers that a *French-hood* was an article of finery. So in B. Jonson's *Tale of à Tub* :

“ Can you make me a lady ?

“ *Pol.* I can gi' you

“ A filken gown, and a rich petticoat,

“ And a *French-hood*.” MALONE.

I will not judge. God can work miracles ;
But he were better make a hundred new,
Than thee a thrifty and an honest one.

Weath. Believe me he hath hit you there ; he hath
touch'd you to the quick ; that he hath.

M. Flow. Woodcock o' my side⁵ ! Why, master
Weathercock, you know I am honest, howsoever
trifles—

Weath. Now by my troth I know no otherwise.
O, your old mother was a dame indeed ;
Heaven hath her soul, and my wife's too, I trust :
And your good father, honest gentleman,
He is gone a journey, as I hear, far hence.

M. Flow. Ay, God be praised, he is far enough ;
He is gone a pilgrimage to Paradise,
And left me to cut a caper against care.
Luce, look on me that am as light as air.

Luce. I'faith I like not shadows, bubbles, breath⁶ ;
I hate a *Light o' love*, as I hate death⁷.

Sir Lanc. Girl, hold thee there : look on this De'n-
shire lad ;
Fat, fair, and lovely, both in purse and person.

Oli. Well, sir, cham as the Lord hath made me.
You know me well ivin ; cha have threescore pack
of karsy at Blackem-Hall⁸, and chief credit be-

⁵ Woodcock o' my side !] What ! does this fool peck at me too ?
A woodcock is a proverbial expression for a dunce. So in *Much
Ado about Nothing* ; " He hath bid me to a calve's head and capon :
shall I not find a woodcock too ?" MALONE.

⁶ I'faith I like not shadows, bubbles, breath ;] All the copies
have *broth*. The context, as well as the rhyme, shows *breath* to be
the true reading MALONE.

⁷ I hate a *Light o' love*, as I hate death] *Light of love* was the
name of an old tune mentioned in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

" But sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*."

Flowerdale had been just talking of cutting a caper. MALONE.

See notes to the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, last edit. vol. i,
p. 133, and to *Much Ado*, &c. vol. ii. p. 323. STEVENS.

⁸ — threescore packs of karsy at Blackem-Hall,] He means
Blackwell-Hall, in London, the great repository of woollen goods,
MALONE.

side; and my fortunes may be so good as another's,
so it may.

Luce. 'Tis you I love, whatsoever others say?

Sir Artb. Thanks, fairest.

M. Flow. What, would'st thou have me quarrel
with him?

Flow. Sen. Do but say he shall hear from you.

Sir Lanc. Yet, gentlemen, howsoever I prefer
This De'nshire sutor, I'll enforce no love:
My daughter shall have liberty to choose
Whom she likes best. In your love-suit proceed:
Not all of you, but only one must speed.

Weath. You have said well; indeed right well.

Enter Articboke.

Art. Mistress; here's one would speak with you.
My fellow Daffodil hath him in the cellar already;
he knows him; he met him at Croydon fair.

Sir Lanc. O, I remember; a little man.

Art. Ay, a very little man.

Sir Lanc. And yet a proper man.

Art. A very proper, very little man.

Sir Lanc. His name is Monsieur Civet.

Art. The same, sir.

Sir Lanc. Come, gentlemen; if other suitors come,
My foolish daughter will be fitted too:
But Delia my saint, no man dare move.

[*Exeunt all but M. Flowerdale, Oliver, and
Flowerdale senior.*]

M. Flow. Hark you, sir, a word.

Oli. What han you say to me now?

* 'Tis you I love, whatsoever others say.] This line is given in
the old copies to sir Lancelot. The answer shews it belongs to his
daughter Luce. MALONE.

* What han you to say to me now?] Han contracted for *hauen* is
the common idiom still in the West. PERCY.

M. Flow. You shall hear from me, and that very shortly.

Oli. Is that all? vare thee well: che vere thee not a vig. [Exit Oliver.]

M. Flow. What if he should come more? I am fairly drefs'd*.

Flow. Sen. I do not mean that you shall meet with him;

But presently we'll go and draw a Will,
Where we'll set down land that we never saw;
And we will have it of so large a sum,
Sir Lancelot shall entreat you take his daughter.
This being form'd, give it master Weathercock,
And make fir Lancelot's daughter heir of all:
And make him swear never to show the Will
To any one, until that you be dead.

This done, the foolish changing Weathercock
Will straight discourse unto fir Lancelot
The form and tenour of your testament.
Ne'er stand to pause of it; be rul'd by me:
What will ensue, that shall you quickly see.

M. Flow. Come, let's about it: if that a Will,
sweet Kit,
Can get the wench, I shall renoun thy wit.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

A room in fir Lancelot's house.

Enter Daffodil and Luce.

Daf. Mistress! still froward? No kind looks unto your Daffodil? Now by the gods—

* *What if he should come more? I am fairly drefs'd?* There is, here, I believe, some corruption which I am unable to rectify. Flowerdale seems to be apprehensive of meeting Oliver. Perhaps *more* has the signification of *again*. MALONE.

I believe we should read—What if he should come *now*?

STEVENS.

Luce:

Luce. Away you foolish knave; let my hand go.

Daf. There is your hand; but this shall go with me:

My heart is thine; this is my true love's fee.

[*Takes off her bracelet.*]

Luce. I'll have your coat stripp'd o'er your ears for this,

You sawcy rascal.

Enter sir Lancelot and Weathercock.

Sir Lanc. How now, maid! what is the news with you?

Luce. Your man is something sawcy. [*Exit Luce.*]

Sir Lanc. Go to, firrah; I'll talk with you anon.

Daf. Sir, I am a man to be talked withal; I am no horse, I trow. I know my strength, then no more than so.

Weath. Ay, by the makins, good sir Lancelot; I saw him the other day hold up the bucklers,³ like an Hercules. I'faith God-a-mercy, lad, I like thee well.

Sir Lanc. Ay, ay, like him well. Go firrah, fetch me a cup of wine,

That ere I part with master Weathercock,

We may drink down our farewell in French wine.

[*Exit Daffodil.*]

Weath. I thank you, sir; I thank you, friendly knight.

I'll come and visit you; by the mouse-foot I will⁴:

³ — *I saw him the other day hold up the bucklers,*] He who was victorious in mock-combat was said to gain the bucklers. So in Chapman's *May-day*, 611:

“But now I'll lay the bucklers at your feet.”

Again, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:

“— if you lay down the bucklers, you lose the victory.”

MALONE.

See note on *Much Ado &c.* vol. ii. p. 364. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *by the mouse-foot I will:*] So in *Soliman and Perseda*, 3599: “By cock and pie and mouse-foot.” STEEVENS.

In the mean time, take heed of cutting Flowerdale⁵:
He is a desperate Dick, I warrant you.

Re-enter Daffodil.

Sir Lanc. He is, he is. Fill, Daffodil, fill me some wine. Ha! what wears he on his arm? My daughter Luce's bracelet? ay, 'tis the same. Ha' to you, master Weathercock.

Weath. I thank you, sir. Here, Daffodil; an honest fellow, and a tall, thou art⁶. Well; I'll take my leave good knight; and I hope to have you and all your daughters at my poor house; in good sooth I must.

Sir Lanc. Thanks, master Weathercock; I shall be bold to trouble you, be sure.

Weath. And welcome. Heartily farewell.

[*Exit Weathercock.*]

Sir Lanc. Sirrah, I saw my daughter's wrong, and withal her bracelet on your arm. Off with it, and with it my livery too. Have I care to see my daughter match'd with men of worship? and are you grown so bold? Go, sirrah; from my house, or I'll whip you hence.

Daf. I'll not be whipp'd sir; there's your livery: This is a servingman's reward: what care I? I have means to trust to; I scorn service, I.

[*Exit Daffodil.*]

Sir Lanc. Ay, a lusty knave; but I must let him go: Our servants must be taught what they should know⁷.

[*Exit.*]

⁵ *In the mean time take heed of cutting Flowerdale:*] A cutter in old language meant a swaggerer. Hence the title of Cowley's play—*The Cutter of Coleman Street.* MALONE.

⁶ *— an honest fellow, and a tall thou art.*] A tall fellow, in old language, is a stout man. MALONE.

⁷ *Our servants must be taught what they should know.*] We are forced to teach our servants what they ought to do without any instruction. MALONE.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*Another room in the same.**Enter Sir Arthur, and Luce.*

Luce. Sir, as I am a maid, I do affect
You above any sutor that I have ;
Although that soldiers scarce know how to love.

Sir Arth. I am a soldier, and a gentleman
Knows what belongs to war, what to a lady.
What man offends me, that my sword shall right ;
What woman loves me, I'm her faithful knight.

Luce. I neither doubt your valour, nor your love.
But there be some that bear a soldier's form,
That swear by him they never think upon ;
Go swaggering up and down from house to house,
Crying, *God pays all*².

Sir Arth. I'faith, lady, I'll descry you such a man.
Of them there be many which you have spoke of
That bear the name and shape of soldiers,
Yet, God knows, very seldom saw the war :
That haunt your taverns and your ordinaries,
Your ale-houses sometimes, for all alike,
To uphold the brutish humour of their minds,
Being mark'd down for the bondmen of despair :
Their mirth begins in wine, but ends in blood ;
Their drink is clear, but their conceits are mud.

Luce. Yet these are great gentlemen soldiers.

Sir Arth. No, they are wretched slaves,
Whose desperate lives doth bring them timeless
graves³.

² *Crying, God pays* and —] I believe we should read — *God pays all* ; i. e. they never pay any thing themselves, but live on free booty ; too common a practice, I suppose, with the disbanded soldiers of that age. PERCY.

³ — *timeless graves.*] i. e. untimely graves. PERCY.

Luce.

Luce. Both for yourself, and for your form of life,
If I may choose, I'll be a soldier's wife. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Another room in the same.

Enter Sir Lancelot and Oliver.

Oli. And tyt trust to it, so then.

Sir Lanc. Assure yourself
You shall be married with all speed we may :
One day shall serve for Frances and for Luce.

Oli. Why che wou'd vain know the time, for providing wedding raiments.

Sir Lanc. Why no more but this. First get your assurance made ' touching my daughter's jointure ; that dispatch'd, we will in two days make provision.

Oli. Why man, chill have the writings made by to-morrow.

Sir Lanc. To-morrow be it then : let's meet at the King's-Head in Fish-street.

Oli. No, fie man, no : let's meet at the Rose at Temple-Bar ; that will be nearer your counsellor and mine.

Sir Lanc. At the Rose be it then, the hour nine : He that comes last forfeits a pint of wine.

Oli. A pint is no payment ; let it be a whole quart, or nothing.

Enter Artichoke.

Art. Master, here is a man would speak with Master Oliver ; he comes from young Master Flowerdale.

First get your assurance made——] Get your marriage settlement drawn. All deeds are in legal language called assurances.

MALONE.

Oli.

Oli. Why, chil speak with him, chil speak with him.

Sir Lanc. Nay, son Oliver, I will surely see
What young Flowerdale hath sent unto you.
I pray God it be no quarrel.

Oli. Why man, if he quarrel with me, chil give him his hands full.

Enter Flowerdale Senior.

Flow. Sen. God save you, good fir Lancelot.

Sir Lanc. Welcome, honest friend.

Flow. Sen. To you and yours my master wisheth health ;

But unto you, fir, this, and this he sends :
There is the length, fir, of his rapier ;
And in that paper shall you know his mind.

[*Delivers a letter.*]

Oli. Here ? chil meet him, my vriend, chil meet him.

Sir Lanc. Meet him ! you shall not meet the ruffian, sic.

Oli. An I do not meet him, chill give you leave to call me cut *. Where is't, firrah ? where is't ? where is't ?

Flow Sen. The letter showeth both the time and place ;

And if you be a man, then keep your word.

* *An I do not meet him, chil give you leave to call me cut !* To call me cut is a common expression in the old comedies. So in *Twelfth Night* :

“ If thou hast her not in the end, call me cut.”

Again, in Nashe's *Apologie for Pierce Penniless*, 1593 : “ If thou bestowest any courtesy upon me, and I do not requite it, then call me cut. So also in B. Jonson's *Tale of a Tub* :

“ If I prove not

“ As just a carrier as my friend Tom Long was,

“ Then call me curtal.”

e. a dog whose tail had been cut. MALONE.

See *Twelfth Night*, last edit. vol. IV. p. 202. STEEVENS.

Sir

Sir Lanc. Sir, he shall not keep his word; he shall not meet.

Flow. Sen. Why let him choose; he'll be the better known

For a base rascal, and reputed so.

Oli. Zirrah, zirrah, an 'twere not an old fellow, and sent after an errant, chid give thee something, but chud be no money; but hold thee, for I see thou art somewhat testern³; hold thee; there's vorty shillings: bring thy master a-veeld, chil give thee vorty more. Look thou bring him: chil maul him, tell him; chil mar his dancing treffels; chil use him, he was ne'er so us'd since his dame bound his head; chil mar him for capering any more, che vore thee⁴.

Flow. Sen. You seem a man, fir, stout and resolute; And I will so report, whate'er befall.

Sir Lanc. And fall out ill, assure thy master this, I'll make him fly the land, or use him worse.

Flow. Sen. My master, fir, deserves not this of you; And that you'll shortly find.

Sir Lanc. Thy master is an unthrift, you a knave, And I'll attach you first⁵, next clap him up; Or have him bound unto his good behaviour.

Oli. I wou'd you were a sprite, if you do him any harm for this. An you do, chil nere see you, nor any of yours, while chil have eyes open. What do you think, chil be abaffelled up and down the town for a messel, and a scoundrel⁶? no che vore

³ — *I see thou art somewhat testern.*] I suppose he means needy, poor. A testern is a sixpence. MALONE.

.. In the *Two Gent of Verona*: "you have testern'd me," means you have given me sixpence. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *che vore thee.*] I assure thee. The same expression occurs frequently in B. Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*. MALONE.

⁵ *And I'll attach you first,*—] To attach is a legal term, and means to apprehend. MALONE.

⁶ — *What do you think chil be abaffelled up and down the town for*

vore you⁷. Zirrha, chil come; zay no more: chil come, tell him.

Flow. Sen. Well, fir, my master deserves not this of you,

And that you'll shortly find *.

Oli. No matter; he's an unthrift; I defy him.

[*Exit Flowerdale Senior.*]

Sir Lanc. Now gentle son, let me know the place.

Oli. No, che vore you⁸.

Sir Lanc. Let me see the note.

Oli. Nay, chil watch you for zuch a trick. But if che meet him, zo; if not, zo: chil make him know me, or chil know why I shall not; chil vare the worfe.

Sir Lanc. What! will you then neglect my daughter's love?

[*for a messel and a scoundrel?*] *Abaffelled is treated with contempt.*

So in Spenser's *Fairie Queen*, b. V. c. iii. p. 35:

"First he his beard did shave and sowly shent,

"Then from him rest his shield and it renverst,

"And blotted out his arms with fallhood blent,

"And himself *baffal'd* and his arms unherst,

"And broke his sword in twain and all his armour sperst."

A *messel* has been already explained. MALONE.

See note on *King Richard II.* last edit. vol. V. p. 138.

STEVENS.

⁷ — *no, che bor you.*] i. e. no, I warrant you. Though a great deal of this gibberish can only be explained by a West-countryman, yet this word *bor* is evidently derived or contracted from the old English verb to *borrow*, which was used in the same sense (See *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. I. Gloss. *borrowed*). The same word is probably intended in other of Oliver's speeches when he says *chy vor thee*. PERCY.

Bor was, I imagine, here a misprint, this being the only place in this comedy where it is found. The phrase *che vore you*, occurs frequently throughout the play. It likewise is used more than once in the *Tale of a Tub*, by Ben Jonson, who probably paid particular attention to the Western dialect. MALONE.

* *Well, fir, my master deserves, &c.*] These two lines have occurred in the preceding page, where they are appropriated to the same speaker. STEVENS.

⁸ *No, che vore you.*] The old copies read corruptedly—*Now che vore you.* MALONE.

Ven-

Venture your state and her's for a loose brawl?

Oli. Why man, chil not kill him: marry chil veeze him too and again⁹; and zo God be with you, vather. What, man! we shall meet to-morrow.

[*Exit.*

Sir Lanc. Who would have thought he had been so desperate?

Come forth, my honest servant Artichoke.

Enter Artichoke.

Arti. Now, what's the matter? some brawl toward, I warrant you.

Sir Lanc. Go get me thy sword bright scower'd, thy buckler mended. O for that knave! that villain Daffodil would have done good service. But to thee—

Arti. Ay, this is the tricks of all you gentlemen, when you stand in need of a good fellow. O for that Daffodil! O, where is he? But if you be angry, an it be but for the wagging of a straw, then—*Out o' doors with the knave; turn the coat over his ears.* This is the humour of you all.

Sir Lanc. O for that knave, that lusty Daffodil!

Arti. Why there 'tis now: our year's wages and our vails will scarce pay for broken swords and bucklers that we use in our quarrels. But I'll not fight if Daffodil be o' t'other side, that's flat.

Sir Lanc. 'Tis no such matter, man. Get weapons ready,
And be at London ere the break of day:
Watch near the lodging of the De'nshire youth,

* — *marry chil veeze him too, and again;—*] He means to say that he will *seese* him. To *phaeze* or *sease* is to separate a twist into single threads. Sly uses the same cant term in the induction to the *Taming of a Shrew*:—"I'll *phaeze* you in faith." See note there, vol. iv. p. 395, edit. 1778. MALONE.

But

But be unseen; and as he goeth out,
As he will go out, and that very early without
doubt—

Arti. What, would you have me draw upon him,
as he goes in the street?

Sir Lanc. Not for a world, man.
Into the fields; for to the field he goes,
There to meet the desperate Flowerdale.
Take thou the part of Oliver my son,
For he shall be my son, and marry Luce:
Dost understand me, knave?

Arti. Ay, fir, I do understand you; but my young
mistress might be better provided in matching with
my fellow Daffodil.

Sir Lanc. No more; Daffodil is a knave. That
Daffodil is a most notorious knave. [*Exit Artichoke.*]

Enter Weathercock.

Master Weathercock, you come in happy time; the
desperate Flowerdale hath writ a challenge; and who
think you must answer it, but the Devonshire man,
my son Oliver?

Weath. Marry I am sorry for it, good fir Lancelot.
But if you will be rul'd by me, we'll stay their fury.

Sir Lanc. As how, I pray?

Weath. Marry I'll tell you; by promising young
Flowerdale the red-lip'd Luce.

Sir Lanc. I'll rather follow her unto her grave.

Weath. Ay, fir Lancelot, I would have thought
so too;

But you and I have been deceiv'd in him.

Come read this will, or deed, or what you call it,
I know not: Come, come; your spectacles I pray.

[*Gives him the Will.*]

Sir Lanc. Nay, I thank God, I see very well.

Weath. Marry, God bless your eyes: mine have
been dim almost this thirty years.

Sir Lanc. Ha! what is this? what is this? [*Reads*

Weath. Nay there's true love indeed:

He gave it to me but this very morn,
And bade me keep it unseen from any one.
Good youth! to see how men may be deceiv'd!

Sir Lanc. Passion of me,

What a wretch am I to hate this loving youth!
He hath made me, together with my Luce
He loves so dear, executors of all
His wealth.

Weath. All, all, good man, he hath given you all.

Sir Lanc. Three ships now in the Straits, and home-
ward-bound;

Two lordships of two hundred pound a year,
The one in Wales, the other Gloucestershire:
Debts and accounts are thirty thousand pound;
Plate, money, jewels, sixteen thousand more;
Two houses furnish'd well in Coleman-street;
Beside whatsoever his uncle leaves to him,
Being of great domains and wealth at Peckham.

Weath. How like you this, good knight? How
like you this?

Sir Lanc. I have done him wrong, but now I'll
make amends;

The De'nshire man shall whistle for a wife.
He marry Luce! Luce shall be Flowerdale's.

Weath. Why that is friendly said. Let's ride to
London,

And straight prevent their match, by promising
Your daughter to that lovely lad.

Sir Lanc. We'll ride to London:—or it shall not need;
We'll cross to Deptford-strand, and take a boat.
Where be these knaves? what Artichoke! what
fop!

Enter Artichoke.

Art. Here be the very knaves, but not the merry
knaves.

Sir Lanc. Here take my cloak : I'll have a walk to Deptford.

Art. Sir, we have been scouring of our swords and bucklers for your defence.

Sir Lanc. Defence me no defence ; let your swords rust, I'll have no fighting : ay, let blows alone. Bid Delia see all things be in readiness against the wedding : we'll have two at once, and that will save charges, master Weathercock.

Art. Well we will do it, sir. [Exeunt.]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A walk before sir Lancelot's house.

Enter Civet, Frances, and Delia.

Civet. By my truth this is good luck ; I thank God for this. In good sooth I have even my heart's desire. Sister Delia—now I may boldly call you so, for your father hath frank and freely given me his daughter Franke¹.

Fran. Ay, by my troth, Tom, thou hast my good will too ; for I thank God I long'd for a husband ; and, would I might never stir, for one whose name was Tom.

Del. Why, sister, now you have your wish.

Civet. You say very true, sister Delia ; and I pr'y-thee call me nothing but Tom, and I'll call thee sweetheart, and Franke. Will it not do well, sister Delia ?

Del. It will do very well with both of you.

Fran. But Tom, must I go as I do now, when I am married ?

¹ — *his daughter Franke.*] The diminutive of *Frances*. The modern familiar appellation, *Fanny*, perhaps was not used in the time of queen Elizabeth. The final *e* has been retained, to distinguish this name from the abbreviation of *Francis*. MALONE.

Civ. No, Franke; I'll have thee go like a citizen, in a guarded gown and a French hood².

Fran. By my troth, that will be excellent indeed:

Del. Brother, maintain your wife to your estate.

Apparel you yourself like to your father,

And let her go like to your ancient mother:

He, sparing got his wealth, left it to you.

Brother, take heed of pride; it soon bids thrift adieu³.

Civ. So as my father and my mother went! that's a jest indeed. Why she went in a fring'd gown, a single ruff, and a white cap; and my father in a mocado coat³, a pair of red sattin sleeves, and a canvas back.

Del. And yet his wealth was all as much as yours.

Civ. My estate, my estate, I thank God, is forty

² — *I'll have thee go like a citizen, in a guarded gown, and a French hood.*] A gown with guards or facings to it seems to have been the best dress of a city-lady in the early part of the last century. So in *K. Henry IV.* P. 1. Hotspur requests that lady Percy will

“ ——— leave in sooth

“ And such protests of pepper ginger-bread,

“ To velvet guards, and Sunday citizens.” MALONE.

See note on the *Merchant of Venice*, vol. iii. last edit. p. 161.

STEVENS.

A French hood (whatever it was) seems used above to denote the dress of a person in slender circumstances. So before:

“ Honesty maintains a French hood.”

Does *Civet* mean here that she shall go in the sober frugal garb of a citizen's wife? (If so the *guarded* gown means a meaner dress.)

PERCY.

See the note on the passage referred to by Dr. Percy, ante, p. 469. MALONE.

³ *Brother, take heed of pride, some bids thrift adieu.*] I suppose we should read:

Brother, take heed of pride; *it soon* bids thrift adieu.

The line as it stands in the old copy being unintelligible, I have made this slight change in the text. Perhaps the word *brother* was caught from a preceding line, and ought to be omitted.

MALONE.

I would read and point this irregular line as follows:

Brother, take heed; pride *soon* bids thrift adieu. STEVENS.

³ — *a mocado coat,*—] This stuff is mentioned in several of the old plays. So in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607: “Varlet of velvet, old heart of durance, moccado villain, &c.” STEVENS.

pound

ound a year in good leases and tenements; besides
wenty mark a year at Cuckolds-haven⁴; and that
comes to us all by inheritance.

Del. That may indeed; 'tis very fitly 'ply'd.
I know not how it comes, but so it falls out,
That those whose fathers have died wond'rous rich,
And took no pleasure but to gather wealth,
Thinking of little that they leave behind
For them they hope will be of their like mind—
But it falls out contrary: forty years' sparing
Is scarce three seven years spending; never caring
What will ensue, when all their coin is gone.
And, all too late, when thrift is thought upon,
Oft have I heard that Pride and Riot kifs'd,
And then Repentance cries—for had I wist⁵.

Civ. You say well, sister Delia, you say well; but
I mean to live within my bounds; for look you, I
have set down my rest thus far⁶, but to maintain my
wife in her French-hood and her coach, keep a
couple of geldings and a brace of grey-hounds; and
this is all I'll do.

Del. And you'll do this with forty pounds a-year?

Civ. Ay, and a better penny, sister⁷.

⁴ — *Cuckold's-haven*;—] Now called *Cuckold's-point*, a land-
ing place almost opposite to Radcliffe, STEVENS.

⁵ *And then Repentance cries—for had I wist.*] This seems a pro-
verbial scrap of an old Scottish song (printed in *the Reliques of*
English Poetry, vol. iii. p. 145. ed. 3) which in some copies is,
For had I wist, &c. PERCY.

⁶ — *for look you, I have set down my rest thus far,*] I have
come to this resolution. So in the *Spanish Gipsie*, by Middleton
and Rowley, 1653:

“Could I set up my rest

“That he were lost, or taken prisoner,

“I could hold truce with sorrow.” MALONE.

— *I have set down my rest thus far,*—] Compare my ex-
planation of this phrase in *Romeo and Juliet*, last edit. vol. x.
p. 134, with Mr. Reed's account of the same expression, new edit.
of Doddsley's Collection of plays, 1780, vol. x. p. 364. STEVENS.

⁷ *Ay, and a better penny, sister.*] Sir Hugh Evans uses the same
phrase in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: “Ay, and her father is
make her better penny.” STEVENS.

Fran. Sister, you forget that at Cuckold's-haven.

Civ. By my troth well remiember'd, Franke; I'll give thee that to buy thee pins.

Del. Keep you the rest for points*. Alas the day! Fools shall have wealth though all the world say nay.

Come, brother, will you in? Dinner stays for us.

Civ. Ay, good sister, with all my heart.

Fran. Ay, by my troth, Tom, for I have a good stomach.

Civ. And I the like, sweet Franke. No sister, do not think I'll go beyond my botinds.

Del. God grant you may not. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

London.

The street before young Flowerdale's house.

Enter M. Flowerdale, and Flowerdale Senior.

Flow. Sirrah, Kit, tarry thou there; I have spied fir Lancelot and old Weathercock coming this way: they are hard at hand; I will by no means be spoken withal:

Flow. Sen. I'll warrant you: go, get you in.

[Exit *M. Flowerdale.*

Enter Sir Lancelot and Weathercock.

Sir Lanc. Now, my honest friend, thou dost belong to master Flowerdale?

Flow. Sen. I do, fir.

Sir Lanc. Is he within, my good fellow?

Flow. Sen. No, fir, he is not within.

Sir Lanc. I pr'ythee, if he be within, let me speak with him.

* *Keep you the rest for points.* —] See note 1. p. 392.

Flow. Sen. Sir, to tell you true, my master is within, but indeed would not be spoke withal. There be some terms that stand upon his reputation; therefore he will not admit any conference till he hath shook them off.

Sir Lanc. I pr'ythee tell him, his very good friend, fir Lancelot Spurcock, entreats to speak with him.

Flow. Sen. By my troth, fir, if you come to take up the matter between my master and the Devonshire man, you do but beguile your hopes, and lose your labour;—

Sir Lanc. Honest friend, I have not any such thing to him. I come to speak with him about other matters.

Flow. Sen. For my master, fir, hath set down his resolution, either to redeem his honour, or leave his life behind him⁹;—

Sir Lanc. My friend, I do not know any quarrel touching thy master or any other person. My business is of a different nature to him; and I pr'ythee so tell him.

Flow. Sen. For howsoever the Devonshire man is, my master's mind is bloody. That's a round O¹; and therefore, fir, entreaty is but vain.

Sir Lanc. I have no such thing to him, I tell thee once again.

Flow. Sen. I will then so signify to him.

[*Exit Flowerdale Senior.*]

Sir Lanc. A firrah! I see this matter is hotly carried; but I'll labour to dissuade him from it.

¹ — or leave his life behind him.] This appears to have been anciently a common phrase, meaning *to lose his life*. So in *Sir John Oldcastle*: “Nay I am of Lawrence's mind for that, for he means *to leave his life behind him*.” MALONE.

² *That's a round O*;) That is a complete and absolute truth. In this assertion there is no break or flaw for cavil to lay hold on. MALONE.

I believe that by a *round O* is meant a *plump falsehood*: a circle in arithmetick being the representative of *nothing*, unless in conjunction with other figures. These words were probably meant to be spoken *aside*. STEEVENS.

Enter M. Flowerdale and Flowerdale Senior.

Good morrow, master Flowerdale.

M. Flow. Good morrow, good fir Lancelot; good morrow, master Weathercock. By my troth, gentlemen, I have been reading over Nick Machiavel; I find him good to be known, not to be followed. A pestilent human fellow! I have made certain annotations on him, such as they be. And how is't, fir Lancelot? ha! how is't? A mad world! men cannot live quiet in it.

Sir Lanc. Master Flowerdale, I do understand there is some jar between the Devonshire man and you.

Flow. Sen. They, fir? they are good friends as can be.

M. Flow. Who master Oliver and I? as good friends as can be,

Sir Lanc. It is a kind of safety in you to deny it, and a generous silence, which too few are endued withal; but, fir, such a thing I hear, and I could wish it otherwise.

M. Flow. No such thing, fir Lancelot, on my reputation; as I am an honest man.

Sir Lanc. Now I do believe you then, if you do engage your reputation there is none.

M. Flow. Nay I do not engage my reputation there is not. You shall not bind me to any condition of hardness; but if there be any thing between us, then there is; if there be not, then there is not. Be or be not, all is one.

Sir Lanc. I do perceiye by this, that there is something between you; and I am very sorry for it.

M. Flow. You may be deceiv'd, fir Lancelot. The Italian hath a pretty saying. *Questo*—I have

? — *A pestilent human fellow?* —] Should we not read—
inhuman. PERCY.

for.

forgot it too; 'tis out of my head: but in my translation, if it hold, thus. If thou hast a friend, keep him; if a foe, trip him.

Sir Lanc. Come, I do see by this there is somewhat between you; and before God I could wish it otherwise.

M. Flow. Well, what is between us, can hardly be alter'd. Sir Lancelot, I am to ride forth to-morrow. That way which I must ride, no man must deny me the sun: I would not by any particular man be denied common and general passage. If any one saith, Flowerdale, thou passest not this way; my answer is, I must either on, or return; but return is not my word; I must on: if I cannot then make my way, nature hath done the last for me; and there's the fine ⁴.

Sir Lanc. Master Flowerdale, every man hath one tongue, and two ears. Nature in her building is a most curious work-master.

M. Flow. That is as much as to say, a man should hear more than he should speak.

Sir Lanc. You say true; and indeed I have heard more than at this time I will speak.

M. Flow. You say well.

Sir Lanc. Slanders are more common than truths, master Flowerdale; but proof is the rule for both.

M. Flow. You say true. What-do-you-call-him hath it there in his third canton ⁵.

Sir Lanc. I have heard you have been wild; I have believ'd it.

M. Flow. 'Twas fit, 'twas necessary.

Sir Lanc. But I have seen somewhat of late in you, that hath confirm'd in me an opinion of goodness toward you.

⁴ — and there's the fine.] So in Shakspeare passim—"and there end." MALONE.

⁵ — in his third canton.] In his third canto. MALONE.

I suppose he means the third Canto of the first Book of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, in which *Abessa* slanders the lady *Una*. STEEVENS.

M. Flow.

M. Flow. I'faith, fir, I'm sure I never did you harm :

Some good I have done, either to you or your's, I am sure you know not ; neither is it my will You should.

Sir Lanc. Ay, your Will, fir.

M. Flow. Ay, my will, fir. 'Sfoot do you know ought of my Will ? By God an you do, fir, I am abus'd.

Sir Lanc. Go, master Flowerdale ; what I know, I know : and know you thus much out of my knowledge, that I truly love you. For my daughter, she's yours. And if you like a marriage better than a brawl, all quirks of reputation set aside, go with me presently ; and where you should fight a bloody battle, you shall be married to a lovely lady.

M. Flow. Nay but, fir Lancelot—

Sir Lanc. If you will not embrace my offer, yet assure yourself thus much ; I will have order to hinder your encounter.⁶

M. Flow. Nay but hear me, fir Lancelot.

Sir Lanc. Nay, stand not you upon imputative honour. 'Tis merely unsound, unprofitable, and idle inference. Your business is to wed my daughter ; therefore give me your present word to do it. I'll go and provide the maid ; therefore give me your present resolution ; either now or never.

M. Flow. Will you so put me to it ?

Sir Lanc. Ay, afore God, either take me now, or take me never. Else what I thought should be our match, shall be our parting : so fare you well for ever.

M. Flow. Stay ; fall out, what may fall, my love is above all : I will come.

⁶ — I will have order to hinder your encounter.] I will take measures to prevent your meeting. So in *Othello*:

“Honest Jago hath ta'en order for it.” MALONE.

See note on *Othello*, last edit. vol. x. p. 606. STEEVENS.

Sir Lanc. I expect you; and so fare you well.

[*Exeunt sir Lancelot and Weathercock.*]

Flow. Sen. Now, sir, how shall we do for wedding apparel?

M. Flow. By the mass that's true. Now help Kit: the marriage ended, we'll make amends for all.

Flow. Sen. Well, well, no more; prepare you for your bride:

We will not want for cloaths, whate'er betide.

M. Flow. And thou shalt see, when once I have my dower,

In mirth we'll spend full many a merry hour:

As for this wench, I not regard a pin,

It is her gold must bring my pleasures in. [*Exit.*]

Flow. Sen. Is't possible he hath his second living?

Forsaking God, himself to the devil giving?

But that I knew his mother firm and chaste,

My heart would say, my head she had disgrac'd;

Else would I swear, he never was my son:

But her fair mind so foul a deed did shun.

Enter Flowerdale Junior.

Flow. Jun. How now, brother! how do you find your son?

Flow. Sen. O brother, heedless as a libertine;
Even grown a master in the school of vice:

One that doth nothing, but invent deceit;

For all the day he humours up and down;

How he the next day might deceive his friend.

He thinks of nothing but the present time.

For one groat ready down, he'll pay a shilling;

⁷ *Is't possible he hath his second living?*] Is it possible that his fellow, one equally abandoned, is to be found on earth? MALONE.

⁸ — *he humours up and down,*] Perhaps we should read *hammering*. We now say, a person is *hammering* and contriving, &c.

PERCY.

Perhaps the old reading is the true one. So in the *Merry Wives* &c. Nym says, — "it is good: *humour* me, the angels." STEEVENS.

But

But then the lender must needs stay for it.
 When I was young, I had the scope of youth,
 Both wild and wanton, careless and desperate;
 But such mad strains as he's possess'd withal
 I thought it wonder for to dream upon.

Flow. Jun. I told you so, but you would not believe it.

Flow. Sen. Well I have found it: but one thing comforts me.

Brother, to-morrow he is to be married
 To beauteous Luce, fir Lancelot Spurcock's daughter.

Flow. Jun. Is't possible?

Flow. Sen. 'Tis true, and thus I mean to curb him.

This day, brother, I will you shall arrest him:
 If any thing will tame him, it must be that;
 For he is rank in mischief, chain'd to a life
 That will encrease his shame, and kill his wife.

Flow. Jun. What, arrest him on his wedding day?
 That

Were an unchristian, and unhuman part.
 How many couple even for that very day
 Have purchas'd seven years' sorrow afterward!
 Forbear it then to-day; do it to morrow;
 And this day mingle not his joy with sorrow.

Flow. Sen. Brother, I'll have it done this very day,

And in the view of all, as he comes from church.
 Do but observe the course that he will take;
 Upon my life he will forswear the debt.
 And, for we'll have the sun shall not be slight,
 Say that he owes you near three thousand pound:
 Good brother, let it be done immediately,

Flow. Jun. Well, seeing you will have it so,
 Brother I'll do't, and straight provide the shrieve.

Flow. Sen. So brother, by this means shall we perceive

What fir Lancelot in this pinch will do,

And

And how his wife doth stand affected to him,
 (Her love will then be try'd to the uttermost)
 And all the rest of them. Brother, what I will do,
 Shall harm him much, and much avail him too.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A high road near London.

Enter Oliver ; afterwards fir Arthur Greenshield.

Oli. Cham assured thick be the place that the
 scoundrel appointed to meet me. If 'a come, zo : if
 'a come not, zo. And che were avise he would make
 a coystrel on us⁹, ched veese him, and ched vang him
 in hand ; che would hoyft him, and give it him to
 and again, zo chud. Who been 'a there? fir Arthur?
 chil stay aside.

[*Goes aside.*]

Sir Arth. I have dog'd the De'nshire man into the
 field,

For fear of any harm that should befall him.
 I had an inkling of that yesternight,
 That Flowerdale and he should meet this morning.
 Though, of my soul, Oliver fears him not,
 Yet for I'd see fair play on either side,
 Made me to come, to see their valours try'd.—
 Good morrow to master Oliver.

Oli. God and good morrow.

Sir Arth. What, master Oliver, are you angry?

⁹ — *And che were avise he would make a coystrel on us, —* If I
 were aware, if I thought, that he intended to treat me like a *mean*
person.—*On for of.* A *coystrel* or *custrel* [*Coustillier Fr.*] is pro-
 perly the servant of a man at arms, or life-guard of a prince.
 Each of the life-guards of king Henry VIII. had a *custrel* that at-
 tended upon him. Hence it came to signify a low mean man.—
 I have given a wrong explanation of this term, ante p. 84.

MALONE.

See notes on *Twelfth Night*, last edit. vol. iv. p. 162.

STEVENS.

Oli.

Oli. What an it be, tyt and grieven you?

Sir Arth. Not me at all, fir; but I imagine by Your being here thus arm'd, you stay for some That you should fight withal.

Oli. Why an he do? che would not dezire you to take his part.

Sir Arth. No, by my troth, I think you need it not;

For he you look for, I think, means not to come.

Oli. No! an che were assure of that, ched veeze him in another place.

Enter Daffodil.

Daff. O, fir Arthur, master Oliver, ah me! Your love, and your's, and mine, sweet mistress Luce, This morn is married to young Flowerdale.

Sir Arth. Married to Flowerdale! 'tis impossible.

Oli. Married, man? che hope thou dost but jest, to make a vlowten merriment of it!

Daff. O 'tis too true! here comes his uncle.

Enter Flowerdale Junior, with Sheriff and Officers.

Flow. Jun. Good morrow, fir Arthur; good morrow, master Oliver.

Oli. God and good morn, master Flowerdale. I pray you tellen us, is your scoundrel kinsman married?

Flow. Jun. Master Oliver, call him what you will, but he is married to fir Lancelot's daughter here.

Sir Arth. Unto her?

¹ To make a vlowten merriment of it.] *Flouten* is the Western pronunciation of *flouting*. To make a jeering merriment of it.

MALONE.

In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, fir Hugh Evans complains that he is made a "vlowting flog," i. e. flouting flog. STEEVENS.

Oli.

Oli. Ay, ha' the old vellow zerved me thick a trick? why man, he was a promise, chil chud 'a had her: is 'a zutch a vox? chil look to his water, che vore him.

Flow. Jun. The musick plays; they are coming from the church.

Sheriff, do your office: fellows, stand stoutly to it.

Enter Sir Lancelot Spurcock, M. Flowerdale, Weathercock, Civet, Luce, Frances, Flowerdale Senior, and Attendants.

Oli. God give you joy, as the old zaid proverb is, and some zorrow among. You met us well, did you not?

Sir Lanc. Nay, be not angry, fir; the fault is in me. I have done all the wrong; kept him from coming to the field to you, as I might, fir; for I am a justice, and sworn to keep the peace.

Weath. Ay marry is he, fir, a very justice, and sworn to keep the peace: you must not disturb the weddings.

Sir Lanc. Nay, never frown nor storm, fir; if you do, I'll have an order taken for you.

Oli. Well, well, chil be quiet.

Weath. Master Flowerdale, fir Lancelot; look you who here is? master Flowerdale.

Sir Lanc. Master Flowerdale, welcome with all my heart.

M. Flow. Uncle, this is she i'faith.—Master Under-sheriff, arrest me? At whose suit?—Draw, Kit.

Flow. Jun. At my suit, fir.

Sir Lanc. Why, what's the matter, master Flowerdale?

Flow. Jun. This is the matter, fir. This unthrift here hath cozen'd you, and hath had of me in several sums three thousand pound.

M. Flow.

M. Flow. Why, uncle, uncle.

Flow. Jun. Cousin, cousin, you have uncled me; and if you be not staid, you'll prove a cozener² unto all that know you.

Sir Lanc. Why, fir, suppose he be to you in debt Ten thousand pound, his state to me appears To be at least three thousand by the year.

Flow. Jun. O, fir, I was too late inform'd of that plot;

How that he went about to open you,
And form'd a Will, and sent it
To your good friend there, master Weathercock,
In which was nothing true, but brags and lies.

Sir Lanc. Ha! hath he not such lordships, lands, and ships?

Flow. Jun. Not worth a groat, not worth a half-penny he.

Sir Lanc. I pray tell us true; be plain, young Flowerdale.

M. Flow. My uncle here's mad, and dispos'd to do me wrong; but here's my man, an honest fellow by the lord, and of good credit, knows all is true.

Flow. Sen. Not I, fir; I am too old to lie. I rather know

You forg'd a Will, where every line you writ,
You studied where to quote your lands might lie³.

Weath. And I pr'ythee where be they, honest friend?

² Cousin, cousin, you have uncled me; and, if you be not staid, you'll prove a cozener —] So in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

“ And gentle Harry Percy, and kind cousin, —

“ O the devil take such cozeners.”

Again, in *K. Richard III.*:

“ Cousins indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd.”

MALONE.

³ — where to quote your lands might lie.] i. e. to observe, to point out to observation. See note on the *Two Gent. of Verona*, last edit. vol. i. p. 152. STEVENS.

Flow. Sen. I'faith no where, fir, for he hath none at all.

Weath. Benedicite ! We are o'er-reach'd, I believe.

Sir Lanc. I am cozen'd, and my hopefullest child undone.

M. Flow. You are not cozen'd, nor is she undone. They slander me ; by this light, they slander me. Look you, my uncle here's an usurer, And would undo me ; but I'll stand in law ; Do you but bail me, you shall do no more : You brother Civet, and master Weathercock, do but bail me,

And let me have my marriage-money paid me, And we'll ride down, and your own eyes shall see How my poor tenants there will welcome me. You shall but bail me, you shall do no more :— And you, you greedy gnat †, their bail will serve ?

Flow. Jun. Ay, fir, I'll ask no better bail.

Sir Lanc. No, fir, you shall not take my bail, nor his,

Nor my son Civet's : I'll not be cheated, I. Shrieve, take your prisoner ; I'll not deal with him. Let his uncle make false dice with his false bones ; I will not have to do with him : mock'd, gull'd, and wrong'd !

Come, girl, though it be late, it falls out well ; Thou shalt not live with him in beggar's hell.

Lucc. He is my husband, and high heaven doth know

† *And you, greedy gnat,—*] I think we should read — And you, *you* greedy gnats. The term seems addressed to the sheriff's officers, who appear as troublesome to the Prodigal as so many blood-sucking insects. STEEVENS.

He insinuates by this (unusual but) expressive phrase, that his uncle was a little stinging blood-sucker, equally insatiable and contemptible. PERCY.

With what unwillingness I went to church ;
 But you enforc'd me, you compell'd me to it.
 The holy church-man pronounc'd these words but
 now,

I must not leave my husband in distress :

Now I must comfort him, not go with you.

Sir Lanc. Comfort a cozener ! on my curse forsake
 him.

Luce. This day you caus'd me on your curse to
 take him.

Do not, I pray, my grieved soul oppress :
 God knows my heart doth bleed at his distress.

Sir Lanc. O master Weathercock,
 I must confess I forc'd her to this match,
 Led with opinion his false Will was true.

Weath. Ah, he hath o'er-reach'd me too.

Sir Lanc. She might have liv'd
 Like Delia, in a happy virgin's state.

Del. Father, be patient : sorrow comes too late.

Sir Lanc. And on her knees she begg'd and did en-
 treat,

If she must needs taste a sad marriage life,
 She crav'd to be sir Arthur Greenfield's wife.

Sir Arth. You have done her and me the greater
 wrong.

Sir Lanc. O, take her yet.

Sir Arth. Not I.

Sir Lanc. Or, master Oliver, accept my child,
 And half my wealth is yours.

Oli. No, sir, chil break no laws.

Luce. Never fear, she will not trouble you.

Del. Yet, sister, in this passion

Do not run headlong to confusion :

You may affect him, though not follow him.

Fran. Do, sister ; hang him, let him go.

Weath. Do 'faith, mistress Luce ; leave him.

Luce. You are three gross fools ; pray let me alone :
 I swear, I'll live with him in all his moan.

Oli.

Oli. But an he have his legs at liberty,
Cham aveard he will never live with you.

Sir Arth. Ay; but he is now in huckster's handling
for running away^s.

Sir Lanc. Hufwife, you hear how you and I are
wrong'd,

And if you will redrefs it yet, you may :
But if you stand on terms to follow him,
Never come near my sight, nor look on me ;
Call me not father, look not for a groat ;
For all thy portion I will this day give
Unto thy sifter Frances.

Fran. How say you to that, Tom? [*to Civet*] I
shall have a good deal : besides, I'll be a good wife ;
and a good wife is a good thing I can tell.

Civ. Peace, Franke. I would be sorry to see thy
sister cast away, as I am a gentleman.

Sir Lanc. What, are you yet resolv'd?

Luce. Yes, I am resolv'd.

Sir Lanc. Come then away ; or now, or never come!

Luce. This way I turn ; go you unto your feast ;
And I to weep, that am with grief oppress'd.

Sir Lanc. For ever fly my sight : Come, gentlemen,
Let's in ; I'll help you to far better wives than her.
Delia, upon my blessing talk not to her.
Bafe baggage, in such haste to beggary !

Flow. Jun. Sheriff, take your prisoner to your
charge.

M. Flow. Uncle, by God you have us'd me very
hardly, by my troth, upon my wedding-day.

[*Exeunt Sir Lancelot, Civet, Weathercock, Frances,
Delia, and their attendants.*]

^s — in huckster's handling—]. *Hucksters* being petty tradesmen,
and consequently tenacious of their customers, their prices, and
their gains, in that point of view resemble bailiffs who hold fast
the person whom they have seized. *For* running away, has the
same meaning as *from* running away. In cant language a person
in confinement is still said to be spoiled *for* a runner. Some ac-
quaintance with the vulgar tongue is necessary towards the expla-
nation of this play. STEEVENS.

500 LONDON PRODIGAL.

Luce. O master Flowerdale, but hear me speak:
 [To Flowerdale Junior.

Stay but a little while, good master sheriff;
 If not for him, for my fake pity him.
 Good fir, stop not your ears at my complaint;
 My voice grows weak, for women's words are faint.

M. Flow. Look you, uncle, she kneels to you.

Flow. Jun. Fair maid, for you, I love you with
 my heart,

And grieve, sweet soul, thy fortune is so bad,
 That thou should'st match with such a graceless
 youth.

Go to thy father, think not upon him,
 Whom hell hath mark'd to be the son of shame.

Luce. Impute his wildness, fir, unto his youth,
 And think that now's the time he doth repent.

Alas, what good or gain can you receive,
 To imprison him that nothing hath to pay?
 And where nought is, the king doth lose his due:
 O pity him as God shall pity you.

Flow. Jun. Lady, I know his humours all too well;
 And nothing in the world can do him good,
 But misery itself to chain him with.

Luce. Say that your debt were paid, then is he
 free?

Flow. Jun. Ay, virgin; that being answer'd, I have
 done.

But to him that is all as impossible,
 As I to scale the high pyramides.
 Sheriff; take your prisoner: maiden, fare thee well.

Luce. O go not yet, good master Flowerdale:
 Take my word for the debt, my word, my bond.

M. Flow. Ay, by God, uncle, and my bond too.

Luce. Alas, I ne'er ought nothing but I paid it;
 And I can work: alas, he can do nothing.

I have some friends perhaps will pity me:
 His chiefest friends do seek his misery.

All that I can, or beg, get, or receive,

Shall

Shall be for you. O do not turn away ;
 Methinks, within, a face so reverend,
 So well experienc'd in this tottering world,
 Should have some feeling⁶ of a maiden's grief :
 For my sake, his father's and your brother's sake,
 Ay, for your soul's sake, that doth hope for joy,
 Pity my state ; do not two souls destroy.

Flow. Jun. Fair maid, stand up : not in regard of
 him,

But in pity of thy hapless choice, I
 Do release him. Master sheriff, I thank you ;
 And officers, there is for you to drink.
 Here, maid, take this money ; there is a hundred
 angels :

And, for I will be sure he shall not have it,
 Here, Kester, take it you, and use it sparingly ;
 But let not her have any want at all,
 Dry your eyes, niece ; do not too much lament
 For him whose life hath been in riot spent :
 If well he useth thee, he gets him friends,
 If ill, a shameful end on him depends.

[*Exit Flowerdale Junior.*

M. Flow. A plague go with you for an old for-
 nicator ! Come, Kit, the money ; come, honest
 Kit.

Flow. Sen. Nay, by my faith, fir, you shall par-
 don me.

* *Methinks, within, a face so reverend,
 So well experienc'd in this tottering world,
 Should have some feeling* —] *Methinks* the heart that is
 lodged in so reverend a form, should have some pity, &c.—Per-
 haps however a line has been lost. If the text be not corrupt,
within is used as an adverb. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—Should *live* some feeling, &c. So in
Hamlet :

“ If it *live* in your memory, begin at this line.”

You who have a face so respectable, are one who has seen so
 much of the world, should at least express some feeling of a
 maiden's sorrow. STEVENS.

502 LONDON PRODIGAL.

M. Flow. And why, fir, pardon you? Give me the money, you old rascal, or I will make you.

Luce. Pray hold your hands; give it him, honest friend.

Flow. Sen. If you be so content, with all my heart.
[Gives the money.]

M. Flow. Content, fir? 'sblood she shall be content whether she will or no. A rattle-baby come to follow me! Go, get you gone to the greasv chuff your father: bring me your dowry, or never look on me.

Flow. Sen. Sir, she hath forsok her father, and all her friends for you.

M. Flow. Hang thee, her friends and father, all together!

Flow. Sen. Yet part with something to provide her lodging.

M. Flow. Yes, I mean to part with her and you; but if I part with one angel, hang me at a post. I'll rather throw them at a cast of dice, as I have done a thousand of their fellows.

Flow. Sen. Nay then I will be plain: degenerate boy,

Thou hadst a father would have been asham'd—

M. Flow. My father was an afs, an old afs.

Flow. Sen. Thy father? thou proud licentious villain:

What are you at your foils? I'll foil with you.

Luce. Good fir, forbear him.

Flow. Sen. Did not this whining woman hang on me, I'd teach thee what it was to abuse thy father.

Go hang, beg, starve, dice, game; that when all's gone,

Thou may'st after despair and hang thyself.

Luce. O, do not curse him.

Flow. Sen. I do not curse him; and to pray for him were vain;

It grieves me that he bears his father's name.

M. Flow. Well, you old rascal, I shall meet with you.

you *. Sirrah, get you gone; I will not strip the livery over your ears, because you paid for it: but do not use my name, firrah, do you hear? Look you do not use my name, you were best.

Flow. Sen. Pay me the twenty pound then that I lent you, or give me security when I may have it.

M. Flow. I'll pay thee not a penny,
And for security I'll give thee none.
Minckins⁷, look you do not follow me; look you do not:
If you do, beggar, I shall slit your nose.

Luce. Alas, what shall I do?

M. Flow. Why turn whore: that's a good trade;
And so perhaps I'll see thee now and then.

[*Exit M. Flowerdale.*]

Luce. Alas the day that ever I was born.

Flow. Sen. Sweet mistress, do not weep; I'll stick to you.

Luce. Alas, my friend, I know not what to do.
My father and my friends, they have despis'd me;
And I a wretched maid, thus cast away,
Know neither where to go, nor what to say.

Flow. Sen. It grieves me at the soul, to see her tears
Thus stain the crimson roses of her cheeks.

Lady, take comfort; do not mourn in vain.

I have a little living in this town,

The which I think comes to a hundred pound;

All that and more shall be at your dispose.

I'll straight go help you to some strange disguise,

And place you in a service in this town,

Where you shall know all, yet yourself unknown.

Come, grieve no more, where no help can be had;

Weep not for him, that is more worse than bad*.

Luce. I thank you, sir. [Exeunt.]

* — [*I shall meet with you.*] I shall retaliate; I shall be even with you. MALONE.

⁷ Minckins—] This seems to have been intended for the diminutive of *minx*. PERCY.

* — [*that is more worse than bad.*] I suppose he means to say, Weep not for one whose vices *top extremity*. MALONE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A room in Sir Lancelot Spurcock's house in Kent.

Enter Sir Lancelot, Sir Arthur, Oliver, Weathercock, Civet, Frances, and Delia.

Oli. Well, cha 'a bin zarved many a fluttish trick, but such a lerripoop as thick ych was ne'er yzarved.

Sir Lanc. Son Civet, daughter Frances, bear with me :

You see how I'm press'd down with inward grief,
About that luckless girl, your sister Luce.

But 'tis fallen out

With me, as with many families beside :
They are most unhappy, that are most belov'd.

Civ. Father, 'tis so, 'tis even fallen out so.
But what remedy ? set hand to your heart,
And let it pass. Here is your daughter Frances
And I ; and we'll not say, we will bring forth
As witty children, but as pretty children
As ever she was ; though she had the prick
And praise for a pretty wench^s : But father,
Dun is the moule⁹ ; you'll come ?

^s — *though she had the prick and praise for a pretty wench :*]
Though she was marked as a pretty girl. So in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ These many then shall die ; their names are prick'd.”

MALONE.

— *she had the prick and praise*—] This alliterative expression
occurs in Ulpian Fullwel's Poem on Anna Bullen :

“ Whose princely praise hath pearst the pricke

“ And price of endless fame.”

To have the *prick* was to gain the prize in archery. The *prick*
was the mark shot at. STEEVENS.

⁹ Dun is the moule ;] This proverbial expression frequently
occurs in our ancient dramas. So in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Tut ! dun's the moule ; the constable's own word.” MALONE.

See *Romeo and Juliet*, last edit. p. 34. STEEVENS.

Sir

Sir Lanc. Ay, son Civet, I'll come.

Civ. And you, master Oliver?

Oli. Ay, for che a vext out this veaft, chil see if a gan make a better veaft there.

Civ. And you, fir Arthur?

Sir Artb. Ay, fir, although my heart be full, I'll be a partner at your wedding feaft.

Civ. And welcome all indeed, and welcome. Come Franke, are you ready?

Fran. Jesu, how hasty these husbands are! I pray father, pray to God to bless me.

Sir Lanc. God bless thee! and I do. God make thee wife!

Send you both joy! I wish it with wet eyes.

Fran. But, father, shall not my sister Delia go along with us? she is excellent good at cookery, and such things.

Sir Lanc. Yes marry shall she: Delia, make you ready.

Del. I am ready, fir. I will first go to Greenwich; from thence to my cousin Chesterfield's, and so to London.

Civ. It shall suffice, good sister Delia, it shall suffice; but fail us not, good sister: give order to cooks and others; for I would not have my sweet Franke to soil her fingers.

Fran. No, by my troth, not I. A gentlewoman, and a married gentlewoman too, to be companion to cooks and kitchen-boys! Not I, i'faith; I scorn that.

Civ. Why, I do not mean thou shalt, sweet-heart; thou see'st I do not go about it. Well, farewell to you.—God's pity, master Weathercock! we shall have your company too¹?

¹ — *Well farewell to you.—God's pity, master Weathercock! we shall have your company too?*] All the copies read unintelligibly—*Well farewell too.* You, Gods pity, master Weathercock, &c. MALONE.

Weath.

Weath. With all my heart, for I love good cheer.

Civ. Well, God be with you all. Come, Franke.

Fran. God be with you, father; God be with you. Sir Arthur, master Oliver, and master Weathercock, sifter, God be with you all: God be with you, father; God be with you every one.

[*Exeunt Civet and Frances.*

Weath. Why, how now, fir Arthur? all a-mort?² Master Oliver, how now, man?

Cheerly, fir Lancelot; and merrily say,
Who can hold that will away?³

Sir Lanc. Ay, she is gone indeed, poor girl, undone;

But when they'll be self-will'd, children must smart.

Sir Arth. But, fir,
That she is wrong'd, you are the chiefest cause;
Therefore, 'tis reason you redress her wrong.

Weath. Indeed you must, fir Lancelot, you must.

Sir Lanc. Must? who can compel me, master Weathercock? I hope I may do what I list.

Weath. I grant you may; you may do what you list.

Oli. Nay, but an you be well avisen, it were not good, by this vrampolness⁴ and vrowardness, to

² — *all a mort,*—] Quite funk; quite dead. *Amorti.* Fr. MALONE.

See note on the *Taming of a Shrew*, last edit. vol. iii. p. 495. STEVENS.

³ *Cheerly, fir Lancelot, and merrily say, Who can hold that will away?*] Who can hold that which will be gone?—*Cheerly* is *cheerfully*. PERCY.

⁴ *Nay, but an you be well avisen, it were not good by this vrampolness, &c.*] Well avisen is *well advised*. *Vrampolness* for *frampolness*, or *peevishness*. "The sweet woman (says dame Quickly, speaking of Mrs. Ford,) leads an ill life with him; a very *frampold* life." MALONE.

See note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, last edit. vol. i. p. 278.

STEVENS:

cast away as pretty a Dowfabel⁵ as an chould chance⁶ to see in a summer's day. Chil tell you what chall do ; chil go spy up and down the town, and see if I can hear any tale or tydings of her, and take her away from thick a messel ; vor 'cham assured, he'll but bring her to the spoil ; and so vare you well. We shall meet at your son Civet's.

Sir Lanc. I thank you, fir ; I take it very kindly.

Sir Arth. To find her out, I'll spend my dearest blood ;

So well I lov'd her, to affect her good.

[*Exeunt Civet and Sir Arthur.*]

Sir Lanc. O master Weathercock, what hap had I, To force my daughter from' master Oliver, And this good knight, to one that hath no good-ness

In his thought ?

Weath. Ill luck ; but what remedy ?

Sir Lanc. Yes, I have almost devis'd a remedy : Young Flowerdale is sure a prisoner.

Weath. Sure ; nothing more sure.

Sir Lanc. And yet perhaps his uncle hath releas'd him.

Weath. It may be very like ; no doubt he hath.

Sir Lanc. Well if he be in prison, I'll have warrants To 'tach my daughter⁷ till the law be tried ; For I will sue him upon cozenage.

Weath. Marry may you, and overthrow him too.

Sir Lanc. Nay that's not so ; I may chance to be scoff'd

And sentence past with him.

⁵ — a Dowfabel, —] See note on the *Comedy of Errors*, last edit, vol. ii. p. 213. STEEVENS.

⁶ — as an could chance—] An for one. As one should chance to see, &c. The old copy reads I think corruptedly—as am.

MALONE.

⁷ To 'tach my daughter—] To attach or apprehend her.

MALONE.

Weath.

Weath. Believe me, so it may; therefore take heed.

Sir Lanc. Well howsoever, yet I will have warrants;

In prison, or at liberty, all's one:

You will help to serve them, master Weathercock?
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Street in London.

Enter M. Flowerdale.

M. Flow. A plague of the devil! the devil take the dice! the dice and the devil and his dam go together! Of all my hundred golden angels, I have not left me one denier. A pox of *come, a five*! What shall I do? I can borrow no more of my credit: there's not any of my acquaintance, man nor boy, but I have borrowed more or less of. I would I knew where to take a good purse, and go clear away; by this light I'll venture for it. God's-hid, my sifter Delia: I'll rob her, by this hand.

Enter Delia and Artichoke.

Del. I pr'ythee, Artichoke, go not so fast; The weather's hot, and I am something weary.

Art. Nay I warrant you, mistress Delia, I'll not tire you with leading; we'll go an extreme moderate pace.

M. Flow. Stand; deliver your purse.

Art. O lord, thieves, thieves! [*Exit Artichoke.*]

M. Flow. Come, come, your purse; lady, your purse.

* — *A pox of come, a five!*] At hazard, the players frequently, as they are casting, invoke the dice. MALONE.

Del.

Del. That voice I have heard often before this time.

What, brother Flowerdale become a thief!

M. Flow. Ay, plague on't, I thank your father :
but sifter,

Come, your money, come. What!

The world must find me ; I am born to live ;

'Tis not a sin to steal, where none will give.

Del. O God, is all grace banish'd from thy heart ?
Think of the shame that doth attend this fact.

M. Flow. Shame me no shames. Come, give me
your purse ;

I'll bind you, sifter, lest I fare the worse.

Del. No, bind me not : hold, there is all I have ;
And would that money would redeem thy shame.

Enter Oliver, Sir Arthur, and Artichoke.

Art. Thieves, thieves, thieves !

Oli. Thieves ! where man ? why how now, mis-
tress Delia. Ha' you yliked to been yrobb'd ?

Del. No, master Oliver ; 'tis master Flowerdale ;
he did but jest with me.

Oli. How, Flowerdale, that scoundrel ? Sirrah,
you meten us well ; vang thee that *. [*Strikes him.*]

M. Flow. Well, sir, I'll not meddle with you,
because I have a charge.

Del. Here brother Flowerdale, I'll lend you this
same money.

M. Flow. I thank you, sifter.

Oli. I wad you were ysplit ⁹, an you let the messel
have a penny ; but since you cannot keep it, chil
keep it myself.

* — vang thee that.] To *vang* in the Devonshire jargon is to
take or receive. MALONE.

⁹ *I wad you were ysplit*, —] In the Western dialect, is fre-
quently prefixed to participles passive, as *ybeen*, *ydone*, &c. So
in Ben. Jonson's *Tale of a Tub* :

“Ther is John Clay who is *yfound* already.”

See Junii *Etymol.* letter Y. MALONE.

Sir Arth. 'Tis pity to relieve him in this sort,
Who makes a triumphant life his daily sport¹.

Del. Brother, you see how all men censure you.
Farewel; and I pray God amend your life.

Oli. Come, chil bring you along, and you, safe
enough from twenty such scoundrels as thick a one
is. Farewel and be hanged, zyrrah, as I think so
thou wilt be shortly. Come, sir Arthur.

[*Exeunt all but M. Flowerdale.*]

M. Flow. A plague go with you for a kersey rascal.
This De'nthire man I think is made all of pork:
His hands made only for to heave up packs;
His heart as fat and big as is his face;
As differing far from all brave gallant minds,
As I to serve the hogs, and drink with hinds;
As I am very near now. Well what remedy?
When money, means, and friends, do grow so small,
Then farewel life, and there's an end of all. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

Another street.

Before Civet's house.

*Enter Flowerdale Senior, Luce, like a Dutch Frow, Civet
and Frances.*

Civ. By my troth, God-a-mercy for this, good
Christopher. I thank thee for my maid; I like her
very well. How dost thou like her, Frances?

¹ *Who makes a triumphant life his daily sport.*] If there were
any authority for such a word, we might better read,

Who makes a *tromphant* life his daily sport.

i. e. a *cheating* life — from *tromper*, Fr. to deceive. MALONE.

— a *triumphant life* —] i. e. a life pass'd in gaming, in look-
ing for *triumphs*, which we now call *trumps*. So in *Antony and
Cleopatra*, last edit. vol. viii. p. 269:

“Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and *play'd false* my glory

“Unto an enemy's *triumph*.” STEEVENS.

Francis

Fran. In good sadness, Tom, very well, excellent well; she speaks so prettily:—I pray what's your name?

Luce. My name, forsooth, be called Tanikin.

Fran. By my troth a fine name. O Tanikin, you are excellent for dressing one's head a new fashion.

Luce. Me shall do every thing about de head.

Civ. What countrywoman is she, Kester?

Flow. Sen. A Dutch woman, fir.

Civ. Why then she is outlandish, is she not?

Flow. Sen. Ay, fir, she is.

Fran. O then thou canst tell how to help me to cheeks and ears?

Luce. Yes, mistress, very well.

Flow. Sen. Cheeks and ears! why, mistress Frances, want you cheeks and ears? methinks you have very fair ones.

Fran. Thou art a fool indeed. Tom, thou knowest what I mean.

Civ. Ay, ay, Kester; 'tis such as they wear a' their heads. I prythee, Kit, have her in, and shew her my house.

Flow. Sen. I will, fir. Come Tanikin.

Fran. O Tom, you have not buffed me to-day, Tom.

Civ. No Frances, we must not kiss afore folks. God save me, Franke. See yonder; my sister Delia is come.

Enter Delia and Artichoke.

Welcome, good sister.

Fran. Welcome, good sister. How do you like the tire of my head?

Del. Very well, sister.

* ——— *thou canst tell how to help me to cheeks and ears.]* Probably the name of a head-dress then worn. MALONE.

Civ.

Civ. I am glad you're come, sifter Delia, to give order for supper: they will be here soon.

Art. Ay, but if good luck had not serv'd, she had not been here now. Filching Flowerdale had like to have pepper'd us: but for master Oliver, we had been robb'd.

Del. Peace, firrah, no more.

Flow. Sen. Robb'd! by whom?

Art. Marry by none but by Flowerdale; he is turn'd thief.

Civ. By my faith, but that is not well; but God be prais'd for your escape. Will you draw near, sifter?

Flow. Sen. Sirrah, come hither. Would Flowerdale, he that was my master, have robbed you? I pr'ythee tell me true.

Art. Yes i'faith, even that Flowerdale that was thy master.

Flow. Sen. Hold thee; there is a French crown, and speak no more of this. [*Aside.*

Art. Not I, not a word.—Now do I smell knavery: in every purse Flowerdale takes, he is half; and gives me this to keep counsel:—not a word, I.

Flow. Sen. Why God-a-mercy.

Fran. Sister, look here; I have a new Dutch maid, and she speaks so fine, it would do your heart good.

Civ. How do you like her, sifter?

Del. I like your maid well.

Civ. Well, dear sifter, will you draw near, and give directions for supper? Guests will be here presently.

Del. Yes, brother; lead the way, I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt all but Delia and Luce.*

Hark you, Dutch frow, a word.

Luce Wat is your vill wit me?

Del. Sister Luce, 'tis not your broken language,

Not

Nor this same habit, can disguise your face
From I that know you. Pray tell me, what means
this.

Luce. Sister, I see you know me; yet be secret.
This borrow'd shape that I have ta'en upon me,
Is but to keep myself a space unknown,
Both from my father, and my nearest friends;
Until I see how time will bring to pass
The desperate course of master Flowerdale.

Del. O he is worse than bad; I pr'ythee leave
him;

And let not once thy heart to think on him.

Luce. Do not perswade me once to such a thought.
Imagine yet that he is worse than naught;
Yet one hour's time³ may all that ill undo
That all his former life did run into.

Therefore, kind sister, do not disclose my estate;
If e'er his heart doth turn, 'tis ne'er too late.

Del. Well, seeing no counsel can remove your
mind,

I'll not disclose you that are wilful blind.

Luce. Delia, I thank you. I now must please her
eyes,

My sister Frances' neither fair nor wise. [*Exeunt.*]

³ *Yet one good time*—] Thus the folios and the modern editions. The quarto reads:

Yet one *lovers* time—

apparently a misprint for *hour's*, which in the old spelling was *houer's*. MALONE.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Street before Civet's house.

Enter M. Flowerdale.

M. Flow. On goes he that knows no end of his journey. I have pass'd the very utmost bounds of shifting; I have no course now but to hang myself. I have liv'd since yesterday two o'clock on a spice-cake I had at a burial⁴; and for drink, I got it at an ale-house among porters, such as will bear out a man if he have no money indeed; I mean—out of their companies, for they are men of good carriage⁵. Who comes here? the two coney-catchers⁶ that won all my money of me. I'll try if they'll lend me any.

Enter Dick and Ralph.

What master Richard, how do you? How dost thou, Ralph? By God, gentlemen, the world grows bare with me; will you do as much as lend me an angel between you both? You know, you won a hundred of me the other day.

Ralph. How! an angel? God damn us if we lost not every penny within an hour after thou wert gone.

⁴ — a spice-cake I had at a burial;] The usual entertainment at ancient funerals.—Rich cakes were given to the mourners, poorer ones distributed to the populace, among whom the Prodigal appears to have been one. STEEVENS.

⁵ — for they are men of good carriage.] A quibble between carrying burdens, and demeanour. MALONE.

The same quibble occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*. See last edit. vol. x. p. 41. STEEVENS.

⁶ — the two coney-catchers, —] A coney-catcher was a cheat; a gambler. MALONE.

See note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, last edit. vol. i. p. 218. STEEVENS.

M. Flow.

M. Flow. I pr'ythee lend me so much as will pay for my supper: I'll pay you again, as I am a gentleman.

Ralph. I'faith, we have not a farthing, not a mite.

I wonder at it, master Flowerdale,
You will so carelessly undo yourself.
Why you will lose more money in an hour,
Than any honest man spends in a year.
For shame betake you to some honest trade,
And live not thus so like a vagabond.

[*Exeunt Dick and Ralph.*]

M. Flow. A vagabond indeed; more villains you: They give me counsel that first cozen'd me. Those devils first brought me to this I am, And being thus, the first that do me wrong. Well, yet I have one friend left me in store. Not far from hence there dwells a cockatrice⁷, One that I first put in a sattin gown; And not a tooth that dwells within her head, But stands me at the least in twenty pound: Her will I visit now my coin is gone; And as I take it here dwells the gentlewoman. [*Knocks.* What ho, is mistress Apricock within?

Enter Ruffian.

Ruf. What sawcy rascal's that which knocks so bold?

O, is it you, old spend-thrift? Are you here?
One that is turned cozener 'bout the town?
My mistress saw you, and sends this word by me;
Either be packing quickly from the door,

⁷ Not far from hence there dwells a cockatrice,] A harlot. So in the *Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609:—"provide yourself a lodging by the water-side; for above the convenience that it brings to shun shoulder-clapping, and to slip away your cockatrice betimes in the morning. it adds, &c." Colgrave renders the word by *Putains*. MALONE.

516 LONDON PRODIGAL.

Or you shall have such a greeting sent you straight
As you will little like on : you had best be gone.

[Exit.

M. Flow. Why so, this is as it should be ; being
poor,

Thus art thou serv'd by a vile painted whore.
Well, since thy damned crew do so abuse thee,
I'll try of honest men, how they will use me.

Enter an ancient Citizen.

Sir, I beseech you to take compassion of a man ; one
whose fortunes have been better than at this instant
they seem to be : but if I might crave of you so
much little portion as would bring me to my friends,
I would rest thankful until I had requited so great
a courtesy.

Cit. Fie, fie, young man ! this course is very bad.
Too many such have we about this city ;
Yet for I have not seen you in this sort,
Nor noted you to be a common beggar,
Hold ; there's an angel to bear your charges down.
Go to your friends ; do not on this depend :
Such bad beginnings oft have worser end.

[Exit Citizen.

M. Flow. Worser end ! nay, if it fall out no worse
than in old angels, I care not. Nay, now I have
had such a fortunate beginning, I'll not let a six-
penny purse escape me * :—By the mass here comes
another.

*Enter a Citizen's Wife and a Servant with a torch before
her.*

God bless you, fair mistress. Now would it please
you, gentlewoman, to look into the wants of a poor

* — *I'll not let a sixpenny purse escape me.*] In the first part of
K. Henry IV. Gadshill says he is joined with no "long staff six-
penny strikers." See note on this passage, last edit. vol. v. p. 296,
&c. STEVENS.

gentleman, a younger brother, I doubt not but God will treble restore it back again; one that never before this time demanded penny, half-penny, nor farthing.

Cit. Wife. Stay, Alexander. Now by my troth a very proper man; and 'tis great pity. Hold, my friend; there's all the money I have about me, a couple of shillings; and God bless thee.

M. Flow. Now God thank you, sweet lady. If you have any friend, or garden-house^b where you may employ a poor gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all secret service.

Cit. Wife. I thank you good friend; I pr'ythee let me see that again I gave thee; there is one of them a brass shilling: give me them, and here is half a crown in gold. [*He gives the money to her.*] Now out upon thee, rascal; secret service! what dost thou make of me? It were a good deed to have thee whipp'd: Now I have my money again, I'll see thee hang'd before I give thee a penny. Secret service!—On, good Alexander.

[*Exeunt Citizen's Wife and Servant.*]

M. Flow. This is villainous luck; I perceive dishonesty will not thrive. Here comes more. God forgive me, sir Arthur and master Oliver. Afore God I'll speak to them.

Enter Sir Arthur, and Oliver.

God save you, sir Arthur; God save you, master Oliver.

Oli. Been you there, zirrah? come will you ytaken yourself to your tools, coystrel?

^b — or garden house,—] So in *Greene in Concept*, 1598:—“a garden-house having round about it many flowers and much deflowring.” Many of the illicit meetings between the sexes in former times appear to have happened in these receptacles.

STEVENS.

M. Flow. Nay, master Oliver, I'll not fight with you.

Alas, sir, you know it was not my doings ;
It was only a plot to get fir Lancelot's daughter :
By God I never meant you harm.

Oli. And where is the gentlewoman thy wife, mezel ? where is she, zirrah, ha ?

M. Flow. By my troth, master Oliver, sick, very sick : and God is my judge, I know not what means to make for her, good gentlewoman.

Oli. Tell me true ; is she sick ? tell me true, ich 'vise thee.

M. Flow. Yes 'faith, I tell you true, master Oliver : if you would do me the small kindness but to lend me forty shillings, so God help me, I will pay you so soon as my ability shall make me able ;—as I am a gentleman.

Oli. Well, thou zaist thy wife is zick ; hold, there's vorty shillings ; give it to thy wife. Look thou give it her, or I shall zo veeze thee⁹, thou wert not zo veezed this seven year ; look to it.

Sir Arb. I'faith, master Oliver, 'tis in vain To give to him that never thinks of her.

Oli. Well, would che could yvind it,

M. Flow. I tell you true, fir Arthur, as I am a gentleman.

Oli. Well, farewell zirrah : come, fir Arthur.

[*Exeunt Sir Arthur and Oliver.*]

M. Flow. By the lord, this is excellent ;
Five golden angels compass'd in an hour :
If this trade hold, I'll never seek a new.
Welcome, sweet gold, and beggary adieu.

Enter Flowerdale Junior and Flowerdale Senior.

Flow. Jun. See, Kester, if you can find the house,

⁹ — zo veeze thee, —] i. e. feaze, or pbeese. See note on the *Taming of a Sbrew*, last edit. vol. iii. p. 395, &c. STEEVENS.

M. Flow.

M. Flow. Who's here? My uncle, and my man Kester? By the mass 'tis they. How do you uncle? how dost thou, Kester? By my troth, uncle, you must needs lend me some money. The poor gentlewoman my wife, so God help me, is very sick: I was robb'd of the hundred angels you gave me; they are gone.

Flow. Jun. Ay, they are gone indeed. Come, Kester, away.

M. Flow. Nay, uncle; do you hear, good uncle?

Flow. Jun. Out, hypocrite, I will not hear thee speak: come, leave him, Kester.

M. Flow. Kester, honest Kester.

Flow. Sen. Sir, I have nought to say to you. Open the door to me, 'Kin: thou had'st best lock it fast, for there's a false knave without.

[*Flowerdale Senior and Flowerdale Junior go in.*]

M. Flow. You are an old lying rascal, so you are.

Enter, from Civet's house, Luce.

Luce. Vat is de matter? Vat be you, yonker?

M. Flow. By this light a Dutch Frow; they say they are called kind. By this light, I'll try her.

Luce. Vat bin you, yonker? why do you not speak?

M. Flow. By my troth, sweet heart, a poor gentleman that would desire of you, if it stand with your liking, the bounty of your purse.

Re-enter Flowerdale Senior.

Luce. O hear God! so young an armin¹!

* — *Open the door to my kin,*] Thus all the copies. It appears in a former scene that Luce assumed the name of *Tanikin*, to whom Flowerdale Sen. I believe, here addresses himself. The author therefore, I suppose, wrote—*Open the door to me, 'Kin;* i. e. *Tanikin.* MALONE.

¹ — *so young an armin!*] i. e. a beggar. *Arm* in Dutch signifies poor and needy. So *arm-woorden* to grow poor—*arm-maken* to impoverish. STEEVENS.

M. Flow. Armin, sweet-heart? I know not what you mean by that; but I am almost a beggar.

Luce. Are you not a married man? vere bin your wife? Here is all I have; take dis.

M. Flow. What gold, young frow? this is brave.

Flow. Sen. If he have any grace, he'll now repent.

Luce. Why speak you not? vere be your wife?

M. Flow. Dead, dead; she's dead, 'tis she hath undone me. Spent me all I had, and kept rascals under my nose to brave me.

Luce. Did you use her vell?

M. Flow. Use her! there's never a gentlewoman in England could be better used than I did her. I could but coach her; her diet stood me in forty pound a month: but she is dead; and in her grave my cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed dat vas not scone*.

Flow. Sen. He is turn'd more devil than he was before.

M. Flow. Thou dost belong to master Civet here, dost thou not?

Luce. Yes, me do.

M. Flow. Why there's it! there's not a handful of plate but belongs to me. God's my judge, if I had such a wench as thou art, there's never a man in England would make more of her, than I would do—so she had any stock.

[*Within,* O, why Tanikin.

Luce. Stay; one doth call; I shall come by and by again.

[*Exit.*

M. Flow. By this hand, this Dutch wench is in love with me. Were it not admirable to make her steal all Civet's plate, and run away?

* *Indeed dat vas not scone.*] There is here, I believe, some corruption. Luce says below—"dat is not good; dat is not seen." The same word was probably meant in both places.

MALONE.

Flow.

Flow. Sen. It were beastly. O master Flowerdale, Have you no fear of God, nor conscience? What do you mean by this vile course you take?

M. Flow. What do I mean? why, to live; that I mean.

Flow. Sen. To live in this sort? Fie upon the course:

Your life doth show you are a very coward.

M. Flow. A coward! I pray in what?

Flow. Sen. Why you will borrow six-pence of a boy.

M. Flow. 'Snails, is there such cowardice in that? I dare borrow it of a man, ay, and of the tallest man in England,—if he will lend it me; let me borrow it how I can, and let them come by it how they dare. And it is well known, I might have rid out³ a hundred times if I would, so I might.

Flow. Sen. It was not want of will, but cowardice. There is none that lends to you, but know they gain:

And what is that but only stealth in you?

Delia might hang you now, did not her heart Take pity of you for her sister's sake.

Go get you hence, lest ling'ring here your stay, You fall into their hands you look not for.

M. Flow. I'll tarry here, 'till the Dutch frow comes, if all the devils in hell were here.

[*Flowerdale Senior goes in to Civet's house.*]

Enter Sir Lancelot, Master Weathercock, and Artichoke.

Sir Lanc. Where is the door? are we not past it, Artichoke?

Art. By the mass here's one; I'll ask him. Do you hear, sir? What, are you so proud? Do you hear? Which is the way to master Civet's house?

³ — *I might have rid out—*] i. e. I might have been a highwayman, this fraternity always travelling on *horseback*.

STEEVENS.

What,

What, will you not speak? O me! this is filching Flowerdale.

Sir Lanc. O wonderful! is this lewd villain here? O you cheating rogue, you cut-purse, coney-catcher! What ditch, you villain, is my daughter's grave? A cozening rascal, that must make a will, Take on him that strict habit, very that, When he should turn to angel; a dying grace*. I'll father-in-law you, sir, I'll make a will; Speak, villain, where's my daughter? Poison'd, I warrant you, or knock'd o' the head; And to abuse good master Weathercock, With his forg'd will, and master Weathercock, To make my grounded resolution*; Then to abuse the De'nshire gentleman: Go; away with him to prison.

M. Flow. Wherefore to prison? sir, I will not go.

Enter Civet and his Wife, Oliver, Sir Arthur, Flowerdale Senior, Flowerdale Junior, and Delia.

Sir Lanc. O here's his uncle: welcome, gentlemen, welcome all. Such a cozener, gentlemen, a murderer too, for any thing I know! My daughter is missing; hath been look'd for; cannot be found. A vild upon thee!

Flow, Jun. He is my kinsman, though his life be vile:

Therefore, in God's name, do with him what you will.

* *Take on him that strict habit, very that, When he should turn to angel; a dying grace.*] Assume the religious appearance of doing a munificent action, and while yet living, and in health, affect the benevolence of a dying Christian, whose virtues would entitle him to eternal happiness.—Such I believe is the meaning. MALONE.

• — and master Weathercock, *To make my grounded resolution;*] The compositor probably caught the words *master Weathercock* from the preceding line, and omitted something here, the want of which renders this passage unintelligible. Perhaps the author wrote:

— and by this artifice
To shake my grounded resolution. MALONE.

Sir Lanc.

Sir Lanc. Marry to prison.

M. Flow. Wherefore to prison? snick-up? I owe you nothing.

Sir Lanc. Bring forth my daughter then; Away with him.

M. Flow. Go seek your daughter. What do you lay to my charge?

Sir Lanc. Suspicion of murder. Go; away with him.

M. Flow. Murder your dogs! I murder your daughter? Come, uncle, I know you'll bail me.

Flow. Jun. Not I, were there no more than I the gaoler, thou the prisoner.

Sir Lanc. Go; away with him.

Enter Luce.

Luce. O' my life hear: where will you ha' de man? Vat ha' de yonker done?

Weath. Woman, he hath kill'd his wife.

Luce. His wife! dat is not goød; dat is not seen.

Sir Lanc. Hang not upon him, huswife; if you do, I'll lay you by him.

Luce. Have me no oder way dan you have him⁶: He tell me dat he love me heartily.

Fran. Lead away my maid to prison! why, Tom, will you suffer that?

³ *Wherefore to prison? snick-up.*] Of this cant-phrase it is not easy to ascertain the meaning. It occurs in many of the old comedies. So in *the Fleire*, by E. Sharpham, 1615: "When they sing and are merry, then take your time and put them to it. If they will, so; if not, let them *sneak up*."

Snick-up seems to be synonymous to the modern expression—*go and bang yourself*. MALONE.

For all the intelligence I am able to give on the subject of this phrase, see note on *Fewelsib Nght*, last edit. vol. iv. p. 197.

STEVENS.

⁶ *Have me no oder way dan you have him:*] i. e. wherever he goes, I'll go along with him. The old copies are manifestly corrupt. They all read—Have me no *and or way do* you have him.

MALONE.

Civ.

Civ. No, by your leave, father, she is no va-
grant: she is my wife's chamber-maid, and as true
as the skin between any man's brows here⁷.

Sir Lanc. Go to, you're both fools.

Son Civer, of my life this is a plot;
Some straggling counterfeit prefer'd to you,
No doubt to rob you of your plate and jewels;—
I'll have you led away to prison, trull.

Luce. I am no trull, neither outlandish frow:
Nor he nor I shall to the prison go.

Know you me now? nay, never stand amaz'd.

[*Throws off her Dutch dress.*]

Father, I know I have offended you;
And though that duty wills me bend my knees
To you in duty and obedience,
Yet this way do I turn, and to him yield
My love, my duty, and my humbleness.

Sir Lanc. Bastard in nature! kneel to such a slave?

Luce. O master Flowerdale, if too much grief
Have not stopp'd up the organs of your voice,
Then speak to her that is thy faithful wife;
Or doth contempt of me thus tie thy tongue?
Turn not away; I am no Æthiop,
No wanton Cressid, nor a changing Helen;
But rather one made wretched by thy loss.
What! turn'st thou still from me? O then
I guess thee wofull'st among hapless men.

M. Flow. I am indeed, wife, wonder among wives!
Thy chastity and virtue hath infus'd
Another soul in me, red with defame,
For in my blushing cheeks is seen my shame.

Sir Lanc. Out hypocrite! I charge thee trust him not.

⁷ — and as true as the skin between any man's brows here.] As true as the skin between his brows, is yet a proverbial expression.

MALONE.

See *Much Ado about Nothing*, last edit. vol. ii. p. 326, and *Hamlet*, vol. x. p. 352. STEEVENS.

Luce.

Luce. Not trust him? By the hopes of after-bliss,
I know no sorrow can be compar'd to his.

Sir Lanc. Well, since thou wert ordain'd to beg-
gary,
Follow thy fortune: I defy thee, I*.

Oli. I woud che were so well ydouffed as was ever
white cloth in a tocking mill⁸, an che ha' not made
me weep.

Flow. Sen. If he hath any grace, he'll now repent.

Sir Arth. It moves my heart.

Weath. By my troth I must weep, I cannot choose.

Flow. Jun. None but a beast would such a maid
misuse.

M. Flow. Content thyself, I hope to win his favour,
And to redeem my reputation lost:

And, gentlemen, believe me, I beseech you;
I hope your eyes shall behold such a change
As shall deceive your expectation.

Oli. I would che were ysplit now, but che believe
him.

Sir Lanc. How! believe him!

Weath. By the mackins, I do.

Sir Lanc. What do you think that e'er he will have
grace?

Weath. By my faith it will go hard.

Oli. Well, che vore ye, he is chang'd: And, mas-
ter Flowerdale, in hope you been so, hold, there's
vorty pound toward your zetting up. What! be not
ashamed; vang it, man, vang it: be a good husband,
loven to your wife; and you shall not want for vorty
more, I che vore thee.

Sir Arth. My means are little, but if you'll fol-
low me,

* — *I defy thee, I*] i. e. I refuse to receive thee. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ I do *defy* thy commiseration.”

See note on that passage, last edit. vol. x. p. 151. STEEVENS.

⁸ *in a tocking mill,*—] i. e. ducking mill, fulling mill.

STEEVENS.

I will instruct you in my ablest power ;
But to your wife I give this diamond,
And prove true diamond-fair in all your life.

M. Flow. Thanks, good fir Arthur : master Olivet,
You being my enemy, and grown so kind,
Binds me in all endeavour to restore—

Oli. What ! restore me no restorings, man ; I have
vorty pound more for Luce here ; vang it : zouth chil
devy London else. What, do you think me a mezel
or a scoundrel, to throw away my money ? Che have
an hundred pound more to pace of any good spo-
tation. I hope your under⁹ and your unele will vol-
low my zamples. C

Flow. Jun. You have gues's'd right of me ; if he
leave off this course of life, he shall be mine heir.

Sir Lanc. But he shall never get a groat of me:
A cozener, a deceiver, one that kill'd
His painful father, honest gentleman,
That pass'd the fearful danger of the sea,
To get him living, and maintain him brave¹:

Weath. What hath he kill'd his father ?

Sir Lanc. Ay, fir, with conceit of his vile courses.

Flow. Sen. Sir, you are misinform'd.

Sir Lanc. Why, thou old knave, thou told'st me
so thyself.

Flow. Sen. I wrong'd him then : and towards my
master's stock

There's twenty nobles for to make amends.

M. Flow. No, Kester, I have troubled thee, and
wrong'd thee more ;

What thou in love giv'st, I in love restore.

Fran. Ha, ha, sifter ! there you play'd bo-peep

⁹ — *I hope your under—*] *Under* is evidently a corruption for
vader, meaning fir Lancelot. PERCY.

By—*your under* Oliver perhaps means your *servant* ; i. e.
old Flowerdale, who attended on his son in disguise. MALONE.

¹ — *and maintain him brave.*] And support him in splendour.
Brave anciently signified *fine* as well as *valiant*. MALONE.

with Tom. What shall I give her toward household?
sister Delia, shall I give her my fan?

Del. You were best ask your husband.

Fran. Shall I, Tom?

Civ. Ay, do, Franke; I'll buy thee a new one
with a longer handle².

Fran. A ruffet one, Tom.

Civ. Ay, with ruffet feathers.

Fran. Here, sister; there's my fan toward household,
to keep you warm.

Luce. I thank you, sister.

Weath. Why this is well; and toward fair Luce's
stock

Here's forty shillings: and forty good shillings more,
I'll give her, marry. Come sir Lancelot,
I must have you friends.

Sir Lanc. Not I: all this is counterfeit; he will
consume it were it a million.

Flow. Sen. Sir, what is your daughter's dower worth?

Sir Lanc. Had she been married to an honest man,
it had been better than a thousand pound.

Flow. Sen. Pay it to him, and I'll give you my bond
To make her jointure better worth than three.

Sir Lanc. Your bond, sir! why, what are you?

Flow. Sen. One whose word in London, tho' I say fit,
Will pass there for as much as yours.

Sir Lanc. Wert not thou late that unthrift's serving-
man?

Flow. Sen. Look on me better, now my fear is off:
Ne'er muse, man, at this metamorphosy.

Sir Lanc. Master Flowerdale!

M. Flow. My father! O, I shame to look on him.
Pardon, dear father, the follies that are past.

² *Ay, do, Franke; I'll buy thee a new one with a longer handle*]
Fans in the age of queen Elizabeth had frequently silver handles,
and other valuable ornaments. The upper part of them was com-
posed of feathers. See different representations of ancient fans in
the last edition of Shakspeare's plays, vol. i, p. 263. MALONE.

Flow.

Flow. Sen. Son, son, I do; and joy at this thy change,

And applaud thy fortune in this virtuous maid,
Whom heaven hath sent to thee to save thy soul.

Luce. This addeth joy to joy; high heaven be prais'd.

Weath. Master Flowerdale, welcome from death,
good master Flowerdale. 'Twas said so here, 'twas said so here, good faith.

Flow. Sen. I caus'd that rumour to be spread myself,
Because I'd see the humours of my son,
Which to relate the circumstance is needless.
And firrah, see

You run no more into that same disease:
For' he that's once cur'd of that malady,
Of riot, swearing, drunkenness, and pride,
And falls again into the like distress,
That fever's deadly, doth till death endure:
Such men die mad, as of a calenture.

M. Flow. Heaven helping me, I'll hate the course
as hell.

Flow. Jun. Say it, and do it, cousin, all is well.

Sir Lanc. Well, being in hope you'll prove an
honest man,

I take you to my favour. Brother Flowerdale,
Welcome with all my heart: I see your care
Hath brought these acts to this conclusion,
And I am glad of it. Come, let's in, and feast.

Oli. Nay zoft you a while. You promis'd to
make fir Arthur and me amends: here is your wisest
daughter; see which on us she'll have.

Sir Lanc. A God's name, you have my good will;
get hers.

Oli. How say you then, damsel?

Del. I, fir, am yours.

Oli. Why, then send for a vicar, and chil have it
dispatched in a trice; so chil.

Del. Pardon me, fir; I mean that I am yours

In love, in duty, and affection ;
 But not to love as wife : it shall ne'er be said,
 Delia was buried married, but a maid.

Sir Arth. Do not condemn yourself for ever, vir-
 tuous fair ; you were born to love.

Oli. Why you say true, sir Arthur ; she was ybore
 to it, so well as her mother :—but I pray you show us
 some zamples or reasons why you will not marry ?

Del. Not that I do condemn a married life,
 (For 'tis no doubt a sanctimonious thing,)
 But for the care and crosses of a wife ;
 The trouble in this world that children bring.
 My vow's in heaven, on earth to live alone ;
 Husbands, howsoever good, I will have none.

Oli. Why then, che will live a bachelor too. Che
 zet not a vig by a wife, if a wife zet not a vig by me :
 —Come, shall's go to dinner ?

Flozw. Sen. To-morrow I crave your companies in
 Mark-lane :

To-night we'll frolick in master Civet's house,
 And to each health drink down a full carouse³.

³ To this play the author of a comedy called *the Spendibrist*,
 which was printed in 1731, acknowledges some obligations.

MALONE.

1875

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P U R I T A N.

M m 2

Per-

Persons Represented.

Sir Godfrey Plus, brother-in-law to the widow Plus.

Edmond, son to the widow.

Sir Oliver Muckhill, a rich city knight, and suitor to the widow.

Sir John Pennydub, a country knight, and suitor to Mary.

Sir Andrew Tipstaff, a courtier, and suitor to Frances.

George Pyeboard, a scholar.

The Sheriff of London.

Captain Idle, a highwayman.

Puttock, } Sheriff's serjeants.

Ravenshaw, }

Dogson, a catchpole.

Corporal Oath, a vainglorious fellow.

Nicholas St. Antlings, } servants to lady Plus, and

Simon St. Mary-Overies, } sir Godfrey.

Frailty,

Peter Skirmish, an old soldier.

A nobleman.

A gentleman citizen.

Lady Plus, a citizen's widow.

Frances, } her two daughters,

Mary, }

Sheriff's Officers, Keeper of the Marshalsea Prison, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE, London.

THE PURITAN:

OR, THE

WIDOW OF WATLING STREET:

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Garden behind the widow's house.

Enter the widow Plus, Frances, Mary, Sir Godfrey, and Edmond, all in mourning; the latter in a cyprus hat: the widow wringing her hands, and bursting out into passion, as newly come from the burial of her husband.*

Wid. O, that ever I was born², that ever I was born!

Sir

¹ "A booke called the Comedie of the Puritan Wydowe" was entered at Stationers' Hall by G. Eld, August 6, 1607; and the play was published by him in the same year with the following title: *The Puritaine, or the Widdow of Watling streete. Acted by the Children of Pauls. Written by W. S.* This circumstance alone might lead us to suspect that it was not the composition of Shakspeare; for it does not appear that any one of his pieces was acted by the children of St. Paul's. But without having recourse to any argument of that kind, it may be sufficient to say that there is no authority whatsoever for attributing this comedy to him. The colour of the style is entirely different from that of his plays, and it was, as we see, not printed under his name in his life-time: it is not mentioned as his production by any contemporary writer, nor was it, I believe, ever attributed to him till Kirkman, a bookseller, in one of his Catalogues, chose to interpret the letters W. S. to mean William Shakspeare. The initial letters in the title-pages of this play and *the Life and Death of Lord*

Sir God. Nay, good fister, dear fister, sweet fister, be of good comfort; shew yourself a woman now or never.

Wid.

Cromwell, so far from furnishing us with any ground for supposing them to be our great poet's performances, afford in my opinion a very strong argument to show that they were not his compositions. If the bookseller could with truth have affixed Shakspeare's name at length, (a name that certainly would have promoted the sale of his play,) what should have prevented him from doing so? or why should he content himself with annexing initial letters which might belong to others as well as to Shakspeare?

I suppose this piece to have been written by William Smith, whose name has been already mentioned in the preliminary observations on *Lochrine*, and who was likewise the author of two other plays, *The Palsgrave, or the Hector of Germany*, printed in the year 1613, and the *Freeman's Honour*, a performance that was, I believe, never published.—From some expressions in the present comedy (Act I. Sc. II.) the author (whoever he was) appears to have been bred at the university of Oxford. MALONE.

On August 15, 1597, were enter'd by Richard Jones on the Stationers' Books, "Two ballads, being the first and second parts of the Widowe of Watling Street." These might be the songs on which the play was founded, or indeed the play itself; as it was not uncommon to separate a dramattick piece, though designed for a single exhibition, into two parts; and the terms *book* and *ballad* were anciently used to signify *tragedies* and *comedies*, as well as any other forms of composition.

Gildon, in a work of his entitled *A Comparison between the Two Stages, with an Examen of the Generous Conqueror, and some Critical Remarks on the Funeral, &c.* 8vo. 1702, attributes this comedy to Shakspeare: "—as I remember 'tis *Shakspeare's Puritan, or Widow of Watling-street*, where the dissimulation of these widows is pleasantly described," p. 156. STEVENS.

In the list of plays, &c. prefixed to the late edition, the *Puritan* is set down as printed in 1600 and 1607. The former of these dates I suspect to be a mistake, as the play appears evidently to have been written *after the peace* with Spain, which was not concluded before 1604. See Act I. Sc. II: "*Since the ceasure of the wars I have spent above a hundred crowns, &c.*" There is not the same objection to the other date of 1607, though a passage in the play itself (if there be no external evidence to the contrary) would induce us to place it rather in 1608. See Act III. Sc. VI. where mention is made of a *Sunday, the 13th of July*; a circumstance, which was true in 1608, but in none of the preceding or subsequent years between 1603 and 1614. TYRWHITT.

In

Wid. O, I have lost the dearest man, I have buried the sweetest husband, that ever lay by woman.

Sir God. Nay, give him his due, he was indeed an honest, virtuous, discreet; wise man. He was my brother, as right as right³.

Wid. O, I shall never forget him, never forget him; he was a man so well given to a woman. Oh!

Sir God. Nay, but kind sister, I could weep as much as any woman; but alas, our tears cannot call him again. Methinks you are well read, sister, and know that death is as common as *homo*, a common name to all men. A man shall be taken when he's making water. Nay, did not the learned parson, master Pigman, tell us even now,—that all flesh is frail—We are born to die—Man has but a time—with such-like deep and profound persuasions? as he is a rare fellow, you know, and an excellent reader. And for example, (as there are examples abundance,) did not sir Humphrey Bubble die t'other day? There's a lusty widow! why she cry'd not above half an hour. For shame, for shame!—Then followed him old master Fulsome, the usurer: there's a wise widow; why she cry'd ne'er a whit at all.

Wid. O rank not me with those wicked women; I had a husband out-shin'd 'em all.

In addition to what has been observed by Mr. Tyrwhitt it may be added that in the third act of this comedy "*Britain gold of the last coining*" is mentioned; from whence it may be inferred to have been written after the accession of king James, who first assumed the title of King of *Great Britain*. It certainly was exhibited in or before 1607, for I have a copy in my possession printed in that year. MALONE.

* — a cyprus hat:] i. e. a hat with a crape hat band in it. So in *the Winter's Tale*:

"Cyprus black as any crow." STEEVENS.

² O, *that ever I was born!*] Autolycus in *the Winter's Tale* has exactly the same exclamation. See that play, last edit. vol. iv. p. 369. STEEVENS.

³ *He was my brother, as right as right.*] *As right as right* is an idiom still prevalent in Northamptonshire for *very right*. PERCY.

Sir God. Ay that he did, i'faith; he out-shin'd em all ⁴.

Wid. Dost thou stand there, and see us all weep, and not once shed a tear for thy father's death ⁵? oh thou ungracious son and heir thou!

Edm. Troth, mother, I should not weep I'm sure, I am past a child, I hope, to make all my old school-fellows laugh at me; I should be mock'd, so I should. Pray let one of my sisters weep for me; I'll laugh as much for her another time.

Wid. O thou past-grace, thou! Out of my sight, thou graceless imp! thou grievest me more than the death of thy father. O thou stubborn only son! Hadst thou such an honest man to thy father—that would deceive all the world to get riches for thee, and canst thou not afford a little salt water? He that so wisely did quite overthrow the right heir of those lands, which now you respect not: up every morning betwixt four and five; so duly at Westminster-hall every term-time, with all his cards and writings ⁶, for thee, thou wicked Absalon: O dear husband!

Edm. Weep, quoth-a? I protest I am glad he's church'd; for now he's gone, I shall spend in quiet.

Fran. Dear mother, pray cease; half your tears suffice;

'Tis time for you to take truce with your eyes:
Let me weep now.

Wid. O such a dear knight, such a sweet husband have I lost, have I lost! If blessed be the

⁴ — *be out-shin'd them all.*] I suspect a quibble here. As money, in the cant language of the time, was called *shiners*, so *sir Godfrey* means to say that his brother had more money than any of the persons before enumerated. STEEVENS,

⁵ — *and not once shed a tear for thy father's death,*—] The behaviour of Edmond on this occasion, exactly resembles that of *Launce's dog* in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *with all his cards and writings,*] I suspect the author wrote *charts*, i. e. papers. MALONE,

corse ' the rain rains upon, he had it pouring down.

Sir God. Sister, be of good cheer. We are all mortal ourselves; I come upon you freshly, I ne'er speak without comfort. Hear me what I shall say:—My brother has left you wealthy; you're rich.

Wid. Oh!

Sir God. I say you're rich: you are also fair.

Wid. Oh!

Sir God. Go to, you're fair; you cannot smother it; beauty will come to light. Nor are your years so far enter'd with you, but that you will be sought after, and may very well answer another husband. The world is full of fine gallants; choice enough, sifter; for what should we do with all our knights, I pray², but to marry rich widows, wealthy citizens' widows, lusty fair-brow'd ladies? Go to, be of good comfort, I say; leave snobbing and weeping³.—Yet my brother was a kind-hearted man. I would not have the elf see me now⁴.—Come, pluck up a woman's heart. Here stand your daughters, who be well estated, and at maturity will also be enquir'd after with good husbands; so all these tears shall be soon dry'd up, and a better world than ever. What, woman! you must not weep still; he's

¹ — *if blessed be the corse, &c.*] This is a proverbial saying.

STEVENS.

² — *for what should we do with all our knights, I pray,—*] Probably a sneer upon the multitude of poor knights made by the earl of Essex at the taking of Cadiz. PERCY.

I rather imagine the allusion is to the knights made by king James soon after his accession. The continuator of Stowe's *Annals* says that he on one day "dubbed in his garden between three and four hundred." MALONE.

³ — *leave snobbing and weeping.*] *Snobbing* is still used in Shropshire (I think) for *sobbing*. PERCY.

⁴ — *I would not have the elf see me now.*] Whom does he mean by the *elf*? some invisible attendant like *Robin Good-fellow*, or any of the characters present? STEVENS.

dead,

dead, he's buried :—yet I cannot choose but weep for him ².

Wid. Marry again ! no, let me be buried quick then !

And that same part o' the choir whereon I tread
To such intent, O, may it be my grave !

And that the priest may turn his wedding prayers,
Even with a breath, to funeral dust and ashes !

O, out of a million of millions, I should ne'er find
such a husband ; he was unmatchable, unmatchable.
Nothing was too hot, nor too dear for me ³. I could
not speak of that one thing that I had not. Beside,
I had keys of all, kept all, receiv'd all, had money
in my purse, spent what I would, went abroad when
I would, came home when I would, and did all
what I would ⁴. O, my sweet husband ! I shall
never have the like.

² — *yet I cannot choose but weep for him.*] Ophelia in *Hamlet* uses the same words. See that play, last edit. vol. x. p. 348.

STEEVENS.

³ — *nothing was so hot, nor too dear for me.*] Thus the quarto. I suppose the author wrote—*too hot, nor too dear for me*

Nothing is too hot nor too cold for him, is a proverbial expression mentioned by Cotgrave, applied to one who can digest every thing.

MALONE.

I am told that “ nothing is too hot or too cold ” for a person, is still a common vulgarism. Chaucer has this phrase in the *Frere's Tale*, v. 7018.

“ Now certes, (quod this sompnour) so fare I ;

“ I spare not to taken, God it wote,

“ But if it be to hevyr or to bote.”

Here Mr. Tyrwhitt has the following observation. “ We have nearly the same expression in Froissart, v. i. c. 229.—“ ne laif-foient rien à prendre, s'il n'estoit trop chaud, trop froid, ou trop pesant.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *Besides, I had the keys of all, kept all, received all, had money in my purse, spent what I would, went abroad when I would, came home when I would, and did all what I would.*] So in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, last edit. vol. i. p. 280 : “ Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does ; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will.” STEEVENS.

Sir

Sir God. Sister, ne'er say so. He was an honest brother of mine, and so; and you may light upon one as honest again, or one as honest again may light upon you: that's the properer phrase indeed.

Wid. Never: O, if you love me, urge it not.
 O may I be the by-word of the world, [Kneels.
 The common talk at table in the mouth
 Of every groom and waiter, if e'er more
 I entertain the carnal suit of man.

Mary. I must kneel down for fashion too.

Fran. And I, whom never man as yet hath
 scal'd,
 Even in this depth of general sorrow, vow
 Never to marry, to sustain such loss
 As a dear husband seems to be, once dead.

Mary. I lov'd my father well too; but to say,
 Nay, vow, I would not marry for his death,
 Sure I should speak false Latin, should I not?
 I'd as soon vow never to come in bed.
 Tut! women must live by the quick, and not by the
 dead.

Wid. Dear copy of my husband, O let me kiss
 thee! [Kisses her husband's picture.
 How like him is this model! This brief picture
 Quickens my tears: my sorrows are renew'd
 At this fresh sight^s.

Sir God. Sister—

Wid. Away!
 All honesty with him is turn'd to clay.
 O my sweet husband! Oh.

^s *How like him is their model! their brief picture
 Quickens my tears: my sorrows are renew'd*

As their fresh sight.] Thus the old copies. It is manifest that the compositor has here three times printed *their* instead of *this*. In Shakspeare's Sonnets *their* is printed instead of *thy* not less than twenty times. Probably abbreviations were used for these words so nearly resembling each other as not to be easily distinguished. MALONE.

Fran.

Fran. My dear father! [*Exeunt Widow and Frances.*]

Mary. Here's a puling indeed! I think my mother weeps for all the women that ever buried husbands; for if from time to time all the widowers' tears⁶ in England had been bottled up, I do not think all would have fill'd a three-halfpenny bottle. Alas, a small matter bucks a handkerchief⁷! and sometimes the 'spital stands too nigh Saint Thomas a' Waterings⁸. Well, I can mourn in good sober sort as well as another; but where I spend one tear for a dead father, I could give twenty kisses for a quick husband⁹. [*Exit.*]

Sir God. Well, go thy ways, old fir Godfrey, and thou may'st be proud on't; thou hast a kind loving

⁶ — widowers' tears —] Surely we should read *widows'*.

STEEVENS.

I think I have observed in old English books the word *widower* applied to both sexes. MALONE.

⁷ — bucks a handkerchief! —] i. e. *wets* a handkerchief. A great washing of the coarser linen is called a *ucking*.

PERCY.

Ucking is a particular manner of washing; but as it cannot be explained in few words, I forbear to say any more about it.

STEEVENS.

⁸ — and sometimes the 'spital stands too nigh St. Thomas a' Waterings. —] I suppose the meaning is, that those widows who assume the greatest appearance of sorrow, and shed most tears, are sometimes guilty of such indiscretions as render them proper subjects for the publick *hospital*. There seems to be a poor quibble on the word *waterings*. This Saint is mentioned by Peele in his *Edward I.* 1599: "I am his receiver, and am now going to him: 'a bids St. Thomas a' Waterings to breakfast this morning to a calf's head and bacon." MALONE.

Here is a wretched quibble between *spittle* the moisture of the mouth, and *spital* a corruption from *hospital*. *St. Thomas a' Waterings* is the name of a church which was burnt down in the fire of London, and has never since been rebuilt, the parish to which it belonged being consolidated with another. It appears from Stowe's *Survey*, vol. ii. p. 167, that this edifice stood somewhere on the outside of the city. STEEVENS.

⁹ — I could give twenty kisses for a quick husband.] *Quick*, i. e. *alive*. PERCY,

filter.

sister-in-law. How constant ! how passionate ! how full of April the poor soul's eyes are ! Well, I would my brother knew on't ; he should then know what a kind wife he had left behind him. ' Truth, an 'twere not for shame that the neighbours at the next garden should hear me, between joy and grief I should e'en cry outright. *[Exit.*

Edm. So ; a fair riddance ! My father's laid in dust ; his coffin and he is like a whole meat-pye, and the worms will cut him up shortly. Farewel, old dad, farewel ! I'll be curb'd in no more. I perceive a son and heir may be quickly made a fool, an he will be one ; but I'll take another order *. Now she would have me weep for him forsooth ; and why ? because he cozen'd the right heir being a fool, and bestow'd those lands on me his eldest son ; and therefore I must weep for him ; ha, ha ! Why, all the world knows, as long as 'twas his pleasure to get me, 'twas his duty to get for me : I know the law in that point ; no attorney can gull me. Well, my uncle is an old ass, and an admirable coxcomb. I'll rule the roast myself ; I'll be kept under no more ; I know what I may do well enough by my father's copy : the law's in mine own hands now. Nay, now I know my strength, I'll be strong enough for my mother, I warrant you.

[Exit.

* — *but I'll take another order.* —] I'll pursue another course. The phrase is common in old English writers.

MALONE.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*A street.**Enter Pyeboard², and Skirmish.*

Pye. What's to be done now, old lad of war? Thou that were wont to be as hot as a turnspit, as nimble as a fencer, and as lousy as a school-master, now thou art put to silence like a sectary. War fits now like a justice of peace, and does nothing. Where be your muskets, calivers³ and hot-shots? in Long-lane, at pawn, at pawn? Now keys are your only guns; key-guns, key-guns,—and bawds the gunners; who are your sentinels in peace, and stand ready charg'd to give warning with hems, hums, and pocky coughs⁴: only your chambers are licens'd to play upon you⁵, and drabs enow to give fire to 'em.

Skir. Well, I cannot tell, but I am sure it goes wrong with me; for since the ceasure of the wars I have spent above a hundred crowns out of purse. I have been a soldier any time this forty years; and

² *Enter Pyeboard,*] The *pie* is a table or rule in the old Roman offices shewing how to find out the service which is to be read each day. Hence probably the scholar's name. The printing letter called the *pica*, seems (as Mr. Steevens observes) to have been denominated from the same original. MALONE.

See note on the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* last edit. vol. v. p. 581. STEEVENS.

³ — *Where be your muskets, calivers, &c.*] A *caliver* was an old English musket. MALONE.

⁴ — *give warning with hems, hums, and pocky coughs:*] So Othello addressing himself to Æmilia:

* ——— shut the door;

“ *Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come.* STEEVENS.

⁵ — *only your chambers are licens'd to play upon you,—*] *Chambers* are small pieces of ordnance. MALONE.

See note on *K. Henry IV.* P. II. vol. v. last edit. p. 493.

STEEVENS.

HOW

and now I perceive an old soldier and an old courtier have both one destiny, and in the end turn both into hob-nails.

Pye. Pretty mystery for a beggar; for indeed a hob-nail is the true emblem of a beggar's shoe-sole.

Skir. I will not say but that war is a blood-sucker, and so; but in my conscience, (as there is no soldier but has a piece of one, though it be full of holes, like a shot ancient⁶; no matter,—'twill serve to swear by,) in my conscience, I think some kind of peace has more hidden oppressions, and violent heady sins, (though looking of a gentle nature,) than a profess'd war⁷.

Pye. 'Tis so, and for mine own part, I am a poor gentleman, and a scholar; I have been matriculated in the university, wore out six gowns there, seen some fools, and some scholars, some of the city, and some of the country, kept order, went bare-headed over the quadrangle, eat my commons with a good stomach, and battled with discretion⁸; at last, having

⁶ — full of holes, like a shot ancient;] So in *King Henry IV.* last edit. vol. v. p. 392: — “ten times more dishonourably ragged than an old *fac'd* ancient. STEEVENS.

⁷ — peace has more hidden oppressions, and violent, heady sins, than a profess'd war.]

———— *ſæviqꝛ armis*

Luxuria incubuit ——— *Juv.* STEEVENS.

⁸ I have been matriculated in the university; — went bare-headed over the quadrangle, eat my commons with a good stomach, and battled with discretion;—] These phrases, which are seldom heard of, and little known, out of universities, render it probable that the writer of this play was an academick.

From the latter expression Dr. Farmer supposes the author to have been bred at Oxford, *battling* being the term used there to express what is called *fixing* at Cambridge.

Quadrangle is likewise, if I am not mistaken, an Oxford, and not a Cambridge, phrase.

Battles and *fixing*, are certain portions of bread, beer, &c. got from the college buttery, on credit, without paying for them at the time they are received. MALONE.

ing done many sleights and tricks to maintain my wit in use, (as my brain would never endure me to be idle;) I was expell'd the university, only for stealing a cheese out of Jesus college.

Skir. Is't possible?

Pye. O! there was one Welshman (God forgive him!) pursued it hard, and never left, till I turn'd my staff toward London; where when I came, all my friends were pit-hol'd, gone to graves; as indeed there was but a few left before. Then was I turn'd to my wits, to shift in the world, to tower* among sons and heirs, and fools, and gulls, and ladies' eldest sons; to work upon nothing, to feed out of flint: and ever since has my belly been much beholden to my brain. But now to return to you, old Skirmish:—I say as you say, and for my part wish a turbulency in the world; for I have nothing to lose but my wits, and I think they are as mad as they will be: and to strengthen your argument the more, I say an honest war is better than a bawdy peace. As touching my profession; the multiplicity of scholars, hatch'd and nourish'd in the idle calms of peace^o, makes them, like fishes, one devour another; and the community of learning has so play'd upon affections, that thereby almost religion is come about to phantasy, and discredited by being too much spoken of, in so many and mean mouths. I myself being a scholar and a graduate, have no other comfort by my learning, but the af-

To *battle or fine* is to purchase from the cook of the college such provisions as are not furnished by the rules of the society as commons in the hall. STEEVENS.

* — to tower—] i. e. rise like a hawk to descend on my prey. So in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:

“ My lord protector's hawks do tower so well.”

STEEVENS.

^o — hatch'd and nourish'd in the idle calms of peace,—] So in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. last edit, vol. v. p. 591: “ — the cankers of a calm world and a long peace.” STEEVENS.

fiction

fection of my words¹, to know how, scholar-like, to name what I want; and can call myself a beggar both in Greek and Latin. And therefore not to cog with peace, I'll not be afraid to say, 'tis a great breeder, but a barren nourisher; a great getter of children, which must either be thieves or rich men, knaves or beggars.

Skir. Well, would I had been born a knave then, when I was born a beggar! for if the truth was known, I think I was begot when my father had never a penny in his purse.

Pye. Puh! faint not, old Skirmish; let this warrant thee—*facilis descensus Averni*—'tis an easy journey to a knave; thou may'lt be a knave when thou wilt: and Peace is a good madam to all other professions, and an errant drab to us. Let us handle her accordingly, and by our wits thrive in despite of her: For since the law lives by quarrels, the courtier by smooth good-morrrows, and every profession makes itself greater by imperfections, why not we then by shifts, wiles, and forgeries? And seeing our brains are our only patrimonies, let's spend with judgment; not like a desperate son and heir, but like a sober and discreet Templar: one that will never march beyond the bounds of his allowance. And for our thriving means, thus:—I myself will put on the deceit of a fortune-teller.

Skir. A fortune-teller? Very proper.

Pye. And you a figure-caster, or a conjurer.

Skir. A conjurer?

Pye. Let me alone; I'll instruct you, and teach you to deceive all eyes, but the devil's.

Skir. O ay, for I would not deceive him, an I could choose, of all others.

¹ — *the affection of my words,*—] i. e. affectation. So *Hamlet*: “—no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of *affection*,” Malvolio in *Twelfth Night* is also called “—an *affection'd* ass.” STEEVENS.

— *the affection of my words,*—] Thus the folios. The quarto has—*affliction*. MALONE.

Pye. Fear not, I warrant you. And so by those means we shall help one another to patients; as the condition of the age affords creatures enough for cunning to work upon.

Skir. O wondrous! new fools and fresh asses.

Pye. O, fit, fit; excellent.

Skir. What, in the name of conjuring?

Pye. My memory greets me happily with an admirable subject to graze upon. The lady widow, whom of late I saw weeping in her garden for the death of her husband, sure she has but a waterish soul, and half of't by this time is dropp'd out of her eyes: device well manag'd may do good upon her: it stands firm; my first practice shall be there.

Skir. You have my voice, George.

Pye. She has a grey gull to her brother, a foot to her only son, and an ape to her youngest daughter. I overheard them severally, and from their words I'll derive my device; and thou, old Peter Skirmish, shalt be my second in all sleights.

Skir. Ne'er doubt me, George Pyeboard;—only you must teach me to conjure.

Pye. Puh! I'll perfect thee, Peter: How now! what's he?

[*Idle pinioned, and attended by a guard of sheriff's officers, passes over the stage.*]

Skir. O George! this sight kills me. 'Tis my sworn brother, captain Idle.

Pye. Captain Idle!

Skir. Apprehended for some felonious act or other. He has started out,—has made a night on't,—lack'd silver. I cannot but commend his resolution; he would not pawn his buff-jerkin. I would either some of us were employed, or might pitch our tents at usurers' doors, to kill the slaves as they peep out at the wicket.

Pye. Indeed, those are our ancient enemies; they keep our money in their hands, and make us to be hang'd

hang'd for robbing of them. But come, let's follow after to the prison, and know the nature of his offence; and what we can stead him in, he shall be sure of it: and I'll uphold it still, that a charitable knave is better than a soothing Puritan. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

A street.

Enter Nicholas St. Antlings², Simon St. Mary-Overies, and Frailty, in black scurvy mourning coats, with books at their girdles, as coming from church. To them Corporal Oath.

Nich. What, corporal Oath! I am sorry we have met with you, next our hearts: you are the man that we are forbidden to keep company withal. We must not swear I can tell you, and you have the name for swearing.

Sim. Ay, corporal Oath, I would you would do so much as forsake us, sir: we cannot abide you; we must not be seen in your company.

Frail. There is none of us, I can tell you, but shall be soundly whip'd for swearing.

Oath. Why how now, *we three*? Puritanical scrape-shoes, flesh o' Good-Fridays, a hand.

[Shakes them by the hand.]

All. Oh!

² — Nicholas St. Antlings,—] The name of a church near Lombard street. *Antling's* is a corruption of *Antbolin's*. This church was always open very early in a morning, and was much resorted to by the devotees of the age. The situation of *St. Mary-Overies's* is well known. STEEVENS.

³ *Why how now, we three?*—] He alludes probably to an old song; of which these were, I believe, the first words. MALONE. So in *Twelfth Night*: "Did you never see the picture of *we three*?" A common sign in the time of Shakspeare, &c. consisting of *two* men in fool's coats. The spectator, or enquirer concerning its meaning, was supposed to make the *third*. STEEVENS.

Oath. Why Nicholas St. Antlings, Simon St. Mary-Overies, has the devil possess'd you, that you swear no better? you half-christen'd catamites, you un-godmother'd varlets †. Does the first lesson teach you to be proud, and the second to be coxcombs, proud coxcombs, not once to do duty to a man of mark ‡?

Frail. A man of mark, quoth-a! I do not think he can show a beggar's noble §.

Oath. A corporal, a commander, one of spirit, that is able to blow you up all three with your books at your girdles †.

Sim. We are not taught to believe that, fir; for we know the breath of man is weak.

[*Oath breathes on Frailty.*

Frail. Foh! you lie, Nicholas; for here's one strong enough. Blow us up, quoth-a! he may well

† — *you ungodmother'd varlets.*—] The Puritans objected to the practice of having godfathers and godmothers in baptism.

PERCY.

‡ — *to a man of mark?*] To a person of distinction. So in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

“A fellow of no mark or likelihood.” MALONE.

§ — *I do not think he can show a beggar's noble.*] That is, a farthing. MALONE.

— *a man of mark*—*I do not think he can show a beggar's noble.*] A quibble between *mark* the ancient coin, value 13s. 4d. and *mark* a token of eminence.

A *noble* was likewise a coin valued at 6s. 8d. STEEVENS.

† — *to blow you up all drye with your books at your girdles.*] Thus, the quarto. The author, without doubt, wrote—all *tbres*.

MALONE.

I believe the old reading is the true one. The corporal means that he will blow them up with such violence of explosion as shall destroy their lives, but preserve their forms by *drying* them in an instant. STEEVENS.

The corporal by this vaunt evidently means to impress these silly fellows with a high idea of his military prowess. The violent explosion with which he threatens them, should seem more likely to shatter them to pieces, than either to dry or to preserve their forms. With the species of gunpowder that has this power, I am indeed unacquainted. MALONE.

blow

blow me above twelve-score off on him⁸: I warrant, if the wind stood right, a man might smell him from the top of Newgate to the leads of Ludgate⁹.

Oath. Sirrah, thou hollow book of wax-candle¹—

Nich. Ay, you may say what you will, so you swear not.

Oath. I swear by the—

Nich. Hold, hold, good corporal Oath; for if you swear once, we shall all fall down in a swoon presently.

Oath. I must and will swear, you quivering cock-combs: my captain is imprison'd; and by Vulcan's leather codpiece-point—

Nich. O Simon, what an oath was there!

Frail. If he should chance to break it, the poor man's breeches would fall down about his heels²; for Venus allows him but one point to his hose.

Oath. With these my bully feet³ I will thump

⁸ — *he may well blow me above twelve-score off on him:*] That is, twelve-score yards. MALONE.

⁹ — *to the leads of Ludgate.*] The old gate had a flat leaded roof. NICHOL.

— *if the wind stood right, a man might smell him from the top of Newgate, to the leads of Ludgate.*] So in *Much Ado about Nothing*, last edit. vol. ii. p. 283:—"if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, she would infect to the north-star."

STEVENS.

¹ — *thou hollow book of wax-candle—*] I suppose alluding to the rolls of wax-candle coiled up in the form of a book.

PERCY.

² — *by Vulcan's leather cod-piece point—If he should chance to break it, the poor man's breeches would fall down about his heels.*] Points were the metal hooks which anciently fastened the breeches to the waistcoat. The same kind of pleasantry occurs in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. last edit. vol. v. p. 326:

"Their points being broken—

"Down fell their hose." STEVENS.

A point seems to have been a string with a metal tag to it. Cotgrave renders it by *aiguillette*. MALONE.

³ *With these my bully feet—*] The folio 1685 and the modern editions read unintelligibly—*bully-feet*. MALONE.

ope the prison doors, and brain the keeper with the begging-box, but I'll set my honest sweet captain Idle at liberty.

Nich. How, captain Idle? my old aunt's son, my dear kinsman, in cappadochio⁴?

Oath. Ay, thou church-peeling, thou holy paring, religious outside, thou. If thou hadst any grace in thee, thou wouldst visit him, relieve him, swear to get him out.

Nich. Assure you, corporal, indeed-la, 'tis the first time I heard on't.

Oath. Why do't now then, marmozet⁵. Bring forth thy yearly wages; let not a commander perish.

Sim. But if he be one of the wicked, he shall perish.

Nich. Well, corporal, I'll e'en along with you, to visit my kinsman; if I can do him any good, I will: but I have nothing for him. Simon St. Mary-Overies and Frailty, pray make a lie for me to the knight my master, old sir Godfrey.

Oath. A lie! may you lie then?

Frail. O ay, we may lie, but we must not swear.

Sim. True, we may lie with our neighbour's wife; but we must not swear we did so.

Oath. O, an excellent tag of religion!

Nich. O, Simon, I have thought upon a sound excuse; it will go current: say that I am gone to a fast.

Sim. To a fast? very good.

Nich. Ay, to a fast, say, with master Full-belly the minister.

⁴ — in cappadochio?] A cant term still used among vulgar jokers for captivity. *Cappadoces* is often employed in Latin poetry for slaves, *Cappadocia* being a country famous for them.

STEVENS.

⁵ Why do't now then, marmozet.] A marmozet is a small monkey. MALONE.

Sim. Master Full-belly? an honest man: he feeds the flock well, for he's an excellent feeder.

[*Exeunt Oath and Nicholas.*]

Frail. O ay; I have seen him eat a whole pig, and afterward fall to the pettitoes.

[*Exeunt Simon and Frailty.*]

S C E N E IV.

A room in the Marshalsea prison.

Enter Idle; to him afterwards Pyeboard and Skirmish.

Pye. [*within.*] Pray turn the key.

Skir. [*within.*] Turn the key, I pray.

Idle. Who should those be? I almost know their voices. [*Pyeboard and Skirmish enter.*] O my friends! you are welcome to a smelling room here. You newly took leave of the air; has it not a strange favour?

Pye. As all prisons have, smells of sundry wretches, who, though departed, leave their scents behind them. By gold, captain, I am sincerely sorry for thee.

Idle. By my troth, George, I thank thee; but, pish—what must be, must be.

Skir. Captain, what do you lie in for? is't great? what's your offence?

Idle. Faith, my offence is ordinary, common; a high-way: and I fear me my penalty will be ordinary and common too;—a halter.

Pye. Nay, prophecy not so ill; it shall go hard but I'll shift for thy life.

Idle. Whether I live or die, thou'rt an honest George. I'll tell you. Silver flow'd not with me, as it had done; for now the tide runs to bawds and flatterers. I had a start out; and by chance set upon a fat steward, thinking his purse had been as purfy as his body; and the slave had about him but the

poor purchase of ten groats ⁶. Notwithstanding being descrid, pursued, and taken, I know the law is so grim, in respect of many desperate, unsettled soldiers *, that I fear me I shall dance after their pipe for't⁷.

Skir. I am twice sorry for you, captain; first, that your purchase was so small, and now that your danger is so great.

Idle. Pish; the worst is but death. Have you a pipe of tobacco about you?

Skir. I think I have thereabouts about me.

Idle. Here's a clean gentleman too, to receive ⁸.

[*Idle smokes a pipe.*]

Pye. Well, I must cast about some happy sleight; Work brain, that ever didst thy master right.

[*Oath and Nicholas knock within.*]

Oath. [*within.*] Keeper, let the key be turn'd.

Nich. [*within.*] Ay, I pray, master keeper, give us a cast of your office.

Enter Oath and Nicholas.

Idle. How now? More visitants? What, corporal Oath?

Pye. } Corporal!
Skir. }

Oath. In prison, honest captain? this must not be,

Nich. How do you, captain kinsman?

⁶ — *but the poor purchase of ten groats.* —] Purchase was the cant term formerly for any thing got by plunder. Pieces of ten groats or three shillings and four pence were common in king James's time. MALONE.

⁷ — *in respect of so many desperate, unsettled soldiers.* —] Here is another proof of this play's having been written after the peace with Spain in 1604. MALONE.

⁸ — *I fear me I shall dance after their pipe for it.*] That is, I shall be hanged. To dance Ketch's jig, is still, I believe, a vulgar phrase. MALONE.

⁹ *Here's a clean gentleman too, to receive.*] I suppose the captain is lamenting that he is not better dressed so receive his company.

MALONE.

I believe he means only — "Here's a clean pipe to receive the tobacco." STEEVENS.

Idle.

Idle. Good coxcomb, what makes that pure, starch'd fool here?

Nich. You see, kinsman, I am somewhat bold to call in, and see how you do. I heard you were safe enough; and I was very glad on't, that it was no worse.

Idle. This is a double torture now. This fool, by the book, doth vex me more than my imprisonment. What meant you, corporal, to hook him hither?

Oath. Who, he? he shall relieve thee, and supply thee; I'll make him do't.

Idle. Fie, what vain breath you spend? He supply! I'll sooner expect mercy from an usurer when my bond's forfeited, sooner kindness from a lawyer when my money's spent, nay, sooner charity from the devil, than good from a Puritan. I'll look for relief from him when Lucifer is restor'd to his blood*, and in heaven again.

Nich. I warrant my kinsman's talking of me, for my left ear burns most tyrannically?

Pye. Captain Idle, what's he there? he looks like a monkey upward, and a crane downward.

Idle. Psha! a foolish cousin of mine, I must thank God for him.

Pye. Why, the better subject to work a scape upon; thou shalt e'en change clothes with him, and leave him here, and so—

Idle. Pish! I publish'd him e'en now to my corporal: he will be damn'd ere he do me so much good. Why, I know a more proper, a more handsome device than that, if the slave would be sociable. Now, goodman Fleerface?

Nich. O, my cousin begins to speak to me now; I shall be acquainted with him again, I hope.

* — restor'd to his blood,] i. e. to his family honours, his rank, which he once held as an angel. So in *the Yorkshire Tragedy*:

“ You are a gentleman by many bloods.” STEEVENS.

9 — most tyrannically.] So in *Hamlet*: “— little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for it.” STEEVENS.

Skir. Look, what ridiculous raptures take hold of his wrinkles.

Pye. Then what say you to this device? a happy one, captain?

Idle. Speak low, George; prison rats have wider ears than those in malt-lofts.

Nich. Cousin, if it lay in my power, as they say, to do—

Idle. 'Twould do me an exceeding pleasure indeed, that: but ne'er talk further on't; the fool will be hang'd e'er he do't. [To the Corporal.

Oath. Pox, I'll thump him to't.

Pye. Why, do but try the fopster, and break it to him bluntly.

Idle. And so my disgrace will dwell in his jaws, and the slave slaver out our purpose to his master; for would I were but as sure on't, as I am sure he will deny to do't.

Nich. I would be heartily glad, cousin, if any of my friendships, as they say, might—stand, ha—

Pye. Why, you see he offers his friendship foolishly to you already.

Idle. Ay, that's the hell on't; I would he would offer it wisely.

Nich. Verily and indeed la, cousin—

Idle. I have took note of thy fleers a good while. If thou art minded to do me good, (as thou gap'it upon me comfortably, and giv'it me charitable faces,—which indeed is but a fashion in you all that are Puritans,) wilt soon at night steal me thy master's chain?

Nich. Oh, I shall swoon.

Pye. Corporal, he starts already.

Idle. I know it to be worth three hundred crowns; and with the half of that I can buy my life at a broker's, at second-hand, which now lies in pawn to the law. - If this thou refuse to do, being easy and nothing dangerous, in that thou art held in good opi-

opinion of thy master, why 'tis a palpable argument thou hold'st my life at no price; and these thy broken and unjointed offers are but only created in thy lip; now born, and now buried; foolish breath only. What, wilt do't? shall I look for happiness in thy answer?

Nich. Steal my master's chain, quoth-a? No, it shall ne'er be said, that Nicholas St. Antlings committed birdlime.

Idle. Nay, I told you as much, did I not? Though he be a Puritan, yet he will be a true man¹.

Nich. Why cousin, you know 'tis written, *Thou shalt not steal.*

Idle. Why, and fool, *Thou shalt love thy neighbour,* and help him in extremities.

Nich. Mafs I think it be indeed: in what chapter's that, cousin?

Idle. Why in the first of Charity, the second verse.

Nich. The first of Charity, quoth-a? That's a good jest; there's no such chapter in my book.

Idle. No, I knew 'twas torn out of thy book, and that makes it so little in thy heart.

Pye. [*Takes Nicholas aside.*] Come, let me tell you, you're too unkind a kinsman i'faith; the captain loving you so dearly, ay, like the pomewater of his eye², and you to be so uncomfortable: fie, fie.

Nich. Pray do not wish me to be hang'd. Any thing else that I can do, had it been to rob, I would

¹ — *Though he be a Puritan, yet will he be a true man.*] A true man, in ancient language, is an honest man. Our jurymen are yet styled *good men and true*. MALONE.

In ancient language a true man is always set in opposition to a thief. See *King Henry IV.* P. I. last edit. vol. v. p. 305.

STEVENS.

² — *like the pomewater of his eye,*] The pomewater is the apple or pupil of the eye. MALONE.

— *like the pomewater of his eye,*] i. e. the apple of his eye. See note 6. *Love's Labour's Lost*, last edit. vol. ii. p. 436. A pomewater is the name of a particular sort of apple. STEVENS.

have done't; but I must not steal: That's the word, the literal, *Thou shalt not steal*; and would you wish me to steal then?

Pye. No faith, that were too much, to speak truth: why, wilt thou nym it from him?³

Nich. That I will.

Pye. Why enough, bully; he will be content with that, or he shall have none: let me alone with him now.—Captain, I have dealt with your kinsman in a corner; a good, kind-natur'd fellow, methinks: go to; you shall not have all your own asking, you shall bate somewhat on't: he is not contented absolutely, as you would say, to steal the chain from him, but to do you a pleasure, he will nym it from him.

Nich. Ay, that I will, cousin.

Idle. Well, seeing he will do no more, as far as I see, I must be contented with that.

Oath. Here's no notable gullery⁴!

Pye. Nay, I'll come nearer to you, gentleman. Because we'll have only but a help and a mirth on't, the knight shall not lose his chain neither, but it shall be only laid out of the way some one or two days.

Nich. Ay, that would be good indeed, kinsman.

Pye. For I have a farther reach, to profit us better by the missing of't only, than if we had it outright; as my discourse shall make it known to you. When thou hast the chain, do but convey it out at a back-door into the garden, and there hang it close in

³ — *wilt thou nym it—*] A cant word signifying to *steal*.

MALONE.

Hence the name of *Nym*, one of Falstaff's companions.

STEVENS.

⁴ *Here's no notable gullery!*] This kind of exclamation is very common in old plays. So in the *Taming of the Shrew*:

“*Here's no knavery!*”

Again, in *Jeronimo*, a tragedy, 1605:

“*Here's no fine villainy!*” MALONE.

See note on *King Henry IV*, last edit. vol. v. p. 413.

STEVENS.

the

the rosemary bank, but for a small season; and by that harmless device I know how to wind captain Idle out of prison: the knight thy master shall get his pardon, and release him, and he satisfy thy master with his own chain, and wondrous thanks on both hands.

Nich. That were rare indeed la. Pray let me know how.

Pye. Nay, 'tis very necessary thou should'st know, because thou must be employ'd as an actor.

Nich. An actor? O no; that's a player; and our parson rails against players mightily, I can tell you, because they brought him drunk upon the stage once; —as he will be horribly drunk.

Oath. Mafs I cannot blame him then, poor church-spout.

Pye. Why, as an intermedler then.

Nich. Ay, that, that.

Pye. Give me audience then. When the old knight, thy master, has raged his fill for the loss of the chain, tell him thou hast a kinsman in prison, of such exquisite art that the devil himself is French lackey to him, and runs bare-headed by his horse-belly, when he has one; whom he will cause, with most Irish dexterity^s, to fetch his chain, though 'twere hid under a mine of sea-coal, and ne'er make spade or pick-axe his instruments: tell him but this, with farther instructions thou shalt receive from me, and thou showest thyself a kinsman indeed.

Oath. A dainty bully.

Skir. An honest book-keeper.

Idle. And my three-times-thrice-honey cousin.

Nich. Nay, grace of God, I'll rob him on't suddenly, and hang it in the rosemary bank; but I bear

^s — *with most Irish dexterity,*—] With the agility of a running footman. In the time of queen Elizabeth and king James I. many noblemen had Irish running footmen in their service.

MALONE.

that

that mind, cousin, I would not steal any thing, methinks, for mine own father.

Skir. He bears a good mind in that, captain.

Pye. Why, well said; he begins to be an honest fellow, 'faith.

Oath. In troth he does.

Nich. You see, cousin, I am willing to do you any kindness; always saving myself harmless.

Idle. Why I thank thee. Fare thee well; I shall requite it. [*Exit Nicholas.*

Oath. 'Twill be good for thee, captain, that thou hast such an egregious ass to thy cousin.

Idle. Ay, is he not a fine fool, corporal? But, George, thou talk'st of art and conjuring; How shall that be?

Pye. Puh! be't not in your care: Leave that to me and my directions. Well, captain, doubt not thy delivery now, Even with the vantage, man, to gain by prison, As my thoughts prompt me. Hold on brain and plot! I aim at many cunning far events, All which I doubt not but to hit at length. I'll to the widow with a quaint assault: Captain, be merry.

Idle. Who I? Kerry merry buff-jerkin.

Pye. Oh, I am happy in more sleights; and one will knit strong in another. Corporal Oath.

Oath. Ho! bully!

Pye. And thou, old Peter Skirmish, I have a necessary task for you both.

Skir. Lay it upon us, George Pyeboard.

Oath. Whate'er it be, we'll manage it.

Pye. I would have you two maintain a quarrel before the lady widow's door, and draw your swords i' the edge of the evening: clash a little, clash, clash.

Oath. Fuh!

Let us alone to make our blades ring noon,
Though it be after supper.

Pye!

Pye. I know you can : and out of that false fire, I doubt not but to raise strange belief. And, captain, to countenance my device the better, and grace my words to the widow, I have a good plain fatten suit, that I had of a young reveller t'other night ; for words pass not regarded now a-days, unless they come from a good suit of cloaths ; which the Fates and my wits have bestowed upon me. Well, captain Idle, if I did not highly love thee, I would ne'er be seen within twelve score of a prison ;⁶ for I protest, at this instant I walk in great danger of small debts. I owe money to several hostesses, and you know such jills will quickly be upon a man's jack ?

Idle. True, George.

Pye. Fare thee well, captain. Come corporal and ancient. Thou shalt hear more news next time we greet thee.

Oath. More news ?—Ay, by yon Bear at Bridge-foot in heaven, shalt thou*.

[*Exeunt Pyeboard, Skirmish, and Oath.*]

Idle. Enough : my friends, farewell !

This prison shows as ghosts did part in hell. [*Exit.*]

⁶ — *I would ne'er be seen within twelve score of a prison ; —*] That is, within twelve score yards of a prison. MALONE.

See note on *King Henry IV.* last edit. vol. v. p. 346.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *and you know such jills will quickly be upon a man's jack.*] Jill is a low appellation for a woman ; originally a corruption of Julian. A *jack* or jacket was the quilted waistcoat formerly worn under a coat of mail. See Spenser's *View of Ireland*, p. 49, edit. 1633. MALONE.

— *such jills will quickly be upon a man's jack.*] See note on the *Taming of a Shrew*, last edit. vol. iii. p. 478. STEEVENS.

* — *by yon Bear at Bridge-foot, in heaven shalt thou.*] I do not understand this adjuration. Perhaps the word *heaven* is a corruption. We were told, just before, that the pretended scuffle was to be in the *evening*. I therefore suspect we should read—“ by yon Bear at the Bridge-foot, (the sign of a well-known tavern at the foot of London Bridge) in *the even* shalt thou.” The corporal would naturally enough swear by the sign of a publick house which he was accustomed to frequent.” STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A room in the widow's house.

Enter Mary.

Mary. Not marry! forswear marriage! Why all women know 'tis as honourable a thing as to lie with a man; and I, to spite my sifter's vow the more, have entertain'd a suitor already, a fine gallant knight of the last feather². He says he will coach me too, and well appoint me; allow me money to dice withal; and many such pleasing protestations he sticks upon my lips. Indeed his short-winded father i' the country is wondrous wealthy, a most abominable farmer; and therefore he may do it in time³. 'Troth I'll venture upon him. Women are not without ways enough to help themselves: if he prove wise, and good as his word, why I shall love him, and use him kindly; and if he prove an ass, why in a quarter of an hour's warning I can transform him into an ox;—there comes in my relief again.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O, mistress Mary, mistress Mary!

Mary. How now? what's the news?

Frail. The knight your suitor, fir John Pennydub.

² — a fine gallant knight of the last feather.] When this play was written, feathers were much worn by men. See Decker's *Gen's Horn-book*, 1609: "—— if the writer be a fellow that hath either epigrammed you, or hath had a flirt at your mistress, or hath brought either your feather, or your red beard, or your little legs, &c. on the stage"—— MALONE.

"A hat of the last block," was a phrase signifying a hat of the newest fashion. STEEVENS.

³ — and therefore he may do it in time.—] All the copies read absurdly—and therefore he may *doe* in time. MALONE.

Mary.

Mary. Sir John Pennydub? where? where?

Frail. He's walking in the gallery.

Mary. Has my mother seen him yet?

Frail. O no; she's spitting in the kitchen¹.

Mary. Direct him hither softly, good Frailty: I'll meet him half way.

Frail. That's just like running a tilt; but I hope he'll break nothing this time. [Exit.

Enter Sir John Pennydub.

Mary. 'Tis happiness my mother saw him not.
O welcome, good sir John.

Sir John. I thank you 'faith—Nay you must stand me till I kiss you: 'tis the fashion every where i'faith, and I came from court even now.

Mary. Nay, the Fates forefend that I should anget the fashion!

Sir John. Then, not forgetting the sweet of new ceremonies², I first fall back; then recovering myself, make my honour to your lip thus; and then accost it. [Kisses her.

Mary. Trust me, very pretty and moving; you're

¹ — *She's spitting in the kitchen.*] I suppose he means, *scolding* her servants. A cat, when vexed, is said to *spit*. MALONE.

² *Then, not forgetting the sweete of new ceremonies,—*] Thus all the copies. The author perhaps wrote *suit*; the course or train. *Suite*. Fr. MALONE.

I am not sure that *suite* was used in its present sense when this comedy was produced. I would rather read "— not forgetting the sweet, in new ceremonies:" i. e. *not omitting the sweetest circumstance in salutation, though, in compliance with modern forms, it must be preceded by art of address and regularity of approach.* A following note of Mr. Malone's will sufficiently prove that *suit* was not anciently pronounced *sweet*, so that on that account the one word could not have been mistaken for the other.

STEEVENS.

"And thereupon he brings *suit* (i. e. the *followers* of the plaintiff,) has been long the conclusion of every declaration at common law. MALONE.

worthy of it, fir.—O my mother, my mother! now she's here, we'll steal into the gallery.

[*Exeunt Sir John and Mary.*]

Enter Widow and Sir Godfrey.

Sir God. Nay, sifter, let reason rule you; do not play the fool; stand not in your own light. You have wealthy offers, large tenderings; do not withstand your good fortune. Who comes a wooing to you, I pray? No small fool; a rich knight o' the city, fir Oliver Muckhill; no small fool, I can tell you. And furthermore, as I heard late by your maid-servants, (as your maid-servants will say to me any thing, I thank them,) both your daughters are not without suitors, ay, and worthy ones too; one a brisk courtier, fir Andrew Tipstaff, suitor afar off to your eldest daughter; and the third a huge wealthy farmer's son, a fine young country knight; they call him fir John Pennydub: a good name marry;—he may have it coin'd when he lacks money. What blessings are these, sifter?

Wid. Tempt me not, Satan.

Sir God. Satan! do I look like Satan? I hope the devil's not so old as I, I trow.

Wid. You wound my senses, brother, when you name

A suitor to me. O, I cannot abide it;
I take in poison when I hear one nam'd.

Enter Simon.

How now, Simon? where's my son Edmond?

Sim. Verily, madam, he is at vain exercise, dripping in the Tennis-Court.

Wid. At Tennis-Court? O, now his father's gone, I shall have no rule with him. Oh wicked Edmond! I might well compare this with the prophecy in the Chronicle, though far inferior: As Harry of Monmouth

mouth won all, and Harry of Windsor lost all; so Edmond of Bristow, that was the father, got all, and Edmond of London, that's his son, now will spend all.

Sir God. Peace, sifter, we'll have him reform'd; there's hope of him yet, though it be but a little.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. Forsooth, madam, there are two or three archers at door would very gladly speak with your ladyship.

Wid. Archers?

Sir God. Your husband's fletcher I warrant?

Wid. O,

Let them come near, they bring home things of his; Troth I should have forgot them. How now villain! Which be those archers?

Enter Sir Andrew Tipstaff, Sir Oliver Muckbill, and Sir John Pennydub.

Frail. Why, do you not see them before you? Are not these archers?—what do you call 'em—shooters? Shooters and archers are all one, I hope⁴.

Wid. Out, ignorant slave!

Sir Oliv. Nay, pray be patient, lady; We come in way of honourable love—

Sir And. } We do.

Sir John. }

Sir Oliv. To you.

Sir And. }

Sir John. } And to your daughters.

³ *Your husband's fletcher I warrant.] A fletcher is a maker of arrows. Fleche. Fr. MALONE.*

⁴ *Shooters and archers are all one, I hope.] From this and many other passages in our old comedies it appears that the words *suitors* and *shooters* were in the age of queen Elizabeth, not distinguished in pronunciation. See a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, vol. i. p. 161. MALONE.*

Wid. O, why will you offer me this, gentlemen, (indeed I will not look upon you) when the tears are scarce out of mine eyes, not yet wash'd off from my cheeks; and my dear husband's body scarce so cold as the coffin? What reason have you to offer it? I am not like some of your widows that will bury one in the evening, and be sure to have another ere morning. Pray away; pray take your answers, good knights. An you be sweet knights, I have vow'd never to marry; and so have my daughters too.

Sir John. Ay, two of you have, but the third's a good wench.

Sir Oliv. Lady, a shrewd answer, marry. The best is, 'tis but the first; and he's a bluat wooer, that will leave for one sharp answer.

Sir And. Where be your daughters, lady? I hope they'll give us better encouragement.

Wid. Indeed they'll answer you so; take it on my word, they'll give you the very same answer verbatim, truly la.

Sir John. Mum: Mary's a good wench still; I know what she'll do.

Sir Oliv. Well, lady, for this time we'll take our leaves; hoping for better comfort.

Wid. O never, never, an I live these thousand years. An you be good knights, do not hope; 'twill be all vain, vain. Look you put off all your suits, an you come to me again.

[*Exeunt Sir John and Sir Andrew.*]

Frail. Put off all their suits, quoth-a? ay, that's the best wooing of a widow indeed, when a man's non-suited; that is, when he's a-bed with her.

Sir Oliv. Sir Godfrey, here's twenty angels more. Work hard for me; there's life in't yet*.

Sir God. Fear not Sir Oliver Muckhill; I'll stick close for you: leave all with me. [*Exit Sir Oliver.*]

* — *there's life in't yet.*] So Lear:

“Then there's life in it.” STEEVENS.

Enter Pyeboard.

Pye. By your leave, lady widow.

Wid. What another fuitor now?

Pye. A fuitor! No, I protest, lady, if you'd give me yourself, I'd not be troubled with you.

Wid. Say you so, fir? then you're the better welcome, fir.

Pye. Nay, heaven blefs me from a widow, unless I were sure to bury her speedily!

Wid. Good bluntness. Well, your business, fir?

Pye. Very needful; if you were in private once.

Wid. Needful? Brother, pray leave us; and you, fir. *[Exit Sir Godfrey.]*

Frail. I should laugh now, if this blunt fellow should put them all beside the stirrop, and vault into the saddle himself. I have seen as mad a trick.

[Exit Frailty.]

Wid. Now, fir; here's none but we.

Enter Mary and Frances.

Daughters, forbear.

Pye. O no, pray let them stay; for what I have to speak importeth equally to them as to you.

Wid. Then you may stay.

Pye. I pray bestow on me a serious ear, for what I speak is full of weight and fear.

Wid. Fear?

Pye. Ay, if it pass unregarded, and uneffected; else peace and joy: I pray attention. Widow, I have been a mere stranger from these parts that you live in, nor did I ever know the husband of you, and father of them; but I truly know by certain spiritual intelligence, that he is in purgatory.

Wid. Purgatory! tuh; that word deseryes to be spit upon. I wonder that a man of sober tongue, as

you seem to be, should have the folly to believe there's such a place.

Pye. Well, lady, in cold blood I speak it; I assure you that there is a purgatory, in which place I know your husband to reside, and wherein he is like to remain, till the dissolution of the world, till the last general bonfire⁵; when all the earth shall melt into nothing, and the seas scald their finny labourers: so long is his abidance, unless you alter the property of your purpose, together with each of your daughters theirs; that is, the purpose of single life in yourself and your eldest daughter, and the speedy determination of marriage in your youngest.

Mary. How knows he that? what, has some devil told him?

Wid. Strange he should know our thoughts.— Why, but daughter, have you purpos'd speedy marriage?

Pye. You see she tells you, ay, for she says nothing. Nay, give me credit as you please; I am a stranger to you, and yet you see I know your determinations, which must come to me metaphysically⁶, and by a supernatural intelligence.

Wid. This puts amazement on me.

Fran. Know our secrets?

Mary. I had thought to steal a marriage. Would his tongue had drop'd out when he blab'd it!

Wid. But, sir, my husband was too honest a dealing man to be now in any purgatories.—

⁵ — *the last general bonfire*; —] This unseasonable piece of levity occurs likewise in *Macbeth*: “— go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *which must come to me metaphysically*, —] *Metaphysically* is used here for *immaterially*, *spiritually*, *invisibly*. PERCY. So in *Macbeth*:

“That Fate and *metaphysical* aid do seem

“To have me crown'd withal.” STEEVENS.

Pye. O do not load your conscience with untruths; 'Tis but mere folly now to gild him o'er, That has past but for copper. Praises here Cannot unbind him there. Confess but truth; I know he got his wealth with a hard gripe: O, hardly, hardly.

Wid. This is most strange of all: how knows he that?

Pye. He would eat fools and ignorant heirs clean-up; And had his drink from many a poor man's brow, Even as their labour brew'd it. He would scrape Riches to him most unjustly: the very dirt Between his nails was ill got, and not his own. O, I groan to speak on't; the thought makes me Shudder, shudder!

Wid. It quakes me too⁷, now I think on't. [*Aside.*] Sir, I am much griev'd, that you a stranger should so deeply wrong my dead husband!

Pye. O!

Wid. A man that would keep church so duly; rise early, before his servants, and even for religious haste, go ungartered, unbuttoned, nay (for reverence) untrussed⁸, to morning prayer?

Pye. O, uff.

Wid. Dine quickly upon high days; and when I had great guests, would even shame me, and rise

⁷ *It quakes me too,*—] It makes me also shudder. MALONE.

Quake is here used as a verb active. So in our author's *Coriolanus*:

“ And gladly *quak'd*, hear more.”

See note on this passage, last edit. vol. vii. p. 363.

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *nay* (for reverence) *untrussed*, —] This singular phrase, which occurs frequently in ancient English books, appears to have been equivalent to, and was perhaps originally a corruption of, another expression that was also formerly in use—*save reverence*. This latter seems to be a gallicism;—*savez votre grandeur, votre dignité*. MALONE.

from the table, to get a good seat at an afternoon sermon.

Pye. There's the devil, there's the devil! True; he thought it fancy enough, if he had kill'd a man, so it had been done in a pew; or undone his neighbour, so it had been near enough to the preacher. O, a sermon's a fine short cloak of an hour long, and will hide the upper part of a dissembler.—Church! ay, he seem'd all church, and his conscience was as hard as the pulpit.

Wid. I can no more endure this.

Pye. Nor I, widow, endure to flatter.

Wid. Is this all your business with me?

Pye. No, lady, 'tis but the induction to it*.

You may believe my strains; I strike all true[†]; And if your conscience would leap up to your tongue, yourself would affirm it. And that you shall perceive I know of things to come, as well as I do of what is present, a brother of your husband's shall shortly have a loss.

Wid. A loss? marry heaven forefend! Sir Godfrey, my brother!

Pye. Nay, keep in your wonders, till I have told you the fortunes of you all; which are more fearful, if not happily prevented. For your part and your daughters', if there be not once this day some blood shed before your door, whereof the human creature dies, two of you (the elder*) shall run mad;—

Wid. and Fran. Oh!

Mary. That's not I yet.

Pye. And, with most impudent prostitution, show your naked bodies to the view of all beholders.

*— 'tis but the induction to it.] The prelude or introduction to it.
MALONE.

† You may believe my strains, I strike all true,] The allusion seems to be to a musical instrument. MALONE.

*—two of you (the elder).—] These words seem to have been transposed at the press. Probably the author wrote.—the two elder of you, &c. MALONE.

Wid.

Wid. Our naked bodies ? fie for shame.

Pye. Attend me—and your younger daughter be stricken dumb.

Mary. Dumb ? out, alas ! 'tis the worst pain of all for a woman. I'd rather be mad, or run naked, or any thing. Dumb !

Pye. Give ear : Ere the evening fall upon hill, bog, and meadow, this my speech shall have past probation ², and then shall I be believ'd accordingly.

Wid. If this be true, we are all sham'd, all undone.

Mary. Dumb ! I'll speak as much as ever I can possibly before evening.

Pye. But if it so come to pass (as for your fair fakes I wish it may) that this presage of your strange fortunes be prevented by that accident of death and blood-shedding, (which I before told you of,) take heed, upon your lives, that two of you which have vow'd never to marry, seek out husbands with all present speed ; and you, the third, that have such a desire to out-strip chastity, look you meddle not with a husband.

Mary. A double torment ³.

Pye. The breach of this keeps your father in purgatory ; and the punishments that shall follow you in this world, would with horror kill the ear should hear them related ⁴.

² — *shall have pass'd probation.*] So in *Macbeth*, last edit. vol. iv. p. 525:

“ — *pass'd in probation with you.*” STEEVENS.

³ *A double torment.*] The being deprived both of speech and a husband. MALONE.

⁴ — *would with horror kill the ear should bear them related.*] So in *Macbeth* :

“ The repetition in a woman's ear,

“ Would murder as it fell.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ He would drown the stage with tears,

“ And cleave the general ear with horrid speech.”

MALONE.

Wid. Marry! Why I vow'd never to marry.

Fran. And so did I.

Mary. And I vow'd never to be such an afs, but to marry. What a cross fortune's this?

Pye. Ladies, though I be a fortune-teller, I cannot better fortunes; you have them from me as they are reveal'd to me: I would they were to your tempers, and fellows with your bloods; that's all the bitterness I would you.

Wid. O! 'tis a just vengeance for my husband's hard purchases.

Pye. I wish you to bethink yourselves, and leave them.

Wid. I'll to fir Godfrey, my brother, and acquaint him with these fearful presages.

Fran. For, mother, they portend losses to him.

Wid. O ay, they do, they do.

If any happy issue crown thy words,
I will reward thy cunning.

Pye. 'Tis enough, lady; I wish no higher.

[*Exeunt Widow and Frances.*]

Mary. Dumb? and not marry? worse:

Neither to speak, nor kifs; a double curse. [*Exit.*]

Pye. So, all this comes well about yet. I play the fortune-teller as well as if I had had a witch to my grannam: for by good happiness, being in my hostess's garden, which neighbours the orchard of the widow, I laid the hole of mine ear to a hole in the wall, and heard them make these vows, and speak those words, upon which I wrought these advantages; and to encourage my forgery the more, I may now perceive in them a natural simplicity which will easily swallow an abuse, if any covering be over it: and to confirm my former presage to the widow, I have advis'd old Peter Skirmish, the soldier^s, to hurt

^s — *I have advis'd old Peter Skirmish, the soldier, &c.*] Here is an odd agreement between a few circumstances in the present scene,

hurt corporal Oath upon the leg; and in that hurry I'll rush amongst them, and instead of giving the corporal some cordial to comfort him, I'll pour into his mouth a potion of a sleepy nature, to make him seem as dead; for the which the old soldier being apprehended, and ready to be borne to execution, I'll step in, and take upon me the cure of the dead man, upon pain of dying the condemned's death. The corporal will wake at his minute, when the sleepy force hath wrought itself⁶; and so shall I get myself into a most admir'd opinion, and, under the pretext of that cunning, beguile as I see occasion. And if that foolish Nicholas St. Antlings keep true time with the chain, my plot will be found, the captain deliver'd, and my wits applauded amongst scholars and soldiers for ever. [Exit.

S C E N E. II.

A Garden.

Enter Nicholas.

Nich. O, I have found an excellent advantage to take away the chain. My master put it off e'en now,

scene, and a few others in the last act of *Othello*. I shall only point them out, without any attempt to account for them. *Pyeboard* (Iago) advises *Skirmish* (Roderigo) to wound *Oath* (Cassio). In the confusion occasioned by this attempt, *Pyeboard* (Iago again) rushes among them, and instead of giving *Oath* (Cassio again) assistance, prepares somewhat to make him seem dead. Thus Iago wounds Cassio. The cut too is given on the leg; and *Pyeboard* takes on him the cure, as Iago comes out and proffers to bind up Cassio's wound. Query, which of these pieces was the elder?

STEEVENS.

⁶ — I'll pour into his mouth a potion of a sleepy nature, to make him seem as dead — the corporal will wake at his minute, when the sleepy force has wrought itself; —] We have here the stratagem which the Friar practises on *Juliet*. STEEVENS.

to 'lay on a new doublet' ; and I sneak'd it away by little and little, most puritanically. We shall have good sport anon, when he has miss'd it, about my cousin the conjurer. The world shall see I'm an honest man of my word ; for now I'm going to hang it between heaven and earth, among the rosemary-branches. [Exit.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The Street before the Widow's house.

Enter Simon and Frailty.

Frail. Sirrah, Simon St. Mary-Overies, my mistress sends away all her suitors, and puts fleas in their ears.

Sim. Frailty, she does like an honest, chaste, and virtuous woman ; for widows ought not to wallow in the puddle of iniquity.

Frail. Yet, Simon, many widows will do't, whatso comes on't.

Sim. True, Frailty ; their filthy flesh desires a conjunction copulative. What strangers are within, Frailty ?

Frail. There's none, Simon, but master Pilfer the Taylor : he's above with sir Godfrey, 'praising of a doublet' : and I must trudge anon to fetch master Suds the barber.

Sim. Master Suds :—a good man ; he washes the fins of the beard clean.

' — to 'lay on a new doublet,] That is, to *essay* or try it on.

MALONE.

' — 'praising of a doublet :—] Appretiating, estimating the price of a doublet ; delivering the items of his charge. MALONE.

Enter

Enter Skirmish.

Skir. How now, creatures? what's o'clock?

Frail. Why, do you take us to be Jacks o'the clock house?

Skir. I say again to you, what is't o'clock?

Sim. Truly la, we go by the clock of our conscience. All worldly clocks we know go false, and are set by drunken sextons.

Skir. Then what is't o'clock in your conscience? —O, I must break off; here comes the corporal.

Enter Oath.

Hum, hum: what is't o'clock?

Oath. O'clock? why past seventeen.

Frail. Past seventeen! Nay, he has met with his match now; corporal Oath will fit him.

Skir. Thou dost not balk or baffle me, dost thou? I am a soldier. Past seventeen!

Oath. Ay, thou art not angry with the figures, art thou? I will prove it unto thee: twelve and one is thirteen, I hope; two fourteen, three fifteen, four sixteen, and five seventeen; then past seventeen: I will take the dial's part in a just cause.

Skir. I say 'tis but past five then.

Oath. I'll swear 'tis past seventeen then. Dost thou not know numbers? Can't thou not cast?

Skir. Cast? dost thou speak of my casting i'the street?

[They draw and fight.

² *Why do you take us to be Jacks o' the clock-house?*] Figures formerly placed in the great clocks of churches, which by mechanism struck the hours. At St. Dunstan's church in London, two of these *Jacks of the clock-house* may yet be seen. MALONE. See notes on *K. Richard III.* last edit. vol. vii. p. 119.

STEVENS.

¹ — *dost thou speak of my casting in the street?*] There is a play on the word *cast*, which formerly signified to vomit as well as to throw or to reckon. See *Macbeth*, vol. iv. last edit. p. 509.

MALONE.

Oath.

Oath. Ay, and in the market-place.

Sim. Clubs, clubs, clubs². [*Simon runs away.*]

Frail. Ay, I knew by their shuffling, clubs would be trump. Mass here's the knave, an he can do any good upon them: Clubs, clubs, clubs. [*Exit.*]

Enter Pyeboard.

Oath. O villain, thou hast open'd a vein in my leg.

Pye. How now? for shame, for shame, put up, put up.

Oath. By yon blue welkin³, 'twas out of my part, George, to be hurt on the leg.

Enter Officers.

Pye. O, peace now: I have a cordial here to comfort thee.

Offi. Down with 'em, down with 'em; lay hands upon the villain.

Skir. Lay hands on me?

Pye. I'll not be seen among them now.

[*Exit Pyeboard.*]

Oath. I'm hurt, and had more need have surgeons lay hands upon me, than rough officers.

Offi. Go, carry him to be dress'd then: this mutinous soldier shall along with me to prison.

[*Exeunt some of the Sheriff's Officers with Corporal Oath.*]

Skir. To prison? Where's George?

Offi. Away with him. [*Exeunt Officers with Skirmish.*]

² Clubs, clubs, clubs.] From our old plays it appears that it was customary on the first appearance of a broil or riot to cry out clubs; I suppose, to part the combatants. So in *As You Like It*:

"Clubs cannot part them." MALONE.

³ — blue welkin, —] i. e. sky. See note on the *Winter's Tale*, last edit. vol. iv. p. 300. STEEVENS.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*The same.**Re-enter Pyeboard.**Pye.* So,

All lights as I would wish. The amaz'd widow
 Will plant me strongly now in her belief,
 And wonder at the virtue of my words :
 For the event turns those presages from them
 Of being mad and dumb, and begets joy
 Mingled with admiration. These empty creatures,
 Soldier and corporal, were but ordain'd
 As instruments for me to work upon.
 Now to my patient ; here's his potion.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

*An apartment in the Widow's house.**Enter Widow, Frances, and Mary.*

Wid. O wondrous happiness, beyond our thoughts!
 O lucky fair event ! I think our fortunes
 Were blest even in our cradles. We are quitted
 Of all those shameful violent presages
 By this rash bleeding chance⁴. Go, Frailty, run,
 and know
 Whether he be yet living, or yet dead,
 That here before my door receiv'd his hurt.

Frail. Madam, he was carried to the superior⁵ ;⁴ — *bleeding chance.*—] So in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ The wounded chance of Antony.” STEVENS.

⁵ *Madam, he was carried to the superior ;*—] I suppose the superior was the pastor or spiritual director of these sectaries. The term belongs originally to the Romish church. MALONE.*Frailty* is not designed for a male *Slipshod*, but perhaps meant to say a *surgeon*, though the carelessness of the printer may have defeated his intention. STEVENS.

but

but if he had no money when he came there, I warrant he's dead by this time. [Exit Frailty.]

Fran. Sure that man is a rare fortune-teller; never look'd upon our hands, nor upon any mark about us: a wondrous fellow surely!

Mary. I am glad I have the use of my tongue yet, though of nothing else. I shall find the way to marry too, I hope, shortly.

Wid. O where's my brother fir Godfrey? I would he were here, that I might relate to him how prophetically the cunning gentleman spoke in all things.

Enter Sir Godfrey.

Sir God. O my chain, my chain! I have lost my chain. Where be these villains, varlets?

Wid. O, he has lost his chain.

Sir God. My chain, my chain!

Wid. Brother, be patient; hear me speak. You know I told you that a cunning-man told me that you should have a loss, and he has prophecy'd so true—

Sir God. Out! he's a villain to prophecy of the loss of my chain. 'Twas worth above three hundred crowns. Besides 'twas my father's, my father's father's, my grandfather's huge grandfather's⁶: I had as lief have lost my neck, as the chain that hung about it. O my chain, my chain!

Wid. O, brother, who can be guarded against a misfortune? 'Tis happy 'twas no more.

Sir God. No more! O goodly godly sister, would you had me lost more? my best gown too, with the cloth of gold-lace? my holiday gaskins⁷, and my jerkin set with pearl? No more!

⁶ — huge grandfather's; — } i. e. great grandfather's. PERCY.

⁷ — my holiday gaskins, — } Gaskins are breeches.

MALONE.

Wid.

Wid. O brother, you can read—

Sir God. But I cannot read where my chain is. What strangers have been here? You let in strangers, thieves, and catch-poles. How comes it gone? There was none above with me but my taylor; and my taylor will not steal, I hope.

Mary. No; he's afraid of a chain.

Enter Frailty.

Wid. How now, firrah? the news?

Frail. O, mistress, he may well he call'd a corporal now, for his corpse is as dead as a cold capon's.

Wid. More happiness.

Sir God. Sirrah, what's this to my chain? Where's my chain, knave?

Frail. Your chain, fir?

Sir God. My chain is lost, villain.

Frail. I would he were hang'd in chains that has it then for me. Alas, fir, I saw none of your chain, since you were hung with it yourself.

Sir God. Out varlet! it had full three thousand links⁸;

I have oft told it over at my prayers⁹;

Over and over: full three thousand links.

Frail. Had it so, fir! Sure it cannot be lost then; I'll put you in that comfort.

⁸ *Out varlet! it had full three thousand links;*] The author perhaps had Shylock in his thoughts. — “Why there, there, there; there! A diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort.”—Again: “*Out upon her!* thou torturest me, Tubal; it was my turquoise, &c.” MALONE.

⁹ *I have oft told it over at my prayers;*] The poet seems here to have made his puritan a papist. Perhaps, however, he only meant to insinuate that sir Godfrey's thoughts, while he was saying his prayers with pretended devotion, were employed not upon heaven, but in estimating the value of his chain.

MALONE.

Sir God. Why? why?

Frail. Why, if your chain had so many links, it cannot choose but come to light¹.

Enter Nicholas.

Sir God. Delusion! Now, long Nicholas, where is my chain?

Nich. Why about your neck, is't not, sir?

Sir God. About my neck, varlet? My chain is lost; 'tis stolen away; I'm robb'd.

Wid. Nay, brother, show yourself a man.

Nich. Ay, if it be lost or stole, if he would be patient, mistress, I could bring him to a cunning kinsman of mine that would fetch it again with a *sefarara*².

Sir God. Canst thou? I will be patient: say, where dwells he?

Nich. Marry he dwells now, sir, where he would not dwell an he could choose; in the Marshalsea, sir. But he's an excellent fellow if he were out; has travell'd all the world over he, and been in the seven and twenty provinces³: why, he would make it be fetch'd, sir, if it were rid a thousand mile out of town.

Sir God. An admirable fellow! What lies he for?

Nich. Why, he did but rob a steward of ten groats

¹ *Why, if your chain had so many links, it cannot choose but come to light.*] Shakespeare has been censured for his frequent play upon words. But it was the vice not of the poet but the age. From the present and many other passages in our old comedies we find that no dramattick writer could resist a quibble when it lay in his way.—A link is a torch. MALONE.

² — a *sefarara*.] A corruption of the writ of *certiorari*.

STEEVENS.

³ — and been in the seven and twenty provinces:] A misnomer for the seventeen provinces in the Low Countries, which were then the objects of general attention on account of their long war with Spain. PERCY.

t'other

t'other night, as any man would ha' done, and there he lies for't.

Sir God. I'll make his peace. A trifle ! I'll get his pardon,
 Besides a bountiful reward. I'll about it.
 But see the clerks, the Justice will do much.
 I will about it straight. Good sifter pardon me ;
 All will be well I hope, and turn to good :
 The name of conjurer has laid my blood. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A street.

Enter Puttock, Ravenshaw⁴, and Dogson.

Put. His hostefs where he lies will trust him no longer. She hath feed me to arrest him ; and if you will accompany me, because I know not of what nature the scholar is, whether desperate or swift, you shall share with me, serjeant Ravenshaw. I have the good angel to arrest him *.

Rav. Troth I'll take part with thee then, serjeant ; not for the sake of the money so much, as for the hate I bear to a scholar. Why, serjeant, 'tis natural in us you know to hate scholars⁵,—natural ; besides, they will publish † our imperfections, knaveries, and conveyances, upon scaffolds and stages.

Put. Ay, and spitefully too. Troth I have wonder'd how the slaves could see into our breasts so much, when our doublets are button'd with pewter.

⁴ — Puttock, Ravenshaw,—] A *puttock* is a buzzard. A *raven-shaw* is a thicket where ravens assemble and build. *Pyeboard*, like *Falstaff*, is to be arrested at the suit of his *hostefs*, by *bailiffs* who may be meant for copies of *Pbang* and *Suare* in the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

* *I have the good angel to arrest him.*] He means the coin so called. MALONE.

⁵ — 'tis natural in us, you know, to hate scholars ;—] See *King Henry VI.* last edit. vol. vi. p. 402. note 3. STEEVENS.

† — besides, they will publish—] I suspect the author wrote *be-cause*. MALONE.

Rav. Ay, and so close without yielding. O, they're parlous fellows; they will search more with their wits, than a constable with his officers.

Put. Whist, whist, whist ⁶. Yeoman Dogson, yeoman Dogson.

Dog. Ha! what says serjeant?

Put. Is he in the 'pothecary's shop still?

Dog. Ay, ay.

Put. Have an eye, have an eye.

Rav. The best is, serjeant, if he be a true scholar, he wears no weapon, I think.

Put. No, no, he wears no weapon.

Rav. 'Mafs, I am glad of that: it has put me in better heart. Nay, if I clutch him once ⁷, let me alone to drag him, if he be stiff-necked. I have been one of the six myself, that has dragg'd as tall men of their hands ⁸, when their weapons have been gone, as ever baffinado'd a serjeant. I have done I can tell you.

Dog. Serjeant Puttock, serjeant Puttock.

Put. Ho.

Dog. He's coming out single.

Put. Peace, peace, be not too greedy; let him play a little, let him play a little; we'll jerk him up of a sudden: I ha' fish'd in my time.

Rav. Ay, and caught many a fool, serjeant.

⁶ Whist, whist,—] *Whist* was the old interjection of silence; whence the game of *whist*. Hence was anciently formed a verb, which was applied both by lord Surrey and Phaer in their respective translations of the Second Book of Virgil's *Æneid*, to render into English the first line, *Conticuere omnes*;—scil. They *whistled* all. In one edition of Phaer, by a comical blunder of the printer, these words are corrupted into—They *whistled* all. PERCY.

⁷ — if I clutch him once,—] So in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Phang says—“An I but *fish* him once; an he come but within my vice.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — that has dragg'd as tall men of their hands,—] As stout fellows. MALONE.

See note on the *Winter's Tale*, last edit. vol. iv. p. 430.

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Pyeboard.

Pye. I parted now from Nicholas: the chain's couch'd,
And the old knight has spent his rage upon't.
The widow holds me in great admiration
For cunning art: 'mongst joys, I'm even lost,
For my device can no way now be cross'd:
And now I must to prison to the captain,
And there—

Put. I arrest you, sir.

Pye. Oh—I spoke truer than I was aware; I must to prison indeed.

Put. They say you're a scholar.—Nay sir—yeoman Dogson, have care to his arms.—You'll rail against serjeants, and stage 'em? You'll tickle their vices?

Pye. Nay, use me like a gentleman; I'm little less.

Put. You a gentleman! that's a good jest i'faith. Can a scholar be a gentleman, when a gentleman will not be a scholar? Look upon your wealthy citizens' sons, whether they be scholars or no, that are gentlemen by their fathers' trades. A scholar a gentleman!

Pye. Nay, let fortune drive all her stings into me, she cannot hurt that in me. A gentleman is *accidens inseparabile* to my blood?

Rav. A rablement! nay, you shall have a bloody rablement upon you, I warrant you.

Put. Go, yeoman Dogson, before, and enter the action i'the Counter. [Exit Dogson.

Pye. Pray do not handle me cruelly; I'll go whither you please to have me.

Put. Oh, he's tame; let him loose, serjeant.

Pye. Pray, at whose suit is this?

* *A gentleman is accidens inseparabile* —] Here is another shred of scholastick literature. MALONE.

Put. Why, at your hostess's suit where you lye, mistress Conyburrow, for bed and board; the sum four pound five shillings and five pence.

Pye. I know the sum too true; yet I presum'd Upon a farther day. Well, 'tis my stars, And I must bear it now, though never harder. I swear now my device is cross'd indeed * : Captain must lye by't : this is deceit's seed.

Put. Come, come away.

Pye. Pray give me so much time as to knit my garter, and I'll away with you.

Put. Well, we must be paid for this waiting upon you; this is no pains to attend thus.

[*Pyeboard pretends to tie his garter.*

Pye. I am now wretched and miserable; I shall ne'er recover of this disease. Hot iron gnaw their fists! They have struck a fever into my shoulder, which I shall ne'er shake out again, I fear me, 'till with a true *habeas corpus* the sexton remove me. O, if I take prison once¹, I shall be press'd to death with actions; but not so happy as speedily: perhaps I may be forty years a pressing, till I be a thin old man; that looking through the grates, men may look through me. All my means is confounded. What shall I do? Have my wits served me so long, and now give me the slip (like a train'd servant) when I have most need of them? No device to keep my poor carcase from these puttocks²?—Yes, happiness: have I a paper about me now? Yes, two: I'll try it, it may hit; *Extremity is the touchstone unto wit.* Ay, ay.

Put. 'Sfoot, how many yards are in thy garters, that thou art so long a tying of them? Come away, fir.

* I swear now my device is cross'd indeed:] I suspect the author wrote—I fear. MALONE.

¹ — if I take prison once,—] This phrase seems borrowed from the sports of the field. The fox is said to take earth. MALONE.

² — to keep my poor carcase from these puttocks?] The puttock is a bird of prey. MALONE.

Pye. 'Troth serjeant, I protest, you could never have took me at a worse time ; for now at this instant I have no lawful picture about me³.

Put. 'Slid, how shall we come by our fees then ?

Rav. We must have fees, firrah.

Pye. I could have wish'd, i'faith, that you had took me half an hour hence for your own sake ; for I protest, if you had not cross'd me, I was going in great joy to receive five pound of a gentleman, for the device of a mask here, drawn in this paper. But now, come, I must be contented ; 'tis but so much lost, and answerable to the rest of my fortunes.

Put. Why, how far hence dwells that gentleman ?

Rav. Ay, well said, serjeant ; 'tis good to cast about for money.

Put. Speak ; if it be not far—

Pye. We are but a little past it ; the next street behind us.

Put. 'Slid, we have waited upon you grievously already. If you'll say you'll be liberal when you have it, give us double fees, and spend upon us, why we'll show you that kindness, and go along with you to the gentleman.

Rav. Ay, well said ; still, serjeant, urge that.

Pye. 'Troth if it will suffice, it shall be all among you ; for my part I'll not pocket a penny : my hostess shall have her four pound five shillings, and bate me the five pence ; and the other fifteen shillings I'll spend upon you.

Rav. Why, now thou art a good scholar.

Put. An excellent scholar i'faith ; has proceeded very well a-late. Come, we'll along with you.

[*Exeunt Puttock, Ravensbaro, and Pyeboard, who knocks at the door of a gentleman's house at the inside of the stage.*]

³ — no lawful picture about me.] Money is still called king's pictures, in low language. STERVENS.

SCENE V.

A gallery in a gentleman's house.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Who knocks? Who's at door? We had need of a porter. [*Opens the door.*]

Pye. [*Within.*] A few friends here. Pray is the gentleman your master within?

Ser. Yes; is your business to him?

[*Servant opens the door.*]

Enter Pyeboard, Puttock, Ravenshaw, and Dogson.

Pye. Ay, he knows it, when he sees me: I pray you, have you forgot me?

Ser. Ay by my troth, sir; pray come near; I'll in and tell him of you. Please you to walk here in the gallery till he comes. [*Exit Servant.*]

Pye. We will attend his worship. Worship, I think; for so much the posts at his door should signify⁴, and the fair coming-in, and the wicket; else I neither knew him nor his worship: but 'tis happiness he is within doors, whatsoever he be. If he be not too much a formal citizen, he may do me good. [*Aside.*]—Serjeant and yeoman, how do you like this house? Is't not most wholesomely plotted⁵?

Rav. 'Troth, prisoner, an exceeding fine house.

⁴ *Worship, I think; for so much the posts at the door should signify.*—] Justices of peace and sheriffs, in the time of queen Elizabeth, had two posts placed before their door. MALONE.

See note on *Twelfth Night*, last edit. vol. iv. p. 175.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *Is't not most wholesomely plotted?*] i. e. Is not the ground-plot of this house laid in a most wholesome situation?

PARCY.

Pye. Yet I wonder how he should forget me,—for he never knew me. [*Aside.*] No matter; what is forgot in you, will be remember'd in your master⁶. A pretty comfortable room this, methinks: you have no such rooms in prison now?

Put. O, dog-holes to't.

Pye. Dog-holes, indeed. I can tell you, I have great hope to have my chamber here shortly, nay, and diet too; for he's the most free-heartedst gentleman, where he takes: you would little think it. And what a fine gallery were here for me to walk and study and make verses?

Put. O, it stands very pleasantly for a scholar.

Enter Gentleman.

Pye. Look what maps, and pictures, and devices, and things, neatly, delicately⁷—Mafs here he comes; he should be a gentleman; I like his beard well.—All happiness to your worship.

Gent. You're kindly welcome, fir.

Put. A simple salutation.

Rav. Mafs, it seems the gentleman makes great account of him.

Pye. I have the thing here for you, fir.— [*Takes the gentleman apart.*] I beseech you, conceal me, fir; I'm undone else. [*Aside.*] I have the mask here for you, fir; look you, fir. I beseech your worship, first pardon my rudeness, for my extremes make me bolder than I would be. I am a poor gentleman, and

⁶ *No matter; what is forgot in you, will be remember'd in your master.*] The sense seems rather to require—what is forgot in *him* [i. e. the servant] will be remembered in *his* master.—The servant having retired to apprise his master of a visitor, Pyeboard throws this out in order to account to the bailiffs for the former's not knowing him. MALONE.

⁷ — neatly, delicately —] Perhaps the author wrote—neatly delineated. MALONE.

The author meant an imperfect sentence. The arrival of the gentleman interrupts Pyeboard before he could conclude the observation he had begun. STEEVENS.

a scholar, and now most unfortunately fallen into the fangs of unmerciful officers; arrested for debt, which though small, I am not able to compass, by reason I am destitute of lands, money, and friends; so that if I fall into the hungry swallow of the prison, I am like utterly to perish, and with fees and extortions be pinch'd clean to the bone. Now, if ever pity had interest in the blood of a gentleman, I beseech you vouchsafe but to favour that means of my escape, which I have already thought upon.

Gent. Go forward.

Put. I warrant he likes it rarely.

Pye. In the plunge of my extremities, being giddy, and doubtful what to do, at last it was put into my labouring thoughts, to make a happy use of this paper; and to blear their unletter'd eyes, I told them there was a device for a mask drawn in't, and that (but for their interception) I was going to a gentleman to receive my reward for't. They, greedy at this word, and hoping to make purchase of me^s, offer'd their attendance to go along with me. My hap was to make bold with your door, fir, which my thoughts show'd me the most fairest and comfortablest entrance; and I hope I have happened right upon understanding and pity. May it please your good worship then, but to uphold my device, which is to let one of your men put me out at a back-door, and I shall be bound to your worship for ever.

Gent. By my troth, an excellent device.

Put. An excellent device, he says; he likes it wonderfully.

Gent. O' my faith, I never heard a better.

Rav. Hark, he swears he never heard a better, serjeant.

^s — and hoping to make purchase of me,—] Hoping to plunder me. In the cant language of former times whatever was obtained by thieving or robbery was called a *purchase*. The term is often used in the two parts of *K. Henry IV.* MALONE.

Put.

Put. O, there's no talk on't⁹; he's an excellent scholar, and especially for a mask¹.

Gent. Give me your paper, your device; I was never better pleas'd in all my life: good wit, brave wit, finely wrought! Come in, fir, and receive your money, fir. [Exit.

Pye. I'll follow your good worship.—You heard how he lik'd it now?

Put. Puh, we know he could not choose but like it. Go thy ways; thou art a witty fine fellow i'faith: thou shalt discourse it to us at the tavern anon; wilt thou?

Pye. Ay, ay, that I will. Look, serjeant, here are maps, and pretty toys: be doing in the mean time; I shall quickly have told out the money, you know.

Put. Go, go, little villain; fetch thy chink; I begin to love thee: I'll be drunk to night in thy company.

⁹ O, there's no talk on't;] Perhaps we should read—O, there's no doubt on't. *There's no talk of it* may however mean—the matter is clear; it can't be doubted or denied. MALONE.

¹—he's an excellent scholar, and especially for a mask.] The hint for this scene was taken from *The Merrie conceited Jestis of George Peele, Gentleman, sometimes a Student in Oxford, &c.* bl. l. 1607, p. 7: "At that time (says the author) he had the oversight of the *Pageants*." He escaped from one of his creditors by the same stratagem that is here practis'd by *George Fyeboard*, whose character might have been designed for that of *George Peele*.

A circumstance that adds no inconsiderable weight to my conjecture is, that a *pye-board* (i. e. a board on which bakers carry their *pyes* to the oven) is still called a *peel*. The word is derived from *paelle*, Fr. "instrument de patissier." See Cotgrave under both *peel*, *paelle*, &c. &c. Our former derivation therefore of the scholar's name, (see p. 542.) is almost certainly erroneous; and at the same time it is highly probable that the comedy of the *Puritan* was written while the idea of *Peele*, who died about 1597, was recent in the memory of our ancient audiences.

George Peele was author of *the Arraignment of Paris*, 1584,—*King David and fair Bethsabe*,—*King Edward I.*—*Hyren the faire Græke*, &c; but if the pamphlet already mentioned is to be credited, he was more of a sharper than a wit. STEVENS.

Pye.

Pye. This gentleman I well may call a part
Of my salvation in these earthly evils,
For he has sav'd me from three hungry devils.

[*Exit Pyeboard.*

Put. Sirrah serjeant, these maps are pretty painted things, but I could ne'er fancy them yet : methinks they're too busy, and full of circles and conjurations. They say all the world's in one of them ; but I could ne'er find the Counter in the Poultry ².

Rav. I think so : how could you find it ? for you know it stands behind the houses.

Dog. Mafs, that's true ; then we must look o'the back-side for't. 'Sfoot here's nothing ; all's bare.

Rav. I warrant thee, that stands for the Counter ; for you know there's a company of bare fellows there.

Put. 'Faith like enough, serjeant ; I never mark'd so much before. Sirrah serjeant, and yeoman, I should love these maps out o' cry now ³, if we could see men peep out of door in 'em. O, we might have 'em in a morning to our breakfast so finely, and ne'er knock our heels to the ground a whole day for 'em.

Rav. Ay marry fir, I'd buy one then myself. But this talk is by the way.—Where shall us sup to-night ? Five pound receiv'd—let's talk of that. I have a trick worth all. You two shall bear him to the tavern, whilst I go close with his hostess, and work out of her. I know she would be glad of the sum, to finger money, because she knows 'tis but a desperate debt, and full of hazard. What will you say, if I bring it to pass that the hostess shall be contented with one half for all, and we to share t'other fifty shillings, bullies ?

Put. Why, I would call thee king of serjeants, and

² — but I could ne'er find the Counter in the Poultry.] The prison so called. MALONE.

— out o' cry now,] i. e. as Shakspeare expresses it in *As You Like it*, “out of all whooping.” STEVENS.

thou should'st be chronicled in the Counter-book for ever.

Rav. Well, put it to me ; we'll make a night on't, i'faith.

Dog. 'Sfoot, I think he receives more money, he stays so long.

Put. He tarries long indeed. May be I can tell you, upon the good liking on't, the gentleman may prove more bountiful.

Rav. That would be rare ; we'll search him.

Put. Nay, be sure of it, we'll search him, and make him light enough.

Enter Gentleman.

Rav. O, here comes the gentleman. By your leave, fir.

Gent. God you good den, firs ⁴. Would you speak with' me ?

Put. No, not with your worship, fir ; only we are bold to stay for a friend of our's that went in with your worship.

Gent. Who ? not the scholar ?

Put. Yes, e'en he, an it please your worship.

Gent. Did he make you stay for him ? He did you wrong then : why, I can assure you he's gone above an hour ago ⁵.

Rav. How, fir ?

Gent. I paid him his money, and my man told me he went out at back-door.

Put. Back-door ?

⁴ *God you good den, fir.*—] God give you a good e'en or even.

MALONE.

See note on *Timon of Athens*, last edit. vol. viii. p. 356.

STEEVENS.

⁵ — *he's gone above an hour ago.*] The poet ought rather to have written "above a quarter of an hour ago ;" which is the utmost that by any stretch of the imagination can be supposed to have elapsed since Pyeboard retired. MALONE.

Gent.

Gent. Why, what's the matter ?

Put. He was our prisoner, fir ; we did arrest him.

Gent. What ! he was not ?—You the sheriff's officers ! You were to blame then. Why did not you make known to me as much ? I could have kept him for you. I protest, he receiv'd all of me in Britain gold of the last coining⁶.

Rav. Vengeance dog him with't !

Put. 'Sfoot, has he gull'd us so ?

Dog. Where shall we sup now, serjeants ?

Put. Sup, Simon, now ? ! eat porridge for a month.—Well, we cannot impute it to any lack of good will in your worship. You did but as another would have done. 'Twas our hard fortunes to miss the purchase ;—but if e'er we clutch him again, the Counter shall charm him.

Rav. The Hole shall rot him⁷.

Dog. Amen.

[*Exeunt Serjeants.*]

⁶ *I protest, he receiv'd of me all in Britain gold of the last coining.*] “ On the 16th of November, 1604, (says Stowe, *Annals*, p. 856, edit. 1631.) was proclaimed at London certain new pieces of coine both of gold and silver, with the true valuation and weights of them, according to the mint of both nations, English and Scottish.” MALONE.

⁷ *Sup, Simon, now !*] This alludes to the character of “ *Simon of Southampton, alias Sup-broth,*” whom we read of in *Thomas of Reading, or the sixe worthie Yeomen of the West. Now the sixth time corrected and enlarged by T. D.* (i. e. Thomas Decker) 1632. STEEVENS.

⁸ *The Hole shall rot him.*] *The Hole* was one of the meanest apartments in the Counter prison. See *The Walks of Hogsdon, with the Humours of Woodstreet Compter*, a comedy, 1657 :

“ Next from the stocks. *the Hole*, and Little-case,

“ Sad places, which kind nature do displeas,

“ And from the rattling of the keeper's keys,

Libera nos, Domine.”

“ If a man must be in a prison (says Suckling) 'tis better to lie in a private room, than in *the Hole.*” MALONE.

So in the *Counter-rat*, a poem, 1658 :

“ In Woodstreet's hole, or Poultry's hell.” STEEVENS.

Gen.

Gent. So ;

Vex out your lungs without doors. I am proud
 It was my hap to help him. It fell fit ;
 He went not empty neither for his wit.
 Alas, poor wretch, I could not blame his brain,
 To labour his delivery, to be free
 From their un pitying fangs. I'm glad it stood
 Within my power to do a scholar good. [Exit.]

S C E N E VI.

A room in the Marshalsea prison.

Enter Idle ; to him Pyeboard.

Idle. How now ! Who's that ? What are you ?

Pye. The same that I should be, captain.

Idle. George Pyeboard ? Honest George ? Why
 can'tt thou in half-fac'd, muffled so ?

Pye. O captain, I thought we should ne'er have
 laugh'd again, never spent frolick hour again.

Idle. Why ? Why ?

Pye. I coming to prepare thee, and with news
 As happy as thy quick delivery,
 Was trac'd out by the scent ; arrested, captain.

Idle. Arrested, George ?

Pye. Arrested. Guess, guess,—how many dogs
 do you think I had upon me ?

Idle. Dogs ? I say, I know not.

Pye. Almost as many as George Stone, the bear^o ;
 three at once, three at once.

^o *Almost as many as George Stone, the bear :*] George Stone was a noted bear exhibited at Paris Garden ; so called from the name of his owner. Thus in *the Silent Woman*, by B. Jonson, 1605 :—“ and then out of the banqueting house window, when Ned Whiting and George Stone were at the stake.”—*Sacarson*, the bear mentioned in *the Merry Wives of Windsor*, probably likewise bore the name of his keeper. MALONE.

See note on *the Merry Wives of Windsor*, last edit. vol. i. p. 237.
 STEEVENS.

Idle.

Idle. How didst thou shake them off then?

• *Pye.* The time is busy, and calls upon our wits.
Let it suffice,

Here I stand safe, and scap'd by miracle :

Some other hour shall tell thee, when we'll sleep

Our eyes in laughter. Captain, my device

Leans to thy happiness ; for ere the day

Be spent to the girdle¹, thou shalt be free.

The corporal's in's first sleep ; the chain is miss'd ;

Thy kinsman has express'd thee² ; and the old knight

With palsy hams, now labours thy release.

What rests, is all in thee ;—to conjure, captain.

Idle. Conjure? 'Sfoot, George, you know, the devil a conjuring I can conjure.

Pye. The devil a conjuring? Nay, by my fay, I'd not have thee do so much, captain, as the devil a conjuring. Look here ; I have brought thee a circle ready character'd and all.

Idle. 'Sfoot, George, art in thy right wits? Dost know what thou say'st? Why dost talk to a captain of conjuring? Didst thou ever hear of a Captain Conjure in thy life? Dost call't a circle? 'Tis too wide a thing, methinks ; had it been a lesser circle, then I knew what to have done.

Pye. Why every fool knows that, captain. Nay then I'll not cog with you, captain : if you'll stay and hang the next sessions, you may.

¹ *Ere the day be spent to the girdle,—*] That is, before *mid-day* or noon. NICHOLS.

So in *Hamlet* :

“ In the dead *waist* and middle of the night.”

Again, in another old play :

“ 'Tis now about th' *immodest waist* of night.”

STEEVENS.

² *Thy kinsman has express'd thee ;—*] I suppose he means—*has drawn thee out.* A Latinism purposely put into the mouth of the scholar. MALONE.

Has express'd thee, signifies, *has said that for you which you would have said for yourself ;* i. e. *has express'd your meaning.* STEEVENS

Idle.

Idle. No, by my faith, George. Come, come; let's to conjuring.

Pye. But if you look to be released, (as my wits have took pain to work it, and all means wrought to further it,) besides, to put crowns in your purse, to make you a man of better hopes; and whereas before you were a captain or poor soldier *, to make you now a commander of rich fools, which is truly the only best purchase peace can allow you, safer than highways, heath, or cony-groves, and yet a far better booty; for your greatest thieves are never hang'd, never hang'd: for why? they're wise, and cheat within doors; and we geld fools of more money³ in one night, than your false-tail'd gelding⁴ will purchase in twelvemonths' running; which confirms the old beldam's saying, *He's wisest, that keeps himself warmest*; that is, he that robs by a good fire.

Idle. Well opened i'faith, George; thou hast pull'd that saying out of the husk.

Pye. Captain Idle, 'tis no time now to delude or delay. The old knight will be here suddenly; I'll perfect you, direct you, tell you the trick on't: 'tis nothing.

Idle. 'Sfoot, George, I know not what to say to't. Conjure? I shall be hang'd ere I conjure.

Pye. Nay, tell not me of that, captain; you'll ne'er conjure after you're hang'd, I warrant you. Look you, fir; a parlous matter, sure! First to spread

* — or *poor soldier*—] We should read I believe,—of poor soldiers. MALONE.

³ — and we geld fools of more money—] That is, *empty their purses*. So in *the Winter's Tale* Autolycus says—" 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse." MALONE.

⁴ — false-tail'd gelding—] i. e. a horse for a highwayman, with a false tail to take on and off. The arts of deceit have received few improvements from modern practitioners. I believe sir John Fielding and his coadjutors are acquainted with no kinds of fraud that were unknown to Robert Green, Thomas Decker, and other ancient writers on the subjects of Legerdemaine, Cozening, Cony-catching, &c. &c. STEEVENS.

your circle upon the ground, with a little conjuring ceremony, (as I'll have an hackney-man's wand silver'd o'er o'purpose for you;) then arriving in the circle, with a huge word, and a great trample—as for instance—have you never seen a stalking, stamping player, that will raise a tempest with his tongue, and thunder with his heels?*

Idle. O yes, yes, yes; often, often.

Pye. Why be like such a one. For any thing will blear the old knight's eyes; for you must note, that he'll ne'er dare to venture into the room; only perhaps peep fearfully through the key-hole, to see how the play goes forward.

Idle. Well, I may go about it when I will; but mark the end on't; I shall but shame myself i'faith, George. Speak big words, and stamp and stare, and be look in at key-hole! why the very thought of that would make me laugh outright, and spoil all. Nay I'll tell thee, George; when I apprehend a thing once, I am of such a laxative laughter, that if the devil himself stood by, I should laugh in his face.

* — a *stalking, stamping player, that will raise a tempest with his tongue, and thunder with his heels?*] We meet the same expression in *Hamlet*:—"In the very torrent, *tempest*, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance."—Again, in *K. Henry VIII*: "These are the youths that *thunder* at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples."

MALONE.

Shakespeare has frequent allusions to the violence of injudicious actors. So in *Hamlet* "—hear a robustious perriwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"——— a poor player

"That frets and struts his hour upon the stage."

Again, in ——

"A strutting player does think it rich

"To hear the wooden dialogue and sound,

"'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage."

STEVENS.

Pye.

Pye. Puh! that's but the babe of a man⁶, and may easily be hush'd;—as to think upon some disaster, some sad misfortune;—as the death of thy father i'the country.

Idle. 'Sfoot, that would be the more to drive me into such an ecstasy, that I should ne'er lin laughing⁷.

Pye. Why then think upon going to hanging.

Idle. Mafs that's well remembered: Now I'll do well, I warrant thee; ne'er fear me now. But how shall I do, George, for boisterous words and horrible names?

Pye. Puh! any fustian invocations, captain, will serve as well as the best, so you rant them out well: or you may go to a 'pothecary's shop, and take all the words from the boxes.

Idle. Troth, and you say true, George; there's strange words enough to raise a hundred quack-salvers, though they be ne'er so poor when they begin. But here lies the fear on't: how, if in this false conjuration a true devil should pop up indeed?

Pye. A true devil, captain? why there was ne'er such a one. Nay 'faith he that has this place, is as false a knave as our last church-warden.

Idle. Then he's false enough o' conscience, i'faith, George.

⁶ *Puh! that's but the babe of a man.*—] The author, I suppose, means to say that the devil, as well as infants, owe his existence to man;—that the former is the creature merely of the imagination, and may be stilled as easily as the latter. MALONE.

A similar phrase occurs in *Macbeth*:

“ If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me

“ The *baby of a girl.*”

Again,

“ — 'Tis the eye of *childhood*

“ That fears a painted *devil.*” STEVENS.

⁷ — *that I should ne'er lin laughing.*] That I should never leave off laughing. A provincial word. MALONE.

So in *Gamaliel Ratsley's Repentance*, a poem, 1605:

“ And all things did from wearie labour *linne.*” MALONE:

Prisoners cry within.] Good gentlemen over the way, send your relief: Good gentlemen over the way,—good, fir Godfrey!

Pye. He's come, he's come.

Enter Sir Godfrey, Edmond, and Nicholas.

Nich. Master, that's my kinsman yonder in the buff-jerkin. Kinsman, that's my master yonder i'the taffaty hat. Pray salute him entirely.

[Sir Godfrey and Idle salute, and Pyeboard salutes Edmond.]

Sir God. Now my friend.

[Sir Godfrey and Idle talk aside.]

Pye. May I partake your name, fir?

Edm. My name is master Edmond.

Pye. Master Edmond? Are you not a Welshman, fir?

Edm. A Welshman? why?

Pye. Because master is your Christian name, and Edmond your fir-name.

Edm. O no: I have more names at home: master Edmond Plus is my full name at length.

Pye. O, cry you mercy, fir.

Idle. *[Aside to Sir Godfrey.]* I understand that you are my kinsman's good master; and in regard of that, the best of my skill is at your service. But had you fortun'd a mere stranger, and made no means to me by acquaintance, I should have utterly denied to have been the man; both by reason of the act of parliament against conjurers and witches^s, as also, because
I would

^s — both by reason of the act pass'd in parliament against conjurers and witches, —] The act alluded to passed in the first year of James I. (1604). This passage therefore corroborates the various other circumstances that have been mentioned to show that the play before us was not written till after that period. There is a particular clause in this statute against all persons "taking upon them by witchcraft, &c. to tell or declare in what place any treasure of gold or silver should or might be found or had in the earth or other secret places." MALONE.

I would not have my art vulgar, trite, and common.

Sir God. I much commend your care there, good captain conjurer; and that I will be sure to have it private enough, you shall do't in my sifter's house; mine own house I may call it, for both our charges therein are proportion'd.

Idle. Very good, fir. What may I call your loss, fir?

Sir God. O you may call it a great loss, a grievous loss, fir; as goodly a chain of gold, though I say it, that wore it—How say'st thou, Nicholas?

Nich. O 'twas as delicious a chain of gold, kinsman, you know—

Sir God. You know? Did you know't, captain?

Idle. Trust a fool with secrets!—Sir, he may say, I know. His meaning is, because my art is such, that by it I may gather a knowledge of all things.

Sir God. Ay, very true.

Idle. A pox of all fools! The excuse stuck upon my tongue like ship-pitch upon a mariner's gown, not to come off in haste [*Aside*]. By'r lady, knight, to lose such a fair chain of gold, were a foul loss. Well, I can put you in this good comfort on't: if it be between heaven and earth, knight, I'll have it for you.

Sir God. A wonderful conjurer! O ay, 'tis between heaven and earth, I warrant you; it cannot go out of the realm: I know 'tis somewhere above the earth⁹;—

Idle. Ay, nigher the earth than thou wot'st on.

[*Aside.*

This would tend to prove the play had been written after our British Solomon was on the throne, if an act against forcery, &c. had not pass'd in a preceding reign. To discover lost or hidden treasures was one of the earliest pretences of our English magick.

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *I know 'tis somewhere above the earth.*] Thus the quarto. The folios and the modern editions read—*about* the earth,

MALONE.

Sir God. For first, my chain was rich, and no rich thing shall enter into heaven, you know.

Nich. And as for the devil, master, he has no need on't; for you know he has a great chain of his own.

Sir God. Thou say'st true, Nicholas, but he has put off that now; that lies by him.

Idle. Faith, knight, in few words, I presume so much upon the power of my art, that I could warrant your chain again.

Sir God. O dainty captain!

Idle. Marry, it will cost me much sweat; I were better go to sixteen hot-houses¹.

Sir God. Ay, good man, I warrant thee.

Idle. Beside great vexation of kidney and liver.

Nich. O, 'twill tickle you hereabouts, cousin; because you have not been us'd to't.

Sir God. No? have you not been us'd to't, captain?

Idle. Plague of all fools still! [*Aside*] Indeed, knight, I have not us'd it a good while, and therefore 'twill strain me so much the more, you know.

Sir God. O, it will, it will,

Idle. What plunges he puts me to? Were not this knight a fool, I had been twice spoil'd now. That captain's worse than accurs'd that has an ass to his kinsman. 'Sfoot, I fear he will drivel it out, before I come to't.—Now, sir, to come to the point indeed: You see I stick here in the jaw of the Marshalsea, and cannot do't.

Sir God. Tut, tut, I know thy meaning: thou would'st say thou'rt a prisoner: I tell thee thou'rt none.

Idle. How, none? why is not this the Marshalsea?

¹ — *hot-houses.*] i. e. brothels. Both Shakspeare and Jonson use the word, but I do not at present recollect where.

Sir God. Wilt hear me speak? I heard of thy rare conjuring;
My chain was lost; I sweat for thy release,
As thou shalt do the like at home for me:—
Keeper.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Sir.

Sir God. Speak, is not this man free?

Keep. Yes, at his pleasure, fir, the fees discharg'd.

Sir God. Go, go; I'll discharge them, I.

Keep. I thank your worship. [*Exit Keeper.*]

Idle. Now, trust me, you're a dear knight. Kindness unexpected! O, there's nothing to a free gentleman. I will conjure for you, fir, till froth come through my buff-jerkin.

Sir God. Nay, then thou shalt not pass with so little a bounty; for at the first sight of my chain again, forty fine angels shall appear unto thee.

Idle. 'Twill be a glorious show, i'faith, knight; a very fine show. But are all these of your own house? Are you sure of that, fir?

Sir God. Ay, ay;—no, no. What's he yonder talking with my wild nephew? Pray heaven he give him good counsel.

Idle. Who, he? He's a rare friend of mine, an admirable fellow, knight; the finest fortune-teller.

Sir God. O! 'tis he indeed, that came to my lady sister, and foretold the loss of my chain: I am not angry with him now, for I see 'twas my fortune to lose it. By your leave, master fortune-teller, I had a glimpse of you at home, at my sister's the widow's; there you prophecy'd of the loss of a chain: simply, though I stand here^a, I was he that lost it.

Pye. Was it you, fir?

^a — *simply, though I stand here,—*] So in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "He's a justice of peace in his country, *simple though I stand here.*" STEEVENS.

Edm. O' my troth, nuncle, he's the rarest fellow ; has told me my fortune so right ! I find it so right to my nature.

Sir God. What is't ! God send it a good one.

Edm. O, 'tis a passing good one, nuncle ; for he says I shall prove such an excellent gamester in my time, that I shall spend all faster than my father got it.

Sir God. There's a fortunè indeed.

Edm. Nay, it hits my humour so pat.

Sir God. Ay, that will be the end on't. Will the curse of the beggar prevail so much, that the son shall consume that foolishly which the father got craftily ? Ay, ay, ay ; 'twill, 'twill, 'twill.

Pye. Stay, stay, stay.

[*Opens an Almanack, and takes Idle aside.*]

Idle. Turn over, George.

Pye. June—July—Here, July ; that's this month ; Sunday thirteen, yesterday fourteen, to-day fifteen.

Idle. Look quickly for the fifteenth day. If within the compass of these two days there would be some boisterous storm or other, it would be the best ; I'd defer him off 'till then, Some tempest, an it be thy will.

Pye. Here's the fifteenth day. [*reads*] *Hot and fair* ¹.

Idle. Puh ! would it had been *hot and foul*.

Pye. The sixteenth day ; that's to-morrow : [*reads*] *The morning for the most part fair and pleasant—*

Idle. No luck.

Pye. *But about high-noon, lightning and thunder.*

Idle. Lightning and thunder ? admirable ! best of all ! I'll conjure to-morrow just at high-noon, George.

Pye. Happen but true to-morrow, almanack, and I'll give thee leave to lie all the year after.

¹ *Here's the fifteenth day.—Hot and fair. &c.]* When this play was written, even scholars and men of sense believed the astrological predictions of the Almanack. PEACE.

Idle. Sir, I must crave your patience, to bestow this day upon me, that I may furnish myself strongly. I sent a spirit into Lancashire t'other day, to fetch back a knave drover, and I look for his return this evening. To-morrow morning my friend here and I will come and breakfast with you.

Sir God. O, you shall be most welcome.

Idle. And about noon, without fail, I purpose to conjure.

Sir God. Mid-noon will be a fine time for you.

Edm. Conjuring? Do you mean to conjure at our house to-morrow, sir?

Idle. Marry do I, sir; 'tis my intent, young gentleman.

Edm. By my troth, I'll love you while I live for't. O rare! Nicholas, we shall have conjuring to-morrow.

Nich. Puh! ay, I could ha' told you of that.

Idle. La, he could have told him of that! fool, coxcomb, could you? [*Afide.*

Edm. Do you hear me, sir? I desire more acquaintance on you. You shall earn some money of me, now I know you can conjure:—but can you fetch any that is lost?

Idle. O, any thing that's lost.

Edm. Why look you, sir, I tell it you as a friend and a conjurer. I should marry a 'pothecary's daughter, and 'twas told me, she lost her maiden-head at Stony-Stratford: now if you'll do but so much as conjure for't, and make all whole again—

Idle. That I will, sir.

Edm. By my troth I thank you, la.

Idle. A little merry with your sister's son, sir.

Sir God. O, a simple young man, very simple. Come captain, and you, sir; we'll e'en part with a gallon of wine till to-morrow breakfast,

Pye. } Troth, agreed, sir.
Idle. }

Nich.

Nich. Kinsman—scholar.

Pye. Why now thou art a good knave; worth a hundred Brownists ⁴.

Nich. Am I indeed, la? I thank you heartily, la.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An apartment in the Widow's house.

Enter Mary and Sir John Pennydub.

Sir John. But I hope you will not serve a knight so, gentlewoman, will you? to cashier him, and cast him off at your pleasure! What do you think I was dubb'd for nothing? No, by my faith, lady's daughter.

Mary. Pray fir John Pennydub, let it be defer'd awhile. I have as big a heart to marry as you can have; but as the fortune-teller told me—

Sir John. Pox o' the fortune-teller! Would Derrick had been his fortune seven years ago ⁵, to cross

⁴ *Why now thou art a good knave; worth a hundred Brownists.]* Sectaries, so called from Robert Brown, who first advanced the doctrines held by them, about the year 1583. See Fuller's *Church Hist.* B. IX. p. 268. MALONE.

See notes on *Twelfth Night*, last edit. vol. iv. p. 231.

STEVENS.

⁵ — *Would Derrick had been his fortune seven years ago,—] Derrick was the common hangman at the time this play was produced.*

MALONE.

So in the *Bell-man of London*, 1616:—"he rides circuit with the devil, and *Derrick* must be his host, and Tyborne the inne at which he will light." Again—"if *Derrick's* cables do but hold." Again, in the ancient Ballad entitled "Upon the *Earle of Essex* his death:"

"Derick, thou know'st at Cales I sav'd

"Thy life lost for a rape there done,

"Where thou thyself can'st testifye

"Thine owne hand three and twenty hung." STEVENS.

my

my love thus! Did he know what case I was in? Why this is able to make a man drown himself in his father's fish-pond.

Mary. And then he told me moreover, sir John, that the breach of it kept my father in purgatory.

Sir John. In purgatory? why let him purge out his heart there; what have we to do with that? There's physicians enough there to cast his water⁶: is that any matter to us? How can he hinder our love? Why let him be hang'd, now he's dead.—Well, have I rid post day and night, to bring you merry news of my father's death, and now—

Mary. Thy father's death? Is the old farmer dead?

Sir John. As dead as his barn-door, Moll.

Mary. And you'll keep your word with me now, sir John; that I shall have my coach and my coachman?

Sir John. Ay 'faith.

Mary. And two white horses with black feathers to draw it?

Sir John. Two.

Mary. A guarded lacky to run before it⁷, and py'd liveries to come trashing after't⁸.

Sir John. Thou shalt, Moll.

⁶ — *There's physicians enough there to cast his water:—*] To discover his distemper by the inspection of his urine. So in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— If thou couldst, doctor, cast

“ The water of my land, find her disease, &c.”

MALONE.

See note on *Macbeth*, last edit. vol. iv. p. 597. STEEVENS.

⁷ *A guarded lacky to run before it,—*] A running footman with guards or facings to his livery. MALONE.

See note on the *Merchant of Venice*, last edit. vol. iii. p. 161.

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *to come trashing after it.*] To *trash*, in this instance, I suppose, means to follow. In Fletcher's *Bonduca* it signifies to *step*.

STEEVENS.

Mary.

Mary. And to let me have money in my purse, to go whither I will.

Sir John. All this.

Mary. Then come; whatsoe'er comes on't, we'll be made sure together before the maids i'the kitchen.

[*Exeunt*]

S C E N E. II.

A room in the Widow's house, with a door at the side, leading to another apartment.

Enter Widow, Frances, and Frailty.

Wid. How now? Where's my brother fir Godfrey? Went he forth this morning?

Frail. O no madam; he's above at breakfast, with (fir reverence) a conjurer.

Wid. A conjurer! What manner of fellow is he?

Frail. O, a wondrous rare fellow, mistress; very strongly made upward, for he goes in a buff-jerkin. He says he will fetch fir Godfrey's chain again, if it hang between heaven and earth.

Wid. What! he will not? Then he's an excellent fellow, I warrant. How happy were that woman to be blest with such a husband! A cunning man! How does he look, Frailty? Very swartly, I warrant; with black beard, scorch'd cheeks, and smoky eyebrows.

Frail. Fo! He's neither smoke-dried, nor scorch'd, nor black, nor nothing. I tell you, madam, he looks as fair to see to as one of us. I do not think but if you saw him once, you'd take him to be a Christian.

Fran. So fair, and yet so cunning! that's to be wonder'd at, mother.

Enter

Enter Sir Oliver Muckhill, and Sir Andrew Tipstaff.

Sir Oliv. Bless you, sweet lady.

Sir And. And you, fair mistress. [*Exit Frailty.*]

Wid. Coades⁹, what do you mean, gentlemen?
Fie, did I not give you your answers?

Sir Oliv. Sweet lady.

Wid. Well, I will not stick with you for a kiss:
daughter, kiss the gentleman for once.

Fran. Yes, forsooth.

Sir And. I'm proud of such a favour.

Wid. Truly la, sir Oliver, you're much too blame,
to come again when you know my mind so well
delivered as a widow could deliver a thing.

Sir Oliv. But I expect a further comfort, lady.

Wid. Why la you now! did I not desire you to
put off your suit quite and clean when you came to
me again? How say you? Did I not?

Sir Oliv. But the sincere love which my heart bears
you—

Wid. Go to, I'll cut you off:—And sir Oliver to
put you in comfort afar off, my fortune is read me;
I must marry again.

Sir Oliv. O blest fortune!

Wid. But not as long as I can choose:—nay, I'll
hold out well.

Sir Oliv. Yet are my hopes now fairer.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O madam, madam.

Wid. How now? what's the haste?

[*Frailty whispers her.*]

Sir And. 'Faith, mistress Frances, I'll maintain you

⁹ Coades!—] She may mean to call these confederate lovers
co-aids; but I rather think the word is a corruption of some oath.

gallantly. I'll bring you to court; wean you among the fair society of ladies, poor kinswomen of mine, in cloth of silver: beside, you shall have your monkey, your parrot, your musk-cat, and your pifs, pifs, pifs¹.

Fran. It will do very well.

Wid. What, does he mean to conjure here then? How shall I do to be rid of these knights?—Please you, gentlemen, to walk a while in the garden, to gather a pink, or a gilly-flower?

Both. With all our hearts, lady, and 'count us favour'd.

[*Exeunt Sir Andrew, Sir Oliver, and Frailty. The Widow and Frances go in to the adjoining room.*]

Sir God. [*within.*] Step in, Nicholas; look, is the coast clear.

Nich. [*within.*] O, as clear as a cat's eye, fir².

Sir God. [*within.*] Then enter Captain Conjurer.

Enter Sir Godfrey, Idle, Pyeboard, Edmond, and Nicholas.

Now, how like you your room, fir?

Idle. O, wonderful convenient.

Edm. I can tell you, captain, simply though it lies here³, 'tis the fairest room in my mother's house: as dainty a room to conjure in, methinks—Why you may bid, I cannot tell how many devils welcome in't; my father has had twenty in't at once.

Pye. What! devils?

Edm. Devils! no; deputies,—and the wealthiest men he could get.

¹ — *and your pisse, pisse, pisse.*] Thus the quarto. Perhaps he means her little dirty lap-dog. STREVENs.

² O, as clear as a cat's eye,—] Thus the quarto. The folio and Mr. Rowe read—*as clear as a cat's eye.* MALONE.

³ — *simply though it lies here,*—] This phrase, as I have remarked already, is used by Anne Page's unsuccessful wooer in the *Merry Wives of Windsor.* STREVENs.

Sir God.

Sir God. Nay, put by your chats now; fall to your business roundly: the fescue of the dial is upon the christ-cross of noon *. But O, hear me, captain; a qualm comes o'er my stomach.

Idle. Why, what's the matter, fir?

Sir God. O, how if the devil should prove a knave, and tear the hangings!

Idle. Foh! I warrant you, fir Godfrey.

Edm. Ay, nuncle, or spit fire upon the cieling?

Sir God. Very true too, for 'tis but thin plaister'd, and 'twill quickly take hold o' the laths; and if he chance to spit downward too, he will burn all the boards.

Idle. My life for yours, fir Godfrey.

Sir God. My sifter is very curious and dainty of this room, I can tell you; and therefore if he must needs spit, I pray desire him to spit in the chimney.

Pye. Why, assure you, fir Godfrey, he shall not be brought up with so little manners, to spit and spawl o'the floor.

Sir God. Why I thank you, good captain; pray have a care. [*Idle and Pyeboard retire to the upper end of the room.*] Ay, fall to your circle; we'll not trouble you I warrant you. Come, we'll into the next room; and because we'll be sure to keep him out there, we'll bar up the door with some of the godly's zealous works.

Edm. That will be a fine device, nuncle; and be-

* — *the fescue of the dial is upon the christ-cross of noon.*] A fescue is a small wire, by which those who teach children to read, point out the letters. MALONE.

So in *Romeo and Juliet*—“the bawdy hand of the dial is upon the point of noon.” STEEVENS.

The meridional line in the old dial plate was distinguished by a cross +; which also being prefixed to the alphabet in the ancient Primer, occasioned it to be denominated by the vulgar the *Christ-cross row*, here alluded to: and, carrying on the same allusion, the gnomon of the dial is here called the fescue or long pin used in pointing out the letters of the Alphabet to children.

PERCY.

cause the ground shall be as holy as the door, I'll tear two or three rosaries⁵ in pieces, and strew the pieces about the chamber. [*Lightning and thunder*] Oh! the devil already.

[*Sir Godfrey and Edmond run into the adjoining room.*]

Pye. 'Sfoot, captain, speak somewhat for shame: it lightens and thunders before thou wilt begin. Why when—

Idle. Pray peace, George; thou'lt make me laugh anon, and spoil all. [*Lightning and thunder.*]

Pye. O, now it begins again; now, now, now, captain.

Idle. *Rhumbos ragdayon pur pur colucundrion bois plois*⁶.

Sir God. [*at the door.*] O admirable conjurer! he has fetch'd thunder already.

Pye. Hark, hark!—again captain.

Idle. *Benjaminio gaspois kay gosgotboteron umbrois.*

Sir God. [*at the door.*] O, I would the devil would come away quickly; he has no conscience to put a man to such pain.

Pye. Again.

Idle. *Flowste kakopumpo8 dragone leloomeno8 bodge podge.*

Pye. Well said, captain.

Sir God. [*at the door.*] So long a coming? O, would I had ne'er begun it now! for I fear me these roar-

⁵ — I'll tear two or three rosaries—] A rosary is a pair of beads. MALONE.

* *Rhumbos ragdayon pur pur colucundrion boisplois.*] Here we have another proof of this piece being composed by an academick. These nonsense lines are regular hexameters. MALONE.

The captain represents himself as an illiterate character, and yet all he says is designed to be in regular heroicks. It would be made so by the omission of a single syllable. Some of the words indeed are Greek, only a little misspelt; as *και*, *λαλομιος*, *κροποτιμος*, *πυρ*, &c. Where the players found gibberish, they always injudiciously added to it. Hence the redundant foot in the last line.—*Coomb-park* is in Surry. It was anciently the seat of the Nevils earls of Warwick. STEEVENS.

ing tempests will destroy all the fruits of the earth, and tread upon my corn—[thunder] oh—in the country.

Idle. Gogdegog hobgoblin hunks hounslow hockleyte coomb-park.

Wid. [at the door.] O brother, brother, what a tempest's in the garden! Sure there's some conjuration abroad.

Sir God. [at the door.] 'Tis at home, sister.

Pye. By and by I'll step in, captain.

Idle. Nunc nunc rip-gaskins ip's drip—dropite—*

Sir God. [at the door.] He drips and drops, 'poor man: alas, alas!

Pye. Now, I come.

Idle. O—sulphure sootface.

Pye. Arch-conjurer, what wouldest thou with me?

Sir God. [at the door.] O, the devil, sister, in the dining-chamber! Sing, sister; I warrant you that will keep him out:—quickly, quickly, quickly.

Pye. So, so, so; I'll release thee. Enough captain, enough; allow us some time to laugh a little: They're shuddering and shaking by this time, as if an earthquake were in their kidneys.

Idle. Sirrah George, how was't, how was't? Did I do't well enough?

Pye. Woulst believe me, captain? better than any conjurer; for here was no harm in this, and yet their horrible expectation satisfied well. You were much beholden to thunder and lightning at this time; it grac'd you well, I can tell you.

Idle. I must needs say so, George. Sirrah, if we could have convey'd hither cleanly a cracker or a fire-wheel, it had been admirable.

*— ip's drip—dropite—] *Ip's* is found in the folios. The quarto has *ipis*. The next word is not, I think, a misprint. The author makes *Idle* doubtful which of the words, *dripite* or *dropite*, he shall use, merely to introduce *Sir Godfrey's* remark. . . . Either of them completes the hexameter. MALONE.

Pye. Blurt, blurt! there's nothing remains to put thee to pain now, captain.

Idle. Pain? I protest, George, my heels are soreer than a Whitsun morris-dancer's.

Pye. All's past now; only to reveal that the chain's in the garden, where thou know'st it has lain these two days.

Idle. But I fear that fox Nicholas has reveal'd it already.

Pye. Fear not, captain; you must put it to the venture now. Nay 'tis time; call upon them, take pity on them; for I believe some of them are in a pitiful case by this time.

Idle. Sir Godfrey, Nicholas, kinsman. 'Sfoot they're fast at it still, George.—Sir Godfrey.

Sir God. [at the door.] O, is that the devil's voice? How comes he to know my name?

Idle. Fear not, sir Godfrey; all's quieted.

Enter Sir Godfrey, the Widow, Frances, and Nicholas.

Sir God. What, is he laid?

Idle. Laid; and has newly dropp'd your chain in the garden.

Sir God. In the garden? in our garden?

Idle. Your garden.

Sir God. O sweet conjurer! whereabouts there?

Idle. Look well about a bank of rosemary.

Sir God. Sister, the rosemary bank. Come, come; there's my chain, he says.

Wid. Oh, happiness! run, run.

[*Exeunt Widow, Sir Godfrey, Frances, and Nicholas.*]

Edm. [at the door.] Captain Conjurer?

Idle. Who? Master Edmond?

Edm. Ay, master Edmond. May I come in safely without danger, think you?

Idle. Puh, long ago; it is all as 'twas at first. Fear nothing; pray come near: how now, man?

Enter

Enter Edmond.

Edm. O! this room's mightily hot i'faith. 'Shid, my shirt sticks to my belly already. What a steam the rogue has left behind him? Foh! this room must be air'd, gentlemen; it smells horribly of brimstone: let's open the windows.

Pye. 'Faith, master Edmond, 'tis but your conceit.

Edm. I would you could make me believe that, i'faith. Why do you think I cannot smell his savour, from another? Yet I take it kindly from you, because you would not put me in a fear, i'faith. On my troth I shall love you for this the longest day of my life.

Idle. Puh, 'tis nothing, fir; love me when you see more.

Edm. Mass, now I remember; I'll look whether he has sing'd the hangings, or no.

Pye. Captain, to entertain a little sport till they come, make him believe, you'll charm him invisible! He's apt to admire any thing; you see. Let me alone to give force to it.

Idle. Go; retire to yonder end then.

Edm. I protest you are a rare fellow; are you not?

Idle. O master Edmond, you know but the least part of me yet. Why now at this instant I could but flourish my wand thrice o'er your head, and charm you invisible.

Edm. What! you could not? make me walk invisible, man! I should laugh at that i'faith. Troth, I'll requite your kindness; an you'll do't, good Captain Conjurer.

1 — what a steam the rogue has left behind him! — it smells horribly of brimstone: —] So in Cymbeline:

"He came in thunder; his celestial breath

"Was sulphurous to smell." STANBRO.

Idle. Nay, I should hardly deny you such a small kindness, master Edmond Plus. Why, look you, sir, 'tis no more but this, and thus, and again, and now you're invisible.

Edm. Am I i'faith? Who would think it?

Idle. You see the fortune-teller yonder at farther end o'the chamber. Go toward him; do what you will with him, he shall ne'er find you.

Edm. Say you so? I'll try that i'faith.

[*Juffles him.*]

Pye. How now, captain? Who's that juffled me?

Idle. Juffled you? I saw nobody.

Edm. Ha, ha, ha! Say 'twas a spirit.

Idle. Shall I?—May be some spirit that haunts the circle. [*Edmond pulls Pyeboard by the nose.*]

Pye. O my nose, again! Pray conjure then, captain.

Edm. Troth, this is excellent; I may do any knavery now, and never be seen. And now I remember, sir Godfrey, my uncle, abus'd me t'other day, and told tales of me to my mother. Troth now I'm invisible, I'll hit him a sound wherret on the ear, when he comes out o'the garden. I may be reveng'd on him now finely.

Enter Sir Godfrey, the Widow, and Frances.

Sir God. I have my chain again; my chain's found again. O sweet captain! O admirable conjurer! [*Edmond strikes him*] Oh! what mean you by that, nephew?

Edm. Nephew? I hope you do not know me, uncle?

Wid. Why did you strike your uncle, sir?

Edm. Why, captain, am I not invisible?

Idle. A good jest, George.—Not now you are not, sir. Why did not you see me, when I did uncharm you?

Edm.

Edm. Not I, by my troth, captain.—Then pray you pardon me, uncle; I thought I'd been invisible when I struck you.

Sir God. So, you would do't? Go, you're a foolish boy;

And were I not o'ercome with greater joy,
I'd make you taste correction.

Edm. Correction! pish. No, neither you nor my mother shall think to whip me as you have done.

Sir God. Captain, my joy is such, I knew not how to thank you: let me embrace you. O my sweet chain! gladness e'en makes me giddy. Rare man! 'twas just i'the rosemary-bank, as if one should have laid it there. O cunning, cunning!

Wid. Well, seeing my fortune tells me I must marry, let me marry a man of wit, a man of parts. Here's a worthy captain, and 'tis a fine title truly la to be a captain's wife. A captain's wife! it goes very finely: beside, all the world knows that a worthy captain is a fit companion to any lord; then why not a sweet bed-fellow for any lady? I'll have it so.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O mistress—gentlemen—there's the bravest fight coming along this way.

Wid. What brave fight?

Frail. O, one going to burying, and another going to hanging.

Wid. A rueful fight.

Pye. 'Sfoot, captain, I'll pawn my life the corporal's coffin'd, and old Skirmish the soldier going to execution; and 'tis now full about the time of his waking. Hold out a little longer, sleepy potion, and we shall have excellent admiration; for I'll take upon me the cure of him. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

The street before the Widow's house.

Enter, from the house, Sir Godfrey, the Widow, Idle, Pyeboard, Edmond, Frailty, and Nicholas. A coffin with Corporal Oath in it, brought in. Then enter Skirmish bound, and led in by Officers; the Sheriff, &c. attending.

Frail. O here they come, here they come!

Pye. Now must I close secretly with the soldier; prevent his impatience, or else all's discovered.

Wid. O lamentable seeing! These were those brothers, that fought and bled before our door.

Sir God. What! they were not, sister?

Skir. George, look to't; I'll peach at Tyburn else.

Pye. Mum.—Gentles all, vouchsafe me audience, And you especially, good master sheriff:

Yon man is bound to execution,

Because he wounded this that now lies coffin'd.

Sher. True, true; he shall have the law,—and I know the law.

Pye. But under favour, master sheriff, if this man had been cur'd and safe again, he should have been releas'd then?

Sher. Why make you question of that, sir?

Pye. Then I release him freely; and will take upon me the death that he should die, if within a little season I do not cure him to his proper health again^a.

Sher. How, sir! recover a dead man? That were most strange of all.

^a — cure him to his proper health again.] So in *Macbeth*:
"And purge it to a sound and pristine health."

Fran. Sweet fir, I love you dearly; and could wish my best part yours. O do not undertake such an impossible venture!

Pye. Love you me? Then for your sweet sake I'll do't. Let me entreat the corpse to be set down.

Sher. Bearers, set down the coffin. This were wonderful, and worthy Stowe's Chronicle.

Pye. I pray bestow the freedom of the air upon our wholesome art. Mals his cheeks begin to receive natural warmth. Nay, good corporal, wake betime, or I shall have a longer sleep than you. 'Sfoot, if he should prove dead indeed now, he were fully reveng'd upon me for making a property of him: yet I had rather run upon the ropes*, than have a rope like a tetter run upon me?. O, he stirs! he stirs again! look, gentlemen! he recovers! he starts, he rises!

Sher. O, O, defend us! Out, alas!

Pye. Nay, pray be still; you'll make him more giddy else. He knows nobody yet.

Oatb. 'Zounds, where am I? Cover'd with snow! I marvel.

Pye. Nay, I knew he would swear the first thing he did as soon as ever he came to his life again.

Oatb. 'Sfoot, hostess, some hot porridge. O, O!—lay on a dozen of faggots in the Moon parlour; there.

Pye. Lady, you must needs take a little pity of him i'faith, and send him in to your kitchen fire.

* — run upon the ropes, —] i. e. play roguish tricks. *Roguery* was anciently called *ropery* and *rope-tricks*. See note on *Romeo and Juliet*, last edit. vol. x. p. 75. STEEVENS.

I believe he only means, he had rather attempt the most hazardous feats of a *rope-dancer*, than be hanged. MALONE.

* — than have a rope like a tetter run upon me.] To render this comparison intelligible, it should be remark'd that a *tetter* (commonly called a *ring-worm*) is a humour that forms itself into a circle. To this he compares the operation of the circular noose at the end of a halter. STEEVENS.

Wid. O, with all my heart, sir: Nicholas and Frailty, help to bear him in,

Nich. Bear him in, quoth-a! Pray call out the maids; I shall ne'er have the heart to do't, indeed la.

Frail. Nor I neither; I cannot abide to handle a ghost, of all men.

Oath. 'Sblood, let me see—where was I drunk last night? heh?

Wid. O, shall I bid you once again take him away?

Frail. Why we are as fearful as you, I warrant you. Oh.

Wid. Away, villains! bid the maids make him a caudle presently, to settle his brain,—or a posset of sack; quickly, quickly.

[*Exeunt Frailty and Nicholas, pushing in the Corporal.*]

Sher. Sir, whatsoe'er you are, I do more than admire you.

Wid. O ay, if you knew all, master sheriff, as you shall do, you would say then, that here were two of the rarest men within the walls of Christendom.

Sher. Two of them? O wonderful! Officers, I discharge you; set him free; all's in tune.

Sir God. Ay, and a banquet ready by this time, master sheriff; to which I most cheerfully invite you, and your late prisoner there. See you this goodly chain, sir? Mum! no more words; 'twas lost and is found again. Come, my inestimable bullies, we'll talk of your noble acts in sparkling charnico¹; and instead of a jester, we'll have the ghost in the white sheet sit at the upper end of the table²,

Sher.

¹ — in sparkling charnico,—] See notes on *K. Henry VI.* P. II. last edit. vol. vi. p. 336. STEVENS.

² — instead of a jester, we'll have the ghost in the white sheet sit at the upper end of the table.] Dr. Farmer thinks this was intended as a sneer on *Macbeth*; for which supposition on a former occasion I doubted whether there was any foundation, as I then erroneously thought

Sber. Excellent, merry man, i'faith!

[*Exeunt all but Frances.*]

Fran. Well, seeing I am enjoind to love, and marry,

My foolish vow thus I cashier to air,

Which first begot it. Now, Love, play thy part;

The scholar reads his lecture in my heart. [*Exit.*]

thought there had been an edition of this comedy in 1600; a mistake which I take this opportunity of acknowledging. See *Macbeth*, vol. iv. p. 539. edit. 1778. MALONE.

I have the misfortune to be the culprit who first mentioned this quarto edition published in the year 1600; and certain I am that I have either seen it, have been assured of its existence, or met with such notice of it, in print or manuscript, as I could adopt with implicit confidence. I cannot well be suspected of design on this subject, as I had no purpose to effect by misrepresentation. I was neither about to publish the *Puritan*, or to ascertain the smallest fact that depended on its date. I may be mistaken, but still remain unconvinced that I am so, by any arguments advanced in dispute of my assertion. The coincidences mentioned by my opponents, may seem friendly to their sentiments, but are not absolutely decisive in their favour. Allusions to particular facts are not unfrequently detected in the *second* impressions of our ancient dramattick pieces, though they were wanting in the *first*. Out of many instances to this purpose, I shall only produce the following. The stroke of satire levelled at the number of knights created by the mercenary James, is not found in the earliest copies of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, but was added in a subsequent one. This too may have been the case in regard to all the passages selected by Mr. Tyrwhitt and Mr. Malone as supports to their respective opinions. The reader who had only met with a third edition of Shakspeare's comedy already mentioned, would have had as fair a right to maintain that it could not have been written in the reign of Elizabeth, because a hint at her successor's folly is included in it, as these gentlemen have to deny that the *Puritan* was printed in 1600, because they have seen no quarto of that year, and because allusions to some events which happened afterwards may be discovered in a later impression of the same piece. See my note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, last edit. vol. i. p. 258. and Sir William Blackstone's remark, inserted among the Supplemental Observations in the first of these two volumes, p. 91. STEVENS.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

The street before the Widow's house.

Enter Edmond and Frailty.

Edm. This is the marriage-morning for my mother and my sister.

Frail. O me, master Edmond! we shall have rare things.

Edm. Nay go, Frailty, run to the sexton; you know my mother will be married at Saint Antling's. Hie thee; 'tis past five; bid them open the church-door: my sister is almost ready.

Frail. What already, master Edmond?

Edm. Nay, go; hie thee. First run to the sexton, and run to the clerk; and then run to master Pigmán the parson; and then run to the milliner, and then run home again.

Frail. Here's run, run, run.

Edm. But hark, Frailty.

Frail. What, more yet?

Edm. Have the maids remember'd to strew the way to the church?

Frail. Foh! an hour ago; I help'd them myself.

Edm. Away, away, away, away then.

Frail. Away, away, away, away then.

[Exit Frailty.]

Edm. I shall have a simple father-in-law, a brave captain, able to beat all our street; captain Idle. Now my lady mother will be fitted for a delicate name: my lady Idle, my lady Idle! the finest name that can be for a woman; and then the scholar, master Pyeboard, for my sister Frances, that will be mistress Frances Pyeboard; mistress Frances Pyeboard! they'll keep a good table, I warrant you.

Now

Now all the knights' noses are put out of joint; they may go to a bone-setter's now.

Enter Idle and Pyebard, with attendants.

Hark, hark! O, who come here with two torches before them? My sweet captain, and my fine scholar. O, how bravely they are shot up in one night! They look like fine Britons * now methinks. Here's a gallant change i'faith! 'Slid, they have hir'd men and all, by the clock †.

Idle. Master Edmond; kind, honest, deinty master Edmond.

Edm. Foh, sweet captain father-in-law! A rare perfume i'faith!

Pye. What, are the brides stirring? May we steal upon them, think'st thou, master Edmond?

Edm. Foh, they're e'en upon readines, I can assure you; for they were at their torch e'en now: by the same token I tumbled down the stairs.

Pye. Alas, poor master Edmond.

Enter Musicians.

Idle. O, the musicians! I pr'ythee, master Edmond, call them, and liquor them a little.

Edm. That I will, sweet captain father-in-law; and make each of them as drunk as a common fidler.

[*Exeunt.*]

* — like fine Britons—] Alluding perhaps to the *piæi Britannii*, our ancestors. STEVENS.

† — they have hired men and all, by the clock.] I know not whether he means to swear *by the clock*, or to intimate that they had hired their habits and their attendants *by the hour*.

STEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The same.

*Enter Mary in a balcony**. To her below, Sir John Pennydub.

Sir John. Whew! mistress Moll, mistress Moll.

Mary. Who's there?

Sir John. 'Tis I.

Mary. Who? fir John Pennydub? O you're an early cock i'faith. Who would have thought you to be so rare a stirrer?

Sir John. Pr'ythee, Moll, let me come up.

Mary. No by my faith, fir John; I'll keep you down; for you knights are very dangerous, if once you get above.

Sir John. I'll not stay i'faith.

Mary. I'faith you shall stay; for, fir John, you must note the nature of the climates: your northern wench in her own country may well hold out till she be fifteen; but if she touch the south once, and come up to London, here the chimes go presently after twelve.

Sir John. O thou'rt a mad wench, Moll: but I pr'ythee make haste, for the priest is gone before.

Mary. Do you follow him; I'll not be long after.

[*Exeunt.*]

* *Enter Mary in a balcony,—*] The quarto adds "*lacing herself.*" See an account of the balcony erected on the old English stage, ante, vol. i. p. 19. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

A room in Sir Oliver Muckbill's house.

Enter Sir Oliver Muckbill, Sir Andrew Tipstaff, and Skirmish.

Sir Oliv. O monstrous, unheard of forgery!

Sir And. Knight, I never heard of such villainy in our own country, in my life.

Sir Oliv. Why, 'tis impossible. Dare you maintain your words?

Skir. Dare we? even to their weazon pipes. We know all their plots; they cannot squander with us. They have knavishly abus'd us, made only properties of us, to advance themselves upon our shoulders; but they shall rue their abuses. This morning they are to be married.

Sir Oliv. 'Tis too true. Yet if the widow be not too much befotted on sleights and forgeries, the revelation of their villainies will make them loathsome. And to that end, be it in private to you, I sent late last night to an honourable personage, to whom I am much indebted in kindness, as he is to me; and therefore presume upon the payment of his tongue, and that he will lay out good words for me: and to speak truth, for such needful occasions I only preserve him in bond: and sometimes he may do me more good here in the city by a free word of his mouth, than if he had paid one half in hand, and took doomsday for t'other.

Sir And. In troth, sir, without soothing be it spoken, you have publish'd much judgment in these few words.

Sir Oliv. For you know, what such a man utters
will

will be thought effectual⁵, and to weighty purpose⁷ and therefore into his mouth we'll put the approved theme of their forgeries.

Skir. And I'll maintain it, knight, if she'll be true*.

Enter a Servant.

Sir Oliv. How now, fellow?

Ser. May it please you, fir, my lord is newly lighted from his coach.

Sir Oliv. Is my lord come already? His honour's early⁶.

You see he loves me well. Up before seven! Trust me, I have found him night-capp'd at eleven. There's good hope yet: come, I'll relate all to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A street: a church appearing.

Enter Idle, Pyeboard, Sir Godfrey, and Edmond; the Widow in a bridal dress; Sir John Pennydub, Mary and Frances; Nicholas, Frailty, and other attendants. To them a Nobleman, Sir Oliver Mackbill, and Sir Andrew Tipstaff.

Nob. By your leave, lady.

Wid. My lord, your honour is most chafily welcome.

⁵ — *what such a man utters will be thought effectual;—*] Since the time when this comedy was written, the sentiments of the citizens are somewhat changed. The narrative of a lord would now be regarded by them (to use the words of Shakespeare's *Lady Constance*):

“*As but the vain breath of a common man.*” STREVEN.

* *And I'll maintain it, knight, if she'll be true.*] There is here, I believe, some corruption. Perhaps the author wrote—*I tell you true.* MALONE.

⁶ *Is my lord come already? His honour's early.*] Honour was the established term of respect, used in addressing a lord, as lordship is now. PEAC.

Nob.

Nob. Madam, though I came now from court, I come not to flatter you. Upon whom can I justly cast this blot, but upon your own forehead, that know not ink from milk? such is the blind besotting in the state of an unheaded woman that's a widow. For it is the property of all you that are widows (a handful excepted) to hate those that honestly and carefully love you, to the maintenance of credit, state, and posterity; and strongly to dote on those that only love you to undo you. Who regard you least, are best regarded; who hate you most, are best beloved. And if there be but one man amongst ten thousand millions of men, that is accurst, disastrous, and evilly planeted; whom Fortune beats most, whom God hates most, and all societies esteems least, that man is sure to be a husband. Such is the peevish moon that rules your bloods⁷. An impudent fellow best woos you, a flattering lip best wins you; or in a mirth, who talks roughliest, is most sweetest; nor can you distinguish truth from forgeries, mist from simplicity; witness those two deceitful monsters, that you have entertain'd for bridegrooms.

Wid. Deceitful!

Pye. All will out.

Idls. 'Sfoot, who has blab'd, George? that foolish Nicholas.

Nob. For what they have besotted your easy blood withal, were nought but forgeries: the fortune-telling for husbands, the conjuring for the chain sir Godfrey heard the falshood of, all, nothing but mere knavery, deceit, and cozenage.

Wid. O wonderful! indeed I wonder'd that my husband, with all his craft, could not keep himself out of purgatory.

⁷ — Such is the peevish moon that rules your bloods.] So in the *Revenge's Tragedy*, 1608:

“ I know 'twas but some peevish moon in him.”

See *Winter's Tale*, last edit. vol. iv. p. 330. STEVENS.

- *Sir God.* And I more wonder'd, that my chain should be gone, and my taylor had none of it.

- *Mary.* And I wonder'd most of all, that I should be tied from marriage, having such a mind to it. Come, fir John Pennydub, fair weather on our side: The moon has chang'd since yesternight.

Pye. The King of every evil is within me.

- *Nob.* And that you may perceive I feign not with you, behold their fellow-actor in those forgeries; who full of spleen and envy at their so sudden advancements, reveal'd all their plot in anger.

- *Pye.* Base soldiet, to reveal us!

- *Wid.* Is't possible we should be blinded so, and our eyes open?

- *Nob.* Widow, will you now believe that false which too soon you believ'd true?

- *Wid.* O, to my shame, I do.

- *Sir God.* But under favour, my lord, my chain was truly lost, and strangely found again.

- *Nob.* Resolve him of that, soldier.

- *Skir.* In few words, knight, then thou wert the arch-gull of all.

Sir God. How, fir?

Skir. Nay I'll prove it: for the chain was but hid in the rosemary-bank all this while; and thou got'st him out of prison to conjure for it, who did it admirably, fustianly; for indeed what needed any other, when he knew where it was?

Sir God. O villainy of villainies! But how came my chain there?

Skir. Where's *Truly la*, *Indeed la*, he that will not swear, but lie; he that will not steal, but rob; pure Nicholas Saint-Antlings?

Sir God. O villain! one of our society, Deem'd always holy, pure, religious,
A puritan a thief! When was't ever heard?
Sooner we'll kill a man, than steal, thou know'st.

Out

Out slave! I'll rend my lion from thy back⁶,
With mine own hands.

Nich. Dear master! O!

Nob. Nay knight, dwell in patience. And now,

⁶ *Out slave! I'll rend my lion from thy back,*

With mine own hands.] He means his crest, which was wrought in the back part of his servant's livery, and worn as a cognizance or badge. MALONE.

In the dress of the yeomen of the guards, which is still worn as it was formed and settled by king Henry VII. the rose, which was the badge of that prince, is to this day (I believe) worn both on the breast and back. PERCY.

I hardly think this can be the meaning. A *Puritan* would not have carried about a distinction so ostentatious; it would have been regarded as a *mark of the beast*. Neither perhaps were badges worn by any servants but those of the nobility. These cognizances likewise were never exhibited on the *back*, but on the *sleeve*, as appears from the following stanza in a ballad entitled *Time's Alteration, &c.*:

“ The nobles of our land
“ Were much delighted then
“ To have at their command
“ A crew of lusty men,
“ Which by their coats were known
“ Of tawny, red, or blue,
“ With *crests* on their *sleeves* shown,
“ When this old cap was new.”

It may be remarked that Iago alludes to the same custom, when he says:

“ — I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
“ For daws to peck at.”

Besides, we are told in the first act that the three sanctimonious servingmen were dressed in “ *black, scurvy, mourning coats*, with books at their girdles.” I suspect *lion* to be a printer's blunder for *livery*, (i. e. the sober livery of the saints) unless some stroke was aimed at the play of *K. John*, in which the *Bastard* threatens to tear the *lion's* hide from the back of *Austria*. STEVENS.

These servants were dressed in the early part of the play in mourning, having just returned from their master's funeral; but as the widow in the present scene appears in a bridal dress, her attendants (who were the servants of sir Godfrey also) must be presumed to have likewise changed their apparel. — Badges were usually, I believe, worn on the sleeve (as they are at this day by the watermen belonging to the nobility); but whether cognizances were not likewise sometimes embroidered in the back part of ancient liveries, does not seem to be ascertained. MALONE.

widow, being so near the church, 'twere great pity, nay uncharity, to send you home again without a husband. Draw nearer, you of true worship, state, and credit; that should not stand so far off from a widow, and suffer forged shapes to come between you. Not that in these I blemish the true title of a captain, or blot the fair margin of a scholar; for I honour worthy and deserving parts in the one, and cherish fruitful virtues in the other. Come lady, and you virgin, bestow your eyes and your purest affections upon men of estimation both in court and city, that have long wooed you, and both with their hearts and wealth sincerely love you.

Sir God. Good sister, do. Sweet little Franke, these are men of reputation: you shall be welcome at court; a great credit for a citizen.—Sweet sister.

Nob. Come, her silence does consent to't.

Wid. I know not with what face—

Nob. Poh, poh, with your own face; they desire no other.

Wid. Pardon me, worthy sirs: I and my daughter Have wrong'd your loves.

Sir Oliv. 'Tis easily pardon'd, lady, if you vouchsafe it now.

Wid. With all my soul.

Fran. And I, with all my heart.

Mary. And I, sir John, with soul, heart, lights and all.

Sir John. They are all mine, Moll.

Nob. Now lady:

What honest spirit, but will applaud your choice,
And gladly furnish you with hand and voice?

A happy change, which makes even heaven rejoice.
Come, enter into your joys; you shall not want⁹

For

⁹ *Come, enter into your joys; you sh^l not want*

For fathers, now; —] There is here, I believe, some corruption. MALONE.

I see no reason for suspecting any corruption in the text. It is the

For fathers, now ; I doubt it not, believe me,
But that you shall have hands enough to give ye ^r.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

the office of the *father*, whether real or suppositious, to give away a bride, by taking her hand in his, and delivering it to her husband. The present speaker, referring to an audience in good humour, addresses himself to the three brides on the stage, observing
— you shall not want

For *fathers* now ; I doubt it not, &c. &c.

i. e. you shall find *hands* enough at your service among the spectators of our play. We should read, however, in the last line :

But that you shall have hands enough to give *you*.

STEEVENS.

^r *But that you shall have hands enough to give.*] Thus the quarto. The editor of the folio, finding something deficient, added *me* at the end of the line. But the context clearly shows that the omitted word was *ye*.

At the end of this comedy in the original edition is placed the following scrap of Latin :

Deus dedit his quoque finem.

The dialogue of *the Puritan* is in general more lively than many of the dramattick pieces produced at the same time ; and some parts of it are, I think, not without humour. MALONE.

This sentence of Latin is likewise found at the end of *Leicester's Commonwealth*, as well as at the conclusions of many other ancient books. It was more probably introduced by printers than by authors.

Though Shakspeare has ridiculed the *Puritans* in his *All's Well that Ends well*, and *Twelfth Night*, yet he seems not to have had the smallest share in the present comedy. The author of it, however, was well acquainted with *his* plays, as appears from resemblances already pointed out. There is little attempt at character throughout the piece, and that little has not proved very successful. The suitors are an unmeaning group ; and though we have eight of the sanctimonious tribe on the stage, they are by no means nicely discriminated from each other. *Nicholas St. Antlings* indeed might have been designed for their chief, as he possesses most of their qualities, i. e. is the greatest hypocrite of them all.—I have not met with the old ballad from which our comedy receives its title ; but am told that the second of these performances has no other obligation to the first. STEEVENS.



YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Persons Represented.

Husband.

Master of a college.

A Knight, (a Magistrate.)

Several Gentlemen.

Oliver, }
Ralph, } *Servants.*
Samuel, }

Other Servants, and Officers.

A little Boy, &c.

Wife.

Maid-servant.

SCENE, Calverly in Yorkshire.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY¹.

S C E N E I.

A room in Calverly Hall.

Enter Oliver and Ralph².

Oliv. Sirrah Ralph, my young mistress is in such a pitiful passionate humour for the long absence of her love—

Ralph:

¹ “A booke called *A Yorkshire Tragedy*” was entered by Thomas Pavier at Stationers’ Hall, May 2, 1608, and the play or rather interlude was printed by him in the same year, under the title of *A Yorkshire Tragedy, not so new as lamentable and true.*—The murder on which this short drama is founded, was committed in 1604, and a ballad was made upon it in the following year, of which probably this tragedy is only an enlargement. The fact is thus related in *Stowe’s Chronicle*, anno 1604: “Walter Calverly of Calverly in Yorkshire Esquier, mured 2 of his young children, stabbed his wife into the bodie with full purpose to have mured her, and instantly went from his house to have slaine his youngest child at nurse, but was prevented. For which fact at his triall in Yorke hee stood mute, and was judged to be prest to death, according to which judgment he was executed at the castell of Yorke the 5th of August.”

The piece before us was acted at the Globe, together with three other short dramas that were represented on the same day under the name of *All’s One*, as appears from one of the titles of the quarto, 1608, which runs thus: “ALL’S ONE, or one of *the foure plaies in one*, called a *Yorkshire tragedy*; as it was plaid by the king’s majestie’s plaiers.” Shakspeare’s name is affixed to this piece.

MALONE.

² *Enter Oliver and Ralph.*] I know not well to whom these servants can belong. *Sam* comes from London to recount an event which had happened at least five years before, in the very country where *Ralph and Oliver*, who ask him questions, reside. He is likewise loaded with articles relative to female dress, which

Ralph. Why, can you blame her? Why, apples hanging longer on the tree than when they are ripe³, makes so many fallings; viz. mad wenches, because they are not gathered in time, are fain to drop of themselves, and then 'tis common you know for every man to take them up.

Oliv. Mafs thou say'st true, 'tis common indeed⁴. But firrah, is neither our young master⁵ return'd, nor our fellow Sam come from London?

Ralph.

could not have been sent for by the *wife* who avoids expence, nor provided for her by her *husband* who treats her with no such degree of indulgence.—I believe we must suppose that these are the domesticks of some neighbouring family.—*A love-sick mistress* is also mentioned by one of the same communicative fraternity; but no future use of her character is attempted. The whole dialogue indeed might be omitted without injury to the plot.

STEEVENS.

Oliver, Ralph, and Sam, should seem to be servants to the principal personage of this tragedy. Oliver expressly calls Sam his fellow; and the latter afterwards asks Ralph, "Is our beer sour this thunder?" Perhaps the *love-sick mistress* is the wife of Mr. Calverly, who, though married three or four years, might be impatient for the return of her husband from London. Sam, who had accompanied his master thither, and is just returned with him, perhaps amuses his fellow-servants with idle prattle, that he had married another lady, &c. A subsequent passage indeed—"And I think she was blest'd in her cradle that he never came in her bed"—is inconsistent with this account of the matter; but if the emendation proposed by Dr. Percy be admitted, that difficulty also will be removed. However, the text, as it stands at present, strongly supports Mr. Steevens's supposition. MALONE.

³ — apples hanging longer on the tree than when they are ripe—] So in *Macbeth*:

"Macbeth is ripe for shaking."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"—— a storm

"Shook down my mellow hangings." STEEVENS.

⁴ — 'tis common you know, &c.

Oliv. Mafs thou say'st true; 'tis common indeed.] So in *Hamlet*:

"Thou know'st 'tis common, &c.

Ham. "Ay, madam, it is common." STEEVENS.

⁵ — our young master—] Who is meant by this description?

STEEVENS.

By

Ralph. Neither of either, as the puritan bawd says ⁶. 'Slid I hear Sam. Sam's come; here he is; tarry;—come i'faith: now my nose itches for news.

Oliv. And so does mine elbow.

Sam. [*within.*] Where are you there? Boy, look you walk my horse with discretion. I have rid him simply: I warrant his skin sticks to his back with very heat. If he should catch cold and get the cough of the lungs, I were well served, were I not?

Enter Sam.

What Ralph and Oliver!

Both. Honest fellow Sam, welcome i'faith. What tricks hast thou brought from London?

Sam. You see I am hang'd after the truest fashion; three hats, and two glasses bobbing upon them; two rebato wires ⁷ upon my breast, a cap-case by my side, a brush

By our young *master* is perhaps meant the hero of the piece. It appears from a subsequent passage that he had but lately come of age.

From the manner too in which the question is asked, the *young master* enquired for should seem to be Sam's master: "Is neither our young master returned, nor our fellow, &c." Sam afterwards talks of his master's having brought his brother at the university into some distress, which can apply to no one but Mr. Calverly.—If however Mr. Steevens's hypothesis concerning Ralph and Oliver be just, by our *young master* may have been intended some neighbouring Yorkshire gentleman, who might have accompanied Mr. Calverly to London, leaving a sister in the country, (the *young mistress* already mentioned) to whom the latter may be supposed to have paid his addresses before his visit to the metropolis. From a subsequent scene it appears that Mrs. Calverly's uncle resided in London, which adds some probability to the supposition that her husband first met her there; and if she be supposed to have just arrived with him from thence, this will also account for Sam's being furnished with some articles of female dress. MALONE.

⁶ Neither of either, as the puritan bawd says.] This is designed as a ridicule on the circumstantiality of expression affected by the *saints* of Shakspeare's age. STEEVENS.

⁷ — two rebato wires—] Wires employed in the plaits of the ancient ruff. MALONE.

See

a brush at my back, an almanack in my pocket, and three ballads in my codpiece⁸. Nay, I am the true picture of a common serving-man⁹.

Oliv. I'll swear thou art; thou may'st set up when thou wilt: there's many a one begins with less I can tell thee, that proves a rich man ere he dies. But what's the news from London, Sam?

Ralph. Ay, that's well said; what's the news from London, firrah? My young mistress keeps such a puling for her love.

Sam. Why the more fool she; ay, the more ninnyhammer she.

Oliv. Why, Sam, why?

Sam. Why, he is married to another long ago.

Both. I'faith? You jest.

Sam. Why, did you not know that till now? Why, he's married, beats his wife, and has two or three children by her. For you must note, that any woman bears the more when she is beaten¹.

Ralph. Ay, that's true, for she bears the blows.

Oliv. Sirrah Sam, I would not for two years' wages my young mistress knew so much; she'd run upon the left hand of her wit, and ne'er be her own woman again.

Sam. And I think she was blest in her cradle, that

See notes on *Much Ado about Nothing*, last edit. vol. ii. p. 321.

STEEVENS.

Rebato was the name of an ancient head-dress. The wires were used to distend the hair or lace. PERCY.

⁸ — *in my codpiece.* —] See note on the *Two Gent. of Verona*, last edit. vol. i. p. 165. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *the true picture of a common serving-man.*] I remember to have seen one of these representations of a man loaded with several domestick instruments and utensils. It was painted against a buttery fronting the screen of an ancient hall. I think another hieroglyphick of the same kind is still visible at one of our publick schools or colleges. In the year 1566 is entered on the Stationers' books "The pourtraicture of a trusty servant." STEEVENS.

¹ — *any woman bears the more when she is beaten.*] Alluding to the old unmannerly proverb, that says, *A woman and a walnut-tree bear the better for being thresh'd.* STEEVENS.

he

he never came in her bed ². Why, he has consum'd all, pawn'd his lands, and made his univerfity brother stand in wax for him ³: there's a fine phrafe for a scrivener ⁴. Puh! he owes more than his fkin is worth.

Oliv. Is't poffible?

Sam. Nay, I'll tell you moreover, he calls his wife whore, as familiarly as one would call Moll and Doll; and his children bastards, as naturally as can be.—But what have we here? I thought 'twas something pull'd down my breeches; I quite forgot my two poking fticks ⁵: thefe came from London. Now any thing is good here that comes from London.

Oliv. Ay, far fetch'd, you know, Sam ⁶,—But fpeak in your confcience i'faith; have not we as good poking-fticks i'the country as need to be put in the fire?

Sam. The mind of a thing is all; the mind of a thing is all; and as thou faid'ft even now, far-fetch'd are the beft things for ladies.

Oliv. Ay, and for waiting-gentlewomen too.

² *And I think fhe was blefs'd in her cradle, that he never came in her bed.*] I would read: And I think the were blefs'd in her cradle, had he never come in her bed. PERCY.

³ — *stand in wax for him:*] Enter into a bond. MALONE.

⁴ — *a fine phrafe for a scrivener.*] This paffage was perhaps imitated by B. and Fletcher in *The Prophetfs*:

“A fine periphrasis for a kennel-raker!” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *I quite forgot my two poking-fticks:*] Thefe were used to adjust the plaits of the ruff formerly worn. They were ufually made of fteel and heated in the fire. See note on *The Winter's Tale*, p. 386. edit. 1778. MALONE.

⁶ *Ay, far fetch'd, you know, Sam—*] A proverb. *Vache de loin a laif affez.* Fr. On the books of the Stationers' Company, 1566, is entered “a playe intituled *Farre fetched and deare bowgbi ys good for ladies.*” STEEVENS.

In the old copies this and the following fpeech are differently divided. The miftake feems to have been occafioned by the printer's fupposing *Sam* (whom Oliver addreffes by his name) to ftand as a designation of the beginning of a fpeech. He has accordingly afcribed the fubfequent words—“But fpeak in your confcience, &c.” to the former. MALONE.

Sam.

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Sam. But Ralph, what, is our beer four this thunder?

Ralph. No, no, it holds countenance yet.

Sam. Why then follow me; I'll teach you the finest humour to be drunk in: I learn'd it at London last week.

Both. I'faith? Let's hear it, let's hear it.

Sam. The bravest humour! 'twould do a man good to be drunk in it: they call it knighting in London, when they drink upon their knees⁷.

Both. 'Faith that's excellent.

Sam. Come follow me; I'll give you all the degrees of it in order⁸. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Another apartment in the same.

*Enter Wife*⁹.

Wife. What will become of us? All will away:
My husband never ceases in expence,
Both to consume his credit and his house;
And 'tis set down by heaven's just decree,
That riot's child must needs be beggary.

⁷ — *they call it knighting in London, when they drink upon their knees.*] So in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

“ Do me right,

“ And *dub me knight.*”

See the note there, vol. v. p. 597. edit. 1778. MALONE.

⁸ — *I'll give you all the degrees of it in order.*] Alluding perhaps to *Philocothonista*, or the Drunkard; a pamphlet by Thomas Haywood, in which all these degrees are set down with the most minute exactness. The earliest copy of this piece that I have met with, was published in 1635, but the first edition of it is perhaps of much elder date. STEVENS.

⁹ *Enter Wife.* It is observable that the poet has not given a name to any of the persons exhibited in this piece, except the three servants. MALONE.

The author might not think himself at liberty to use the real names belonging to his characters, and at the same time was of opinion that fictitious ones would appear unsatisfactory, as the true were universally known, either from the ballad spoken of by Mr. Malone, or from the prose narratives published soon after these notorious murders were committed. See note the last. STEVENS.

Are

Are these the virtues that his youth did promise?
 Dice and voluptuous meetings, midnight revels,
 Taking his bed with surfeits; ill beseeming
 The antient honour of his house and name?
 And this not all, but that which kills me most,
 When he recounts his losses and false fortunes,
 The weakness of his state so much dejected¹,
 Not as a man repentant, but half mad
 His fortunes cannot answer his expence,
 He sits, and sullenly locks up his arms;
 Forgetting heaven, looks downward; which makes
 him

Appear so dreadful that he frights my heart:
 Walks heavily, as if his soul were earth;
 Not penitent for those his sins are past,
 But vex'd his money cannot make them last:
 A fearful melancholy, ungodly sorrow.
 O, yonder he comes; now in despite of ills
 I'll speak to him, and I will hear him speak,
 And do my best to drive it from his heart.

Enter Husband.

Huf. Pox o' the last throw²! It made five hundred
 angels

¹ *The weakness of his state so much dejected,
 Not as a man repentant, but half mad,
 His fortunes cannot answer his expence,
 He sits, &c.]*

Perhaps these lines are shuffled out of their natural order. I
 would transpose them thus:

The weakness of his state so much dejected,
 His fortunes cannot answer his expence,—
 Not as a man repentant, but half mad,
 He sits, &c. STEEVENS.

² — *the last throw,*—] It should seem from this speech that he
 was just returned from a gaming house. STEEVENS.

He is speaking, I suppose, of his ill luck at play in London,
 from which he is just returned. MALONE,

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Vanish from my sight. I am damn'd, I'm damn'd ;
The angels have forsook me ³. Nay it is
Certainly true ; for he that has no coin
Is damn'd in this world ; he is gone, he's gone.

Wife. Dear husband.

Huf. O ! most punishment of all, I have a wife ⁴.

Wife. I do entreat you, as you love your soul,
Tell me the cause of this your discontent.

Huf. A vengeance strip thee naked ! thou art
cause,
Effect, quality, property ; thou, thou, thou ⁵.

[*Exit.*

Wife. Bad turn'd to worse ; both beggary of the soul
And of the body ;—and so much unlike
Himself at first ⁶, as if some vexed spirit
Had got his form upon him ⁷. He comes again.

³ *I am damn'd, I'm damn'd ;*

The angels have forsook me.] Here is a quibble designed
between *angel* the messenger of heaven, and *angel* the gold coin
of ten shillings value. So in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* :—“ the
hath a legion of angels.” “ As many devils entertain.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Wife.* Dear husband.

Huf. Most punishment of all, I have a wife.] So in *Venice
Preserved* :

Belw. “ My life !

Jaff. “ My plague !” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *thou art the cause,*

Effect, quality, property, thou, thou, &c.] So in *King Ri-
chard III* :

“ Thou wast the *cause* and most accurst *effect*.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *and so much unlike*

Himself at first, &c.] So in *Othello* :

“ — nor should I know him,

“ Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — *as if some vexed spirit*

Had got his form upon him.—] So in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ As if a god, in hate of mankind, had

“ *De:roy'd in such a st:apc.*” STEEVENS.

Re-

Re-enter Husband.

He says I am the cause : I never yet
Spoke less than words of duty and of love.

Huf. If marriage be honourable, then cuckolds are honourable, for they cannot be made without marriage. Fool ! what meant I to marry to get beggars⁸ ? Now must my eldest son be a knave or nothing ; he cannot live upon the fool, for he will have no land to maintain him. That mortgage fits like a snaffle upon mine inheritance⁹, and makes me chew upon iron. My second son must be a promoter¹, and my third a thief, or an under-putter ; a slave pander. Oh beggary, beggary, to what base uses dost thou put a man² ! I think the devil scorns to be a bawd ; he bears himself more proudly, has more care of his credit³. — Base, slavish, abject, filthy poverty !

Wife. Good sir, by all our vows I do beseech you,
Show me the true cause of your discontent.

Huf. Money, money, money ; and thou must supply me.

⁸ — *what meant I to marry to get beggars ?* —] In the same strain *Hamlet* says to *Ophelia* :

“ Why would’st thou be a breeder of sinners ? ”

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *a snaffle upon mine inheritance,* —] So in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ The third part of the world’s your’s, which with a snaffle

“ You may pace easy.” STEEVENS.

¹ — *My second son must be a promoter,* —] An informer.

MALONE.

² — *to what base uses dost thou put a man !*] So in *Hamlet* :

“ To what base uses we may return ! ” MALONE.

³ — *I think the devil scorns to be a bawd ; he bears himself more proudly, has more care of his credit.*] So in *Pericles*, *Marina* speaking to the Pander :

“ Thou hold’st a place, for which *the pained’st fiend*

“ *In hell,* would not in reputation change.” STEEVENS.

Wife.

Wife. Alas, I am the least cause of your discontent ;

Yet what is mine, either in rings or jewels,
Use to your own desire ; but I beseech you,
As you are a gentleman by many bloods ⁴,
Though I myself be out of your respect,
Think on the state of these three lovely boys ⁵
You have been father to.

Huf. Puh ! bastards, bastards ⁶, bastards ; begot
in tricks, begot in tricks.

Wife. Heaven knows how those words wrong me :
but I may
Endure these griefs among a thousand more.
O call to mind your lands already mortgag'd,
Yourself wound into debts ⁷, your hopeful brother
At the university in bonds for you,
Like to be seiz'd upon ; and——

⁴ — a gentleman by many bloods,] So in another of our author's plays :

“ I am a gentleman of blood and breeding.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — these three lovely boys] We should either read—“ these two” or “ the three,” for the younger of them is *absent* at nurse. The pronoun plural *these* would imply that they were all *present*.

STEEVENS.

These and *those* are sometimes confounded by our ancient authors.

MALONE.

⁶ *Pub!* bastards, bastards, bastards—] Though Shakspeare has thought it necessary to deviate from his story as it is still related in Yorkshire, yet here he seems to have had the original cause of this unhappy gentleman's rashness in his mind.—Mr. Calverly is represented to have been of a passionate disposition, and to have struck one of his children in the presence of his wife, who pertly told him, *to correct children of his own, when he could produce any.* On this single provocation he is said to have immediately committed all the bloody facts that furnish matter for the tragedy before us. He died possessed of a large estate. STEEVENS.

⁷ — wound into debts,—] We should say at present *involved* in debts. The tribunes, however, tell *Coriolanus* that he has *wound* himself into arbitrary power. STEEVENS.

So in *King Lear*: “ Edmund, seek him out ; *wind* me into him, I pray you.” MALONE.

Huf.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY. 641

Huf. Have done, thou harlot,
Whom though for fashion-sake I married,
I never could abide. Think'st thou, thy words
Shall kill my pleasures? Fall off to thy friends;
Thou and thy bastards beg; I will not bate
A whit in humour. Midnight, still I love you²,
And revel in your company! Curb'd in,
Shall it be said in all societies,
That I broke custom³? that I flagg'd in money?
No, those thy jewels I will play as freely
As when my state was fullest¹.

Wife. Be it so.

Huf. Nay I protest (and take that for an earnest)

[*Spurns her.*]

I will for ever hold thee in contempt,
And never touch the sheets that cover thee,
But be divorc'd in bed, till thou consent
Thy dowry shall be sold, to give new life
Unto those pleasures which I most affect.

Wife. Sir, do but turn a gentle eye on me,
And what the law shall give me leave to do,
You shall command.

Huf. Look it be done. Shall I want dust,

¹ — *Midnight, still I love you,*] Thus *Falstaff*:

“ Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night.”

STEVENS.

² *Shall it be said in all societies,*

That I broke custom?] This speech, among others, increases the suspicion I have mentioned in the last note on the tragedy before us, that the scene of it was originally designed to have been laid in London. It is rather improbable that any place in Yorkshire should in the year 1605 have furnished gaming associations, or people who attended to the poverty or affluence of such as frequented them. STEVENS.

He alludes perhaps to the company with whom he lived during his late residence in London. MALONE.

³ — *when my state was fullest.*] When my fortune was most affluent. So in *Othello*:

“ What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe!”

MALONE.

642 A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

And like a slave wear nothing in my pockets

[*Holds his hands in his pockets.*]

But my bare hands, to fill them up with nails?

O much against my blood²! Let it be done;

I was never made to be a looker on,

A hawd to dice; I'll shake the drabs myself,

And make them yield: I say, look it be done.

Wife. I take my leave: it shall.

[*Exit*].

Huf. Speedily, speedily.

I hate the very hour I chose a wife:

A trouble, trouble! Three children, like three evils,
Hang on me. Fie, fie, fie! Strumpet and bastards!

Enter three Gentlemen.

Strumpet and bastards!

1 *Gent.* Still do these loathsome thoughts jar on
your tongue?

Yourself to stain the honour of your wife,

Nobly descended? Those whom men call mad,

Endanger others; but he's more than mad

That wounds himself; whose own words do pro-
claim

Scandals unjust, to foil his better name⁴.

It is not fit; I pray, forsake it.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, let modesty reprove you.

3 *Gent.* Let honest kindness sway so much with
you.

² *O much against my blood!*] i. e. my inclination. So afterwards:

“For 'tis our blood to love what we're forbidden.”

STEEVENS.

³ *Exit.*] Between this scene and the next, the lady has travelled from Calverly in Yorkshire, to London, and from London back again to Calverly; in all about 386 miles.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Scandals unjust, to foil his better name.*] This line, which is found in the quarto, is omitted in the folios and the modern editions. MALONE.

Huf-

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY. 643

Huf. Good den^s ; I thank you, fir ; how do you ?
 Adieu !
 I am glad to fee you. Farewel instructions, admonitions !
 [Exeunt Gentlemen.]

Enter a Servant.

How now, firrah ? What would you ?

Ser. Only to certify you, fir, that my mistress was met by the way, by them who were sent for her up to London⁶ by her honourable uncle, your worship's late guardian.

Huf. So, fir, then she is gone ; and so may you be ;
 But let her look the thing be done she wots of,
 Or hell will stand more pleasant than her house
 At home. [Exit Servant.]

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Well or ill met, I care not.

Huf. No, nor I.

Gent. I am come with confidence to chide you :

Huf. Who ? me ?

Chide me ? Do't finely then ; let it not move me :
 For if thou chid'st me angry, I shall strike⁷.

Gent. Strike thine own follies, for 'tis they deserve

To be well beaten. We are now in private ;

^s Good den ;—]. See this phrase explained, ante, p. 589, note A. MALONE.

This phrase, which occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Much Ado About Nothing*, appears to mean *good even*. Mr. Tyrwhitt, in a note on *Timon*, observes that it was the usual salutation from noon, the moment that *good morrow* became improper. STEEVENS.

⁶ — who were sent for her up to London—] Who were sent to conduct her up to London. MALONE.

⁷ — let it not move me :

For if thou chid'st me angry, I shall strike.] So in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ I strike quickly, being mov'd.” STEEVENS.

There's none but thou and I. Thou art fond and
peevish⁸;

An unclean rioter; thy lands and credit
Lie now both sick⁹ of a consumption:
I am sorry for thee. That man spends with shame,
That with his riches doth consume his name;
And such art thou.

Huf. Peace.

Gent. No, thou shalt hear me further.
Thy father's and fore-fathers' worthy honours,
Which were our country monuments, our grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface.
The spring-time of thy youth did fairly promise¹
Such a most fruitful summer to thy friends,
It scarce can enter into men's beliefs,
Such dearth shou'd hang upon thee. We that see it,
Are sorry to believe it. In thy change,
This voice into all places will be hurl'd—
Thou and the devil have deceiv'd the world.

Huf. I'll not endure thee.

Gent. But of all the worst,
Thy virtuous wife, right honourably allied,
Thou hast proclaim'd a strumpet.

Huf. Nay then I know thee;
Thou art her champion, thou; her private friend;

⁸ — fond and peevish;] i. e. weak and silly. *Shylock* calls the Jailer *fond* for permitting Antonio to walk abroad; and *Iacchino* tells *Imogen* that his man is *peevish* as well as thy. See last edit. vol. ix. p. 206. STEEVENS.

⁹ — thy lands and credit

Lie now both sick—]

So in *K. Henry VIII*:

“ — kinsmen of mine have

“ So sicken'd their estates” — STEEVENS.

¹ The spring-time of thy youth did fairly promise] So in *King Henry V*:

“ The courses of his youth promis'd it not.”

STEEVENS.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY: 645

The party you wot on ².

Gent. O ignoble thought!

I am past my patient blood. Shall I stand idle,
And see my reputation touch'd to death ³?

Huf. It has gall'd you, this; has it?

Gent. No, monster; I will prove

My thoughts did only tend to virtuous love.

Huf. Love of her virtues? there it goes.

Gent. Base spirit,

To lay thy hate upon the fruitful honour
Of thine own bed!

[*They fight, and the Husband is hurt.*]

Huf. Oh!

Gent. Wilt thou yield it yet?

Huf. Sir, sir, I have not done with you.

Gent. I hope, nor ne'er shall do. [*They fight again.*]

Huf. Have you got tricks? Are you in cunning
with me?

Gent. No, plain and right:

He needs no cunning that for truth doth fight ⁴.

[*Husband falls down.*]

Huf. Hard fortune! am I levell'd with the ground?

Gent. Now, fir, you lie at mercy,

Huf. Ay, you slave.

² *The party you wot on.*] This phrase was formerly used when any idea gross or wanton was to be conveyed without plain or offensive words. So in the *Fests of George Peele*, 1607: "George [conversing with a courtesan] fell to the question about the thing you wot of." STEEVENS.

³ — *shall I stand idle,*

And see my reputation touch'd to death?—

It has gall'd you, this; has it?] Thus in Mr. Rowe's *Tamer-*

lane:

Arp. "And stand I here an idle looker on,

"To see my innocence murder'd and mangled?—

Baj. "Ha! does it gall thee, Tartar?" STEEVENS.

⁴ *He needs no cunning that for truth doth fight.*] So in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:

"Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just."

STEEVENS.

646 A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Gent. Alas, that hate should bring us to our grave!¹
 You see, my sword's not thirsty for your life:
 I am sorrier for your wound than you yourself.
 You're of a virtuous house; show virtuous deeds;
 'Tis not your honour, 'tis your folly bleeds,
 Much good has been expected in your life;
 Cancel not all men's hopes: you have a wife,
 Kind and obedient; heap not wrongful shame
 On her and your posterity; let only sin be sore,
 And by this fall, rise never to fall more.
 And so I leave you. [Exit.

Huf. Has the dog left me then,
 After his tooth has left me⁶? O, my heart
 Would fain leap after him. Revenge I say;
 I'm mad to be reveng'd. My strumpet wife,
 It is thy quarrel that rips this my flesh,
 And makes my breast spit blood⁷;—but thou shalt
 bleed.

Vanquish'd? got down? unable even to speak?
 Surely 'tis want of money makes men weak:
 Ay, 'twas that o'erthrew me⁸: I'd ne'er been down
 else. [Exit.

¹ *Alas, that hate should bring us to our grave!*] Thus in *King Henry VIII.* Buckingham says—

“ ——— no black envy

“ Shall make my grave.”

Envy anciently signified both *hatred* and *malice*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Has the dog left me then,*

After his tooth has left me?]

I suspect this passage to be corrupt, and wish the copies would authorize us to read—*After his tooth has gor'd me.* Nothing is more common than for a printer to catch a word from one line and repeat it in the next. We have all met with too many examples of this act of carelessness,

STEEVENS,

⁷ *And makes my breast spit blood;*] So in *Coriolanus*:

“ — Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood,

“ At Grecian swords contending.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — *'tis want of money makes men weak:*

Ay, 'twas that o'erthrew me:] Iachimo in *Cymbeline* complains that the want of a good cause to fight in, has the same effect on his skill and manhood. STEEVENS,

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Another room in the same.

*Enter Wife *, and a Servant.*

Ser. 'Faith, mistress, if it might not be presumption

In me to toll you so, for his excuse
You had small reason, knowing his abuse.

Wife. I grant I had; but alas,
Why should our faults at home be spread abroad?
'Tis grief enough within doors. At first sight
Mine uncle could run o'er his prodigal life
As perfectly as if his serious eye
Had number'd all his follies:
Knew of his mortgag'd lands, his friends in bonds,
Himself wither'd with debts; and in that minute
Had I added his usage and unkindness,
'Twould have confounded every thought of good:
Where now, fathering his riots on his youth,
Which time and tame experience will shake off,—
Gueffing his kindness to me, (as I smooth'd him
With all the skill I had, though his deserts

* *Enter Wife—*] The quarto adds—in a riding suit, the lady being supposed to have just returned from London.

MALONE.

° *Himself wither'd with debts;*] So in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ Like to a stepdame, or a dowager,
“ Long withering out a young man's revenue.”

MALONE.

° — *as I smooth'd him*] So in *King Richard II.*:

“ — Had it been a stranger, not my child,
“ To smooth his fault I would have been more mild.”

STEVENS.

Again, in *Pericles*:

“ — the sinful father
“ Seem'd not to strike, but smooth.” MALONE.

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Are in form uglier than an unshap'd bear²;))

He's ready to prefer him to some office

And place at court; a good and sure relief

To all his stooping fortunes. 'Twill be a means, I
hope,

To make new league between us, and redeem
His virtues with his lands.

Ser. I should think so, mistress. If he should not
now be kind to you, and love you, and cherish you
up, I should think the devil himself kept open house
in him.

Wife. I doubt not but he will. Now pr'ythee leave
me; I think I hear him coming.

Ser. I am gone.

[*Exit.*

Wife. By this good means I shall preserve my lands,
And free my husband out of usurers' hands.
Now there's no need of sale; my uncle's kind:
I hope, if aught, this will content his mind,
Here comes my husband.

Enter Husband.

Huf. Now, are you come? Where's the money?
Let's see the money. Is the rubbish sold? those
wife-acres, your lands? Why when? The money?
Where is it? Pour it down; down with it, down
with it: I say pour't on the ground; let's see it, let's
see it.

Wife. Good sir, keep but in patience, and I hope
my words shall like you well³. I bring you better
comfort than the sale of my dowry.

Huf. Ha! What's that?

Wife. Pray do not fright me, sir, but vouchsafe
me hearing. My uncle, glad of your kindness to me

² *Are in form uglier than an unshap'd bear,*] So the duke of
Gloster speaking of himself in one of our author's historical plays;

“ To disproportion me in every part,

“ Like to a chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp.” STEVENS.

³ *My words shall like you well.*] Shall please you. MALONE,

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY. 649

and mild usage (for so I made it to him), hath in pity of your declining fortunes, provided a place for you at court, of worth and credit; which so much overjoy'd me—

Huf. Out on thee, filth! over and overjoy'd, when I'm in torment? [*Spurns her.*] Thou politick whore⁴, subtiler than nine devils, was this thy journey to nunck? to set down the history of me, of my state and fortunes? Shall I that dedicated myself to pleasure, be now confin'd in service? to crouch and stand⁵ like an old man i'the hams⁶, my hat off? I that could never abide to uncover my head i'the church? Base slut! this fruit bear thy complaints.

Wife. O, heaven knows
That my complaints were praises, and best words,
Of you and your estate. Only, my friends
Knew of your mortgag'd lands, and were possess'd
Of every accident before I came.
If you suspect it but a plot in me,
To keep my dowry, or for mine own good,
Or my poor children's, (though it suits a mother
To show a natural care in their reliefs,)
Yet I'll forget myself to calm your blood:
Consume it, as your pleasure counsels you.

⁴ — *thou politick whore,*—] Thus *Othello*:

“ I took you for the *cunning whore* of Venice,” &c.

STEEVENS.

⁵ — *to crouch and stand,* &c.] So in *Julius Caesar*:

“ Must I observe you? Must I *stand and crouch*

“ Under your testy humour?”

The construction, I think, is—to stand, and *crouch in the hams*, like an old man, &c. MALONE.

— *in service to crouch*—] So in the Prologue to *K. Henry V*:

“ *Crouch for employment.*” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *like an old man i'the hams,*—] I would read,

———— *like a man old i'the hams.*

i. e. with his knees bent. *Hamlet*, among other marks of age takes notice of *most weak hams*.

“ ——— *my hat off.*

So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ I have ever held *my cap off* to thy fortunes.” STEEVENS.

And

And all I wish even clemency affords ;
Give me but pleasant looks *, and modest words.

Huf. Money, whore, money, or I'll—

[*Draws a dagger.*]

Enter a Servant hastily.

What the devil ! How now ! thy hasty news ?

Ser. May it please you, sir—

Huf. What ! may I not look upon my dagger ?
Speak, villain, or I will execute the point on thee :
Quick, short.

Ser. Why, sir, a gentleman from the university
stays below to speak with you. [Exit.]

Huf. From the university ? so ; university :—that
long word runs through me. [Exit.]

Wife. Was ever wife so wretchedly beset ?
Had not this news stepp'd in between, the point
Had offer'd violence unto my breast.
That which some women call great misery,
Would show but little here ; would scarce be seen
Among my miseries. I may compare
For wretched fortunes, with all wives that are.
Nothing will please him, until all be nothing.
He calls it slavery to be prefer'd ;
A place of credit, a base servitude.
What shall become of me, and my poor children,
Two here, and one at nurse ? my pretty beggars !
I see how Ruin with a palsied hand
Begins to shake this ancient seat to dust :

The

* Give me but pleasant looks,—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1608, has comely. MALONE.

¹ What the devil—How now ! thy hasty news ?] In *Macbeth* we meet with the same abruptness :

“ And falls on the other—How now ! What news ?”

STEEVENS,

² — or I will execute the point on thee :—] Thus in *Othello* ;
— “ with determin'd sword

“ To execute upon him.” STEEVENS.

³ I see how ruin with a palsied hand

Begins to shake the ancient seat to dust :] These two picturesque

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY. 651

The heavy weight of sorrow draws my lids
Over my dankish eyes¹: I can scarce see;
Thus grief will last²;—it wakes and sleeps with me.

[Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

Another apartment in the same.

Enter Husband and the Master of a College.

Huf. Please you draw near, fir; you're exceeding welcome.

Maft. That's my doubt; I fear I come not to be welcome.

Huf. Yes, howsoever.

Maft. 'Tis not my fashion, fir, to dwell in long circumstance, but to be plain and effectual³; therefore to the purpose. The cause of my setting forth was piteous and lamentable. That hopeful young gentleman your brother, whose virtues we all love dearly, through your default and unnatural negli-

turefque lines have been preserved in a play called the *Fatal Extravagance*, (written by one Mitchel, with the assistance of Aaron Hill,) which appeared in the year 1721. It was first exhibited as a piece of one act, and afterwards was enlarged to five. The author professes to have taken the hint of his tragedy from the drama now before us. MALONE.

I would read,—a palsied hand. STEEVENS.

This slight change has been adopted in the text, Shakspeare having used this word in *Measure for Measure*:

“ — and does beg the alms

“ Of palsied eld.” MALONE.

I would read—*this* ancient feat. PERCY.

¹ *The heavy weight of sorrow draws my lids*

Over my dankish eyes:] So in *K. Richard III*:

“ My soul is heavy and I fain would sleep—

“ Sorrow breaks seasons.” STEEVENS.

— *my dankish eyes:]* i. e. eyes moistened with tears. PERCY.

* Thus grief will last;—] I believe we ought to read—*This* grief will last— MALONE.

² 'Tis not my fashion, fir, to dwell in long circumstance, but to be plain, &c.] So in *King Lear*:

“ Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain.” STEEVENS.

gence

gence lies in bond executed for your debt,—a prisoner ; all his studies amazed ³, his hope struck dead, and the pride of his youth muffled in these dark clouds of oppression.

Huf. Umph, umph, umph !

Mast. O you have kill'd the towardest hope of all our univerfity : wherefore, without repentance and amends, expect ponderous and sudden judgments to fall grievously upon you. Your brother, a man who profited in his divine employments, and might have made ten thousand souls fit for heaven ⁴, is now by your careless courses cast into prifon, which you must answer for ; and assure your fpirit it will come home at length.

Huf. O God ! oh !

Mast. Wife men think ill of you ; others fpeak ill of you ; no man loves you : nay, even thofe whom honefty condemns, condemn you : And take this from the virtuous affection I bear your brother ; never look for prosperous hour, good thoughts, quiet fleep ⁵, contented walks, nor any thing that makes man perfect ⁶, till you redeem him. What is your

³ — *all his studies amazed,*—] i. e. confounded, ftunn'd. So in *K. Henry V.* laft edit. vol. vi. p. 154 :

“ Enough, captain, you have *aftonifh'd* him.”

Again, in *King Jobn* :

“ I am *amaz'd*—and lofe my way

“ Among the thorns and dangers of this world.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *a man who profited in his divine employments, and might have made ten thousand souls fit for heaven,*—] Our pompous mafter of a college, with all this circumlocution, means to fay no more than that his pupil was defigned for a parfon STEEVENS.

⁵ — *ne: er look for prosperous hour, good thoughts, quiet fleep, &c.]* Somewhat like this enumeration of particular circumftances neceffary to happinefs, occurs in the *Tempeft* :

“ — As I hope

“ For quiet days, fair iffue, and long life, &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *makes man perfect,*—] i. e. perfectly happy. The expreffion, however, is unexampled in this fenfe. STEEVENS.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY. 653

answer ? How will you bestow him ? Upon desperate misery, or better hopes ?—I suffer till I hear your answer.

Huf. Sir, you have much wrought with me ; I feel you in my soul : you are your art's master ⁷. I never had sense till now ; your syllables have cleft me ⁸. Both for your words and pains I thank you. I cannot but acknowledge grievous wrongs done to my brother ; mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty wrongs. Within, there.

Enter a Servant.

Huf. Fill me a bowl of wine ⁹. [*Exit Servant.*]
Alas, poor brother, bruis'd with an execution for my sake !

Mast. A bruise indeed makes many a mortal sore,
Fill the grave cure them.

Re-enter Servant with wine.

Huf. Sir, I begin to you ; you've chid your welcome.

Mast. I could have wish'd it better for your sake. I pledge you, fir :—To the kind man in prison.

Huf. Let it be so. Now, fir, if you please to spend but a few minutes in a walk about my grounds below, my man here shall attend you. I doubt not but by that time to be furnish'd of a sufficient answer, and therein my brother fully satisfied.

Mast. Good fir, in that the angels would be pleas'd,

⁷ — *your art's master.*—] A quibble on *master of arts*, an academical distinction. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *your syllables have cleft me.*—] So in *Hamlet* :

“ — and cleave the general ear with horrid speech.”

Again,

“ O Hamlet, thou has cleft my heart—” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Fill me a bowl of wine.*—] The same words, I think, are found in *King Richard III.* and in *Julius Cæsar*. STEEVENS.

And

654 A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

And the world's murmurs calm'd; and I should say,
I set forth then upon a lucky day.

[*Exeunt Master and Servant.*

Huf. O thou confused man! Thy pleasant sins have undone thee¹; thy damnation has beggar'd thee. That heaven should say we must not sin, and yet made women²! give our senses way to find pleasure, which being found, confounds us! Why should we know those things so much misuse us? O, would virtue had been forbidden! We should then have prov'd all virtuous; for 'tis our blood to love what we are forbidden³. Had not drunkenness been forbidden⁴, what man would have been fool to a beast, and zany to a swine⁵,—to show tricks in the mire? What is there in three dice⁶, to make a man draw thrice three thousand acres into the compass of a little round table, and with the gentleman's palsy in the

¹ *Thy pleasant sins have undone thee;—*] So in *King Lear* :

“The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

“*Make instruments to scourge us.*” STEVENS.

² — *and yet made women, &c.*] The darling vice which brought on the ruin of Mr. Calverly, is represented, throughout this play, to have been *gaming*. His wife, his nurse, &c. accuse him no further. In the present speech, however, he seems to charge himself with other acts of intemperance. These circumstances but serve to increase the suspicion I have hinted in my last note. STEVENS.

³ — *for 'tis our blood to love what we are forbidden.*] We are inclined by our natural constitution to love, &c. MALONE.

See notes on *Cymbeline*, last edit, vol. ix. p. 174; and on *Timon*, vol. viii. p. 400. STEVENS.

⁴ *Had not drunkenness been forbidden, &c.*] Thus the quarto. (The folios and the modern editions read—*What man would have been forbidden, what man would have been a fool &c.* MALONE.

⁵ — *what man would have been fool to a beast, and zany to a swine, —*] Thus in *Othello*, where Cassio reproves himself on the same occasion:—“*To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!*” STEVENS.

⁶ *What is there in three dice, &c.*] It should seem that the species of gaming practised when this play was written, was what is called *passage*, or *pass-dice*, which is played with three dice.

MALONE.

hand

hand shake out his posterity⁷ thieves or beggars?
 'Tis done; I have don't i'faith: terrible, horrible
 misery!—How well was I left⁸! Very well, very
 well. My lands shou'd like a full moon about me;
 but now the moon's in the last quarter,—waning,
 waning; and I am mad to think that moon was
 mine; mine and my father's, and my fore-fathers';
 generations, generations.—Down goes the house of
 us; down, down it sinks. Now is the name a beg-
 gar; begs in me. That name which hundreds of
 years has made this shire famous, in me and my
 posterity runs out. In my seed five are made mi-
 serable besides myself: my riot is now my brother's
 gaoler, my wife's fighting, my three boys' penury,
 and mine own confusion.

Why sit my hairs upon my cursed head?

[Tears his hair.

Will not this poison scatter them⁹? O, my bro-
 ther's

In execution among devils that
 Stretch him and make him give^{*}; and I in want,

⁷ — shake out *his posterity*—] In some other play our author
 has the same expression: — “many a man's tongue *shakes out* his
 own undoing.” The same thought has occurred already in the
 piece before us:

— ruin with a *palsied hand*

Begins to *shake*, &c.

This is some slight proof that the *Yorkshire Tragedy* was composed
 in a hurry. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *How well was I left!*] To *leave*, in this instance, is to
 bequeath as a legacy, or inheritance. Dryden uses it in the same
 sense. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Why sit my hairs upon my cursed head?*

Will not this poison scatter them?] Alluding to the effects
 of some kinds of poison. So in *Leicester's Commonwealth*: “—yet
 was he like to have lost his life, but escaped in the end (being
 yong) with the *last* onely of his *haire*.” The author is here
 speaking of a page who had tasted a potion prepared by Leicester
 for the earl of Essex. STEEVENS.

^{*} — *and make him give;*] Leather when stretched is said to
 give. MALONE.

Not

656 A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Not able for to live, nor to redeem him !
 Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
 But in my heart her several torments dwell ;
 Slavery and misery. Who, in this case,
 Would not take up money upon his soul ?
 Pawn his salvation, live at interest ?
 I, that did ever in abundance dwell,
 For me to want, exceeds the throes of hell ².

Enter a little boy with a top and scourge.

Son. What ail you, father ? Are you not well ? I cannot scourge my top as long as you stand so. You take up all the room with your wide legs. Puh ! you cannot make me afraid with this ; I fear no vizards, nor bugbears ³.

[*He takes up the child by the skirts of his long coat with one hand, and draws his dagger with the other.*

Huf. Up, fir, for here thou hast no inheritance left^{*}.

Son. O, what will you do, father ? I am your white boy.

Huf. Thou shalt be my red boy ; take that.

[*Strikes him.*

Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
 But in my heart her several torments dwell.] Thus in Rowe's *Tamerlane* :

“ ——— the restless damn'd

“ (If musties lye not) wander thus in hell.” STEEVENS.

² I, that did ever in abundance dwell,

For me to want, exceeds the throes of hell.] The same aggravation of the miseries occasioned by unexpected poverty, is introduced in *Timon* :

“ But myself,

“ That had the world as my confectionary——

“ I to bear this

“ That never knew but better, is some sufferance.”

STEEVENS.

³ I fear no vizards nor bugbears.] This is a natural circumstance. The child mistakes the distortions of real passion, for grimaces exhibited only with a sportive intention to fright him. STEEVENS.

* Up, fir, for here thou hast no inheritance left.] He means, I believe, that his child having nothing left on earth, he will send him to heaven. MALONE.

Son.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY. 657

Son. O; you hurt me, father.

Huf. My eldest beggat,
Thou shalt not live to ask an usurer bread ⁴;
To cry at a great man's gate; or follow,
Good your honour, by a coach; no, nor your brother:
'Tis charity to brain you.

Son. How shall I learn, now my head's broke ⁵?

Huf. Bleed, bleed, [Stabs him.
Rather than beg. Be not thy name's disgrace:
Spurn thou thy fortunes first; if they be base,
Come view thy second brother's. Fates! My children's blood
Shall spin into your faces ⁶; you shall see,
How confidently we scorn beggary!

[Exit with his Son.

S C E N E V.

A maid discovered with a child in her arms; the mother on a couch by her, asleep.

Maid. Sleep, sweet babe; sorrow makes thy mother sleep:

It bodes small good when heaviness falls so deep.
Hush, pretty boy; thy hopes might have been better.
'Tis lost at dice, what ancient honour won:
Hard, when the father plays away the son!

⁴ *Thou shalt not live to ask an usurer bread;*] This is said in the true spirit of *Macbeth*:

“ — I will not yield

“ To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, &c.”

STEVENS.

⁵ Son. *How shall I learn, now my head's broke?*] This infant, like lady Macduff's, is inclined to be a joker. STEVENS.

⁶ — My children's blood

Shall spin into your faces;] So in *King Henry V*:

“ That their hot blood may spin in English eyes.”

STEVENS.

658 A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Nothing but Misery serves in this house ;
Ruin and Desolation. Oh !

Enter Husband, with his son bleeding.

Huf. Whore, give me that boy.

[*Strives with her for the child.*]

Maid. O help, help ! Out alas ! murder, murder !

Huf. Are you gossiping, you prating, sturdy quean ?
I'll break your clamour with your neck. Down stairs ;
Tumble, tumble, headlong. So :—

[*He throws her down, and stabs the child.*]

The surest way to charm a woman's tongue *,
Is—break her neck : a politician did it †.

Son.

* *Nothing but Misery serves in this house ;*] In *K. Henry VIII.* we have a simular personification :

“ And *Danger serves* among them.” STEEVENS.

† — to charm a *woman's tongue,*] To silence her. See a former note, p. 466. MALONE.

‡ — *break her neck : a politician did it.*] The satire in this passage is undoubtedly personal. The *politician* alluded to was queen Elizabeth's favourite, the earl of Leicester, the death of whose first wife is thus described in the celebrated libel entitled his *Commonwealth*. This work is attributed to Parsons the Jesuit, though sir William Cecil, lord Burleigh, is suspected of having furnished his materials. It was first printed abroad in the year 1584, and was circulated with malicious industry by means of multiplied editions, throughout our kingdom, and through others by repeated translations into various languages.

“ The death of Leicester's first lady and wife.”

“ For first his lordship hath a speciall fortune, that when he desireth any woman's favour, then what person so ever standeth in his way, hath the luck to dye quickly for the finishing of his desire. As for example, when his lordship was in full hope to marry her majesty, and his owne wife stood in his light, as he supposed ; he did but send her aside to the house of his servant Forster of Cumner by Oxford, where shortly after she had the chance to *fall from a paire of staires, and so to breake her neck,* but yet without hurting of her hood that stood upon her head. But sir Richard Varney, who by commandment remained with her that

Son. Mother, mother; I am kill'd, mother¹.

[Wife awakes.
Wife.

that day alone, with one man onely, and had sent away perforce all her servants from her to a market two miles of, he (I say) with his man, can tell how she died, which man being taken afterward for a felony in the marches of Wales; and offering to publish the manner of the said murder, was made away privily in the prison: and sir Richard himself dying about the same time in London, cried pitiously and blasphemed God, and said to a gentleman of worship of mine acquaintance, not long before his death, that all the devils in hell did teare him in pieces. The wife also of Bald Butler, kinsman to my lord, gave out the whole fact a little before her death. But to return unto my purpose, this was my lord's good fortune to have his wife dye, at that time when it was like to turne most to his profit*."

When this book was republished for reasons of policy, in 1641, a metrical monologue called *Leicester's Ghost*, was appended to it, and there likewise the same fact is recorded. The following quotation is from a more perfect and ample MS. copy of the same poem.

" My first wife she fell downe a paire of staires
 " And brake her necke, and so at Conmore dyed,
 " Whilst her true servants led with small affaires,
 " Unto a fayre at Abbingdon did ride;
 " This dismall happ did to my wife betyde:
 " Whether ye call yt chance or destinie,
 " Too true yt is, she did untimely dye."

Left it should be objected to the probability of Shakspeare's having written the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, that he would not, on account of his intimacy with the friend of Essex, have treated the memory of Leicester with so much freedom, let me add, that the former was executed in 1600, and our author was therefore left at full liberty to adopt the common sentiments relative to this great but profligate statesman.

The foregoing passage in the *Yorkshire Tragedy* has indeed always stood within the reach of illustration, *Leicester's Commonwealth* being a printed work, and consequently in many hands: As the satire however, or foundation of the following line in the *Rape of the Lock* has not the same advantage, I am tempted to

* Shakspeare appears likewise to have borrowed the following allusion from this book, and inserted it in *King John*: " — she standerh like a fend or fury at the elbow of her Amadis, to stirre him forward when occasion shall serve."

" With him along is come the mother-queen,
 " An Ate, stirring him to war and strife." Act II. Sc. 1.

Wife. Ha, who's that cry'd? O me! my children!
Both, both, bloody, bloody!

[*Catches up the youngest child.*]

Huf. Strumpet, let go the boy; let go the beggar.

Wife. O my sweet husband!

Huf. Filth, harlot.

Wife. O, what will you do, dear husband?

Huf. Give me the bastard.

Wife. Your own sweet boy—

Huf. There are too many beggars.

desert my subject, and render a long note still longer, lest a fact should be forgotten which may afford gratification to innocent curiosity.

“*Men prove with child as powerful fancy works.*”

Rape of the Lock, Cant. iv. l. 53.

The fanciful person here alluded to, was Dr. Edward Pelling, one of the chaplains to K. Charles II. James II. William III. and Queen Anne. He held the livings of Great St. Helen's and Ludgate, a prebend of Westminster, &c. Having studied himself into the disorder of mind vulgarly called the hyp, (for he rarely quitted his study except during dinner-time,) between the age of forty and fifty he imagined himself to be pregnant, and forebore all manner of exercise, lest motion should prove injurious to his ideal burden. Nor did the whim evaporate till his wife had assured him she was really in his supposed condition. This lady was masculine and large-bon'd in the extreme; and our merry monarch Charles being told of the strange conceit adopted by his chaplain, desired to see her. He did; and, as she quitted his presence, he exclaimed with a good round oath, that “if any woman could get her husband with child, it must be Mrs. Pelling.” I received this narrative from one of the doctor's granddaughters, who is still alive, and remembers that the line of Pope already quoted, was always supposed to have reference to the story I have here intruded on the reader.

I may also add that Mr. Pope has adopted the merriment in the next line,

“*And maids turn'd bottles call aloud for corks,*”

from the *Loyal Subject* of Beaumont and Fletcher, act iv. sc. 2:

“*———— Are women now*

“*O'the nature of bottles, to be stop't with corks?*”

STEEVENS.

[*Mother, mother; I am kill'd, mother.*] So in *Macbeth*, lady Macduff's child says:

“*He has kill'd me, mother.*” STEEVENS.

Wife.

Wife. Good my husband—

Huf. Dost thou prevent me still ?

Wife. O God !

Huf. Have at his heart.

[*Stabs at the child in her arms.*]

Wife. O, my dear boy !

Huf. Brat, thou shalt not live to shame thy house—

Wife. Oh heaven ! [*She is hurt, and sinks down.*]

Huf. And perish !—Now be gone :

There's whores enough, and want would make thee one².

*Enter a Servant*³.

Ser. O fir, what deeds are these ?

Huf. Base slave, my vassal !

Com'st thou between my fury to question me⁴ ?

Ser. Were you the devil, I would hold you, fir.

Huf. Hold me ? Presumption ! I'll undo thee for it.

Ser. 'Sblood, you have undone us all, fir.

Huf. Tug at thy master ?

Ser. Tug at a monster.

Huf. Have I no power ? Shall my slave fetter me ?

Ser. Nay then the devil wrestles ; I am thrown.

Huf. O villain ! now I'll tug thee, now I'll tear thee ;

* — want would make thee one.] So in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ — want would perjure

“ The ne'er-touch'd vestal.” STEEVENS.

² *Enter a lusty servant.*] Thus the old copy. This scene bears some resemblance to another in *King Lear*, where the servant strives to prevent Cornwall from putting out the eyes of Gloster.

“ — my vassal !

Thus Cornwall :—“ My villain !” STEEVENS.

⁴ Com'st thou between my fury to question me ?] So in *King Lear* :

“ Come not between the dragon and his wrath.”

STEEVENS.

662 A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Set quick spurs to my vassal ; bruise him, trample him.

So ; I think thou wilt not follow me in haste.
My horse stands ready saddled. Away, away ;
Now to my brat at nurse, my sucking beggar :
Fates, I'll not leave you one to trample on ! [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

Court before the house.

Enter Husband ; to him the Master of the College.

Mast. How is it with you, sir ?
Methinks you look of a distracted colour.

Huf. Who, I, sir ? 'Tis but your fancy⁶.
Please you walk in, sir, and I'll soon resolve you :
I want one small part to make up the sum,
And then my brother shall rest satisfied.

Mast. I shall be glad to see it ; Sir, I'll attend you.
[Exit.

⁵ — now I'll tear thee ;

Set quick spurs to my vassal, &c.] So afterwards, the Ser-
vant says,

He has —

— torn my flesh with his blood-hasty spur.

To render this intelligible, it should be understood that the ancient spurs had rowels whose points were more than an inch long, with keen broad edges like daggers. PERCY.

⁶ — you look of a distracted colour.

Huf. Who, I, sir ? 'Tis but your fancy.] So in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ *Balth.* Your looks are pale and wild.

“ *Rom.* Tush ! thou art deceiv'd.” STEEVENS.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

A room in the house.

The Wife, Servant, and Children discovered.

Ser. Oh, I am scarce able to heave up myself,
He has so bruis'd me with his devilish weight,
And torn my flesh with his blood-hasty spur :
A man before of easy constitution,
Till now Hell power supplied, to his soul's wrong :
O how damnation can make weak men strong !

Enter the Master of the College and two Servants.

Ser. O the most piteous deed, sir, since you
came !

Maſt. A deadly greeting ! Hath he summ'd up
these

To satisfy his brother ? Here's another ;
And by the bleeding infants, the dead mother.

Wife. Oh ! oh !

Maſt. Surgeons ! surgeons ! she recovers life :—
One of his men all faint and bloodied !

Ser. Follow ; our murderous master has took
horse

To kill his child at nurse. O, follow quickly.

Maſt. I am the readiest ; it shall be my charge
To raise the town upon him !

⁷ O, how damnation can make weak men strong !] So in the
Comedy of Errors :

“ More company : the fiend is strong within him.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ A deadly greeting !—] This passage may not be unhappily
illustrated by another in *Titus Andronicus* :

“ They greet in silence, as the dead are wont.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ To raise the town upon him.] The town of Calverly, as I am
informed, is about a mile from the spot where these murders were
committed. STEEVENS.

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I *Ser.* Good fir, do follow him.

[*Exeunt Master and two Servants.*]

Wife. O my children!

I *Ser.* How is it with my most afflicted mistress?

Wife. Why do I now recover? Why half live,
To see my children bleed before mine eyes?
A sight able to kill a mother's breast, without
An executioner.—What, art thou mangled too?

I *Ser.* I, thinking to prevent what his quick mis-
chiefs

Had so soon acted, came and rush'd upon him.
We struggled; but a fouler strength than his
O'erthrew me with his arms*; then did he bruise me,
And rent my flesh, and robb'd me of my hair;
Like a man mad in execution¹,
Made me unfit to rise and follow him.

Wife. What is it has beguil'd him of all grace,
And stole away humanity from his breast?
To slay his children, purpose to kill his wife,
And spoil his servants—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you to leave this most accursed place:
A surgeon waits within.

Wife. Willing to leave it?

'Tis guilty of sweet blood, innocent blood:
Murder has took this chamber with full hands,
And will ne'er out as long as the house stands.

[*Exeunt,*

* *O'erthrew me with his arms;*] i. e. employed his arms as an instrument, or agent. STEEVENS.

¹ *Like a man mad in execution,*] The servant means to compare his master either to a person whose rage kindles in the progress of its gratification; or to a madman busied in the commission of frantick barbarity. STEEVENS.

S. C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

A high road.

Enter Husband. He falls.

Huf. O stumbling jade! The spavin overtake thee!
The fifty diseases stop thee²!
Oh, I am sorely bruis'd! Plague founder thee!
Thou run'st at ease and pleasure. Heart of chance!
To throw me now, within a flight o' the town³,
In such plain even ground too! 'Sfoot, a man
May dice upon it, and throw away the meadows⁴.
Filthy beast!

[*Cry within.*] Follow, follow, follow.

Huf. Ha! I hear sounds of men, like hue and
cry.

Up, up, and struggle to thy horse; make on;
Dispatch that little beggar, and all's done.

[*Cry within.*] Here, here; this way, this way.

Huf. At my back? Oh,
What fate have I! my limbs deny me go.
My will is 'bated⁵; beggary claims a part.
O could I here reach to the infant's heart!

Enter

² *The fifty diseases stop thee!*] "Had he as many diseases as two and fifty horses," occurs, I think, in the *Taming of a Shrew*.

MALONE.

There is an old book entitled the *Fifty Diseases of a Horse*; by Gervase Markham. STEEVENS.

³ — *within a flight o' the town,*] Perhaps within an arrow's reach. A particular kind of small arrow was called a *flight*. See note on *Much Ado about Nothing*, vol. ii. p. 254. edit. 1778.

MALONE.

⁴ — *throw away the meadows.*] Play for his estate.

MALONE.

⁵ *My will is 'bated;*—] His *will* (i. e. inclination) to murder his surviving infant, is by no means *abated*, for in the next line he wishes he could reach him. I believe we should read—*My will is barr'd*. So in another of our author's plays:

"Who shall bar my will?"

Many

Enter the Master of the College⁶, three Gentlemen, and Attendants with barbers.

All. Here, here; yonder, yonder.

Maſt. Unnatural, flinty, more than barbarous!
The Scythians, even the marble-hearted Fates,
Could not have acted more remorseleſs deeds,
In their relentleſs natures⁷, than theſe of thine.

Was

Many inſtances of the uſe of this word may be found in Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

He means, I think—"My intention to kill all my children is defeated or overthrown. Beggary claims one of them." To *'bate or abate* (from *abatre* Fr.) properly ſignifies to overthrow. MALONE.

⁶ *Enter Maſter of the College, &c.*] Mr. Calverly is ſaid to have been taken by his own groom. STEEVENS.

⁷ *The Scythians or the marble-hearted Fates, &c.*] All the copies read,

"The Scythians in their marble-hearted Fates—

Dr. Percy propoſes to read,

— in their marble-hearted *feats*—

"i. e. their cruel, remorseleſs, inhuman acts." The ſame miſtake, he obſerves, has happened in the laſt act of *Pericles* (ante, p. 159.) where inſtead of

If that thy proſperous and artificial *faſe*—

he would read—artificial *feat*.

The learned commentator's obſervations not having reached my hands till that play was printed off, I had not an opportunity of availing myſelf of this ingenious emendation, which is in my opinion well entitled to a place in the text. I am not ſo clear with reſpect to the correction of the preſent paſſage. Some change is certainly neceſſary. But the reading propoſed by Mr. Steevens offering a more poetical image, I have adopted it, with a ſlight variation. In our old plays *in* was frequently printed inſtead of *even*. See a note on *All's Well that Ends Well*, ante, Vol. I. p. 135. MALONE.

The Scythians in their marble-hearted fates,

Could not have acted more remorseleſs deeds

In their relentleſs natures,—] I ſuſpect we ought to read,

The Scythians, or the marble-hearted Fates,

i. e. the unrelenting deſtinies. *Feats* (the reading propoſed by Dr. Percy) and *deeds*, are too much alike; and "*in their feats*," and "*in their natures*" are likewiſe expreſſions placed offeniſively near

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Was this the answer I long waited on?
The satisfaction for thy prison'd brother?

Huf. Why he can have no more of us than our skins,⁸
And some of them want but fleaing.

¹ Gent. Great fins have made him impudent⁹.

Mast. He has shed so much blood, that he cannot blush.

² Gent. Away with him; bear him to the justice's.

A gentleman of worship dwells at hand:
There shall his deeds be blaz'd¹.

Huf. Why all the better.

My glory 'tis to have my action known;
I grieve for nothing, but I mis'd of one.

Mast. There's little of a father in that grief²:
Bear him away. [Exeunt.

near each other. I may add that the perpetrator of a savage act is properly styled *marble-hearted*, (an epithet appropriated to a *fiend* in *King Lear*, as *stony-hearted* is to the companions of Falstaff in *King Henry IV.* P. I.) but to talk of the *heart* of a *feat* is to deal in language so figurative as to want somewhat of propriety. A train of thought resembling this, occurs in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

“ That face of his the hungry cannibals

“ Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with
“ blood:

“ But you are more inhuman, more inexorable—

“ O, ten times more,—than tygers of Hyrcania.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *he can have no more of us than our skins,*] This is proverbial.

“ You can have no more of a cat than her skin.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Great fins have made him impudent, &c.*] so in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

“ — his face is, vizer-like, unchanging,

“ *Made impudent with use of evil deeds.*” STEEVENS.

¹ *There shall his deeds be blaz'd.*] To *blaze* is to publish, to make known. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ — till we can find a time

“ To blaze your marriage.”

Yet *blaz'd* in the play before us may mean the same as *blazon'd*, the term in heraldry, signifying *depicted in proper colours*. Shakspeare has this phrase in *Othello*, *Cymbeline*, *Twelfth Night*, &c.

STEEVENS.

² *I grieve for nothing, but I mis'd of one.*

Mast. *There's little of a father in that grief:*] Thus in Mr. Rowe's *Tamerlane*:

“ Die Selima?—was that a father's voice?” STEEVENS.

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

A room in the house of a Magistrate.

Enter a Knight, and three Gentlemen.

Knight. Endanger'd so his wife? murder'd his children?

1 Gent. So the cry goes³.

Knight. I am sorry I e'er knew him; That ever he took life and natural being From such an honour'd stock, and fair descent, Till this black minute without stain or blemish⁴.

1 Gent. Here come the men.

Enter Master of the College, &c. with the Prisoner.

Knight. The serpent of his house⁵! I am sorry For this time, that I am in place of justice.

Maſt. Please you, fir—

Knight. Do not repeat it twice; I know too much⁶:

³ So the cry goes.] i. e. so they say. The same phrase, which was once a common one, occurs in *Othello*:

“Why, the cry goes that you shall marry her.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Fill this black minute without stain or blemish.*] It should seem from hence that the worthy magistrate was the only person in the neighbourhood unacquainted with this gentleman's course of life, or that he thought his preceding extravagance, and inhumanity to his wife, was no disgrace to his family. The farther I proceed, the more am I convinced that our little drama was a piece of hasty patchwork. See note the last. STEEVENS.

⁵ *The serpent of his house:—*] Perhaps he is so denominated because he had destroyed his whole family, as the *serpent* of Aaron swallowed all its kindred snakes produced by the forcerers of Egypt. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Do not repeat it twice; I know too much:*] Thus in *Cymbeline*:

“— Spare your arithmetick:

“Once, and a million.” STEEVENS.

Would

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Would it had ne'er been thought on ! Sir, I bleed
For you.

Genl. Your father's sorrows are alive in me ?
What made you show such monstrous cruelty ?

Huf. In a word, fir, I have consum'd all, play'd
away long-acre ; and I thought it the charitablest
deed I could do, to cozen beggary, and knock my
house o' the head.

Knight. O, in a cooler blood you will repent it.

Huf. I repent now that one is left unkill'd ;
My brat at nurse. I would full fain have wean'd him.

Knight. Well, I do not think, but in to-morrow's
judgment,

The terror will fit closer to your soul⁸,
When the dread thought of death remembers you⁹ :
To further which, take this sad voice from me,
Never was a c't play'd more unnaturally.

Huf. I thank you, fir.

Knight. Go lead him to the gaol :
Where justice claims all, there must pity fail.

Huf. Come, come ; away with me¹.

[*Exeunt Husband, &c.*

⁷ *Your father's sorrows are alive in me :*] i. e. what your father
would have felt on this occasion, had he been alive, I feel. So
in *Othello* :

“ ——— thy father,—did he live now,

“ This sight would make him do a desperate turn, &c.”

STEVENS.

“ ——— in to-morrow's judgment,

The terror will fit closer to your soul,] So in *King Ri-*
chard III :

“ Let me fit heavy on thy soul to-morrow.” STEVENS.

⁹ *When the dread thoughts of death remembers you :*] When
death shall be thought on ; shall remind you of what you have
done. So in *K. Henry V* :

“ ——— myself have play'd

“ The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.” MALONE.

¹ *Come, come ; away with me.*] Dame Eleanor Cobham, in the
Second Part of King Henry VI. expresses the same impatience on a
similar occasion :

“ Go, lead the way ; I long to see my prison.”

STEVENS.

Maft

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Maſt. Sir, you deſerve the worſhip of your place:
Would all did ſo ! In you the law is grace.

Knight. It is my wiſh it ſhould be ſo.—Ruinous man!
The deſolation of his houſe, the blot
Upon his predeceſſors' honour'd name !
That man is neareſt ſhame, that is paſt ſhame *.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

Before Calverly Hall.

*Enter Huſband guarded, Maſter of the College, Gentlemen,
and Attendants.*

Huſ. I am right againſt my houſe,—ſeat of my an-
ceſtors ¹:

* *That man is neareſt ſhame, that is paſt ſhame.*] The compoſitor perhaps caught this word from the end of the line. The author, I believe, wrote :

That man is neareſt *ſin*, that is paſt ſhame. MALONE.

² *I am right againſt my houſe, ſeat of my anceſtors :*] I am told, ſuch general horror was inſpired by the fact on which this play is founded, that the manſion of Mr. Calverly was relinquished by all his relations, and being permitted to decay, has never ſince proved the reſidence of perſons of faſhion or eſtate, being at preſent no more than a farm-houſe. They ſay alſo, it would be difficult even now to perſuade ſome of the common people in the neighbourhood, but that the unfortunate maſter of Calverly Hall underwent the fate of Regulus, and was rolled down the hill before his own ſeat, encloded in a barrel ſtuck with nails. Such is one of the ſtories current among the yeomanry of the circumjacent vil- lages ; where it is likewiſe added, that the place of Mr. Calverly's interment was never exactly known, ſeveral coffins ſuppoſed to be filled with ſand having been depoſited in various pariſhes, that his remains might elude the purſuit of the populace, who threatened to expoſe them to publick infamy on a gibbet. They were imagined however at laſt to have been clandestinely conveyed into the family vault in Calverly church, where the bodies of his children lie ; and it was long believed that his ghoſt rode every night with dreadful cries through the adjoining woods, to the terror of thoſe whoſe buſineſs compelled them to travel late at night, or early in the morning.—I have related all this mixture of truth and fable, only to gain an opportunity of obſerving that no murders were ever more deeply execrated, or bid fairer for a laſting re- membrance. STEEVENS.

I hear

I hear my wife's alive, but much endanger'd.
 Let me entreat to speak with her, before
 The prison gripe me.

His Wife is brought in.

Gent. See, here she comes of herself.

Wife. O my sweet husband, my dear distress'd husband,

Now in the hands of unrelenting laws,
 My greatest sorrow, my extremest bleeding;
 Now my soul bleeds³.

Huf. How now? Kind to me? Did I not wound thee?

Left thee for dead?

Wife. Tut, far, far greater wounds did my breast feel;

Unkindness strikes a deeper wound than steel.
 You have been still unkind to me.

Huf. 'Faith, and so I think I have;
 I did my murders roughly out of hand,
 Desperate and sudden; but thou hast devis'd
 A fine way now to kill me⁴: thou hast given mine eyes

³ *Now my soul bleeds,*] So in *Timon*:

"I bleed inwardly for my lord." STEEVENS.

⁴ *I did my murders roughly, out of hand,*

Desperate and sudden; but thou hast devis'd

A fine way now to kill me:—] Thus in *Cymbeline*:

"— how fine this tyrant

"Can tickle where the wounds."

The sentiment, taken all together, resembles a passage at the conclusion of *Juvenal's* sixth Satire.

— *Tyndaris illa bipennem*

Infulsam et fatuam dextra lævaque tenebat:

At nunc res agitur tenui pulmone rubetæ.

I do not; however, suppose that our author had ever read *Juvenal*. I only add this remark to spare some other critick the trouble of introducing it with all the pomp of discovery, as a proof that the *Yorkshire Tragedy* was the performance of a scholar.

STEEVENS.

Se-

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Seven wounds a-piece. Now glides the devil from me,
Departs at every joint; heaves up my nails.

O catch him torments, that were ne'er invented!

Bind him one thousand more⁵, you blessed angels,
In that pit bottomless! Let him not rise

To make men act unnatural tragedies;

To spread into a father⁶, and in fury

Make him his children's executioner;

Murder his wife, his servants, and who not?⁷

For that man's dark, where heaven is quite forgot⁷.

Wife. O my repentant husband!

Huf. O my dear soul, whom I too much have
wrong'd;

For death I die⁸, and for this have I long'd.

Wife. Thou should'st not, be assur'd, for these
faults die

If the law could forgive as soon as I⁹.

[The two children laid out.

Huf. What fight is yonder?

⁵ Bind him one thousand more,—] One thousand years more.

MALONE.

The author alludes to that passage in the *Revelations*, chap. xi. ver. 1, 2, 3, where St. John says, he saw an angel come down from heaven, &c. who laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil and satan, and "bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit," &c. PERCY.

⁶ To spread into a father,—] i. e. to extend the influence of cruelty, till even fathers become the murderers of their children.

STEVENS.

⁷ — that man's dark, where heaven is quite forgot.] So in *Measure for Measure*:

" — when once our grace we have forgot,

" Nothing goes right —" STEVENS.

⁸ For death I die,—] So in another of our author's plays:

" — death for a deadly deed." STEVENS.

⁹ Thou should'st not, be assur'd, for these faults die,

If the law could forgive as soon as I.] So in *Jacob Blevins*,
Alicia says to Hastings as he is going to the block:

" O, that inhuman Gloster could be mov'd

" But half so easily as I can pardon." STEVENS.

Wife.

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Wife. O, our two bleeding boys,
Laid forth upon the threshold.

Huf. Here's weight enough to make a heart-string
crack¹.

O were it lawful that your pretty souls
Might look from heaven into your father's eyes,
Then should you see the penitent glasses melt,
And both your murders shoot upon my cheeks²!
But you are playing in the angels' laps,
And will not look on me, who, void of grace,
Kill'd you in beggary.

O that I might my wishes now attain,
I should then wish you living were again,
Though I did beg with you, which thing I fear'd:
O, 'twas the enemy my eyes so blear'd³!
O, would you could pray heaven me to forgive,
That will unto my end repentant live!

Wife. It makes me even forget all other sorrows⁴,
And live apart with this.

Off.

¹ — to make a heart-string crack.] So in *Hamlet*:

“Now cracks the cordage of a noble heart.” STEEVENS.

² And both your murders shoot upon my cheeks!] If I understand this line, it should seem to mean that *blushes* or *tears* for your murders should dart along my cheeks. STEEVENS.

³ O, 'twas the enemy my eyes so blear'd!] i. e. the devil, whom our author calls in *Macbeth* “— the common enemy of mankind.” To *blear the eye* was anciently a vulgar phrase signifying to deceive. So in the *Taming of the Shrew*:

“While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eye.” STEEVENS.

O 'twas the enemy my eyes so blear'd!] Scil. the devil, *Satan*, which word signifies in Hebrew emphatically the *adversary*, [127]. PERCY.

⁴ It makes me even forget all other sorrows,
And leave part with this.] The first line is like another in *Othello*:

“— it engulfs and swallows other sorrows.”

Of the hemistich I do not comprehend the meaning; but suspect a corruption, and that we should read—

And live apart with this.

i. e. and brood over this alone. So in the *Winter's Tale*:

“— therefore I keep it

“Lonely, apart.”

Offi. Come, will you go ?

Huf. I'll kiss the blood I spilt, and then I'll go :
My soul is bloodied; well may my lips be so.
Farewel, dear wife; now thou and I must part;
I of thy wrongs repent me with my heart.

Wife. O stay; thou shalt not go.

Huf. That's but in vain; you see it must be so.
Farewel ye bloody ashes of my boys !
My punishments are their eternal joys³.
Let every father look into my deeds,
And then their heirs may prosper, while mine bleeds⁴.

[*Exeunt Husband and Officers.*]

Wife. More wretched am I now in this distress,
Than former sorrows made me.

Mast. O kind wife,
Be comforted; one joy is yet unmurder'd;
You have a boy at nurse; your joy's in him.

Wife. Dearer than all is my poor husband's life.
Heaven give my body strength, which is yet faint
With much expence of blood, and I will kneel,

To leave, however, in ancient language, signifies to *cease*, to *desist*. We might therefore produce sense by supplying the adverb to :

And leave to part with this.

i. e. all my other sorrows are swallowed up in this one; which, being on account of a husband I loved, is so dear to me that I am loth to part with it. STEEVENS.

This line being unintelligible as it stands in the old copy, I have inserted the first reading proposed by Mr. Steevens, in the text. In *King John* we meet with a similar allusion :

—“ Here I and Sorrow sit.” MALONE.

³ My punishments are their eternal joys.] i. e. the fact for which I am to suffer, has proved their introduction to everlasting happiness. STEEVENS.

⁴ Let every father look into my deeds,
And then their heirs may prosper while mine bleeds.] The concluding lines of Dr. Young's *Brothers* bear some resemblance to these :

“ Tremble, ye parents, for the child ye love,
“ For your Demetrius; mine is doom'd to bleed,
“ A guiltless victim for his father's deed.” STEEVENS.

Sue for his life, number up all my friends
To plead for pardon for my dear husband's life.

Maſt. Was it in man to wound ſo kind a creature?
I'll ever praiſe a woman for thy ſake.

I muſt return with grief; my anſwer's ſet⁷;
I ſhall bring news weighs heavier than the debt.
Two brothers, one in bond lies overthrown,
This on a deadlier execution⁸. [*Exeunt omnes*;

⁷ — my anſwer's ſet;] i. e. fixed, ſettled. A metaphor from the fixing of colours. So in *Twelfth Night*: "He's drunk, ſit Toby, above an hour ago; his eyes were ſet. at eight i'the morning." STEEVENS.

⁸ — on a deadlier execution.] A quibble between *execution*, the writ in law, and *execution*, or death, by publick juſtice.

STEEVENS.

Concerning this play I have not been able to form any decided opinion. The arguments produced by Mr. Steevens in ſupport of its authenticity, appear to me to have conſiderable weight. If its date were not ſo precisely aſcertained, little doubt would remain, in my mind at leaſt, upon the ſubject. I find it however difficult to believe that Shakspeare could have written *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, and the *Yorkſhire Tragedy*, at nearly the ſame period.

MALONE.

The Yorkſhire Tragedy hath been frequently called Shakspeare's earlieſt attempt in the drama; but moſt certainly it was not written by our poet at all. The fact on which it is built, was perpetrated no ſooner than 1605; much too late for ſo mean a performance from the hand of Shakspeare. FARMER.

Long ago was it obſerved by Dr. Johnson, that from mere inequality in works of imagination nothing could with exactneſs be inferred; but if Dr. Farmer's argument be allowed to operate in reſpect to Shakspeare on this occaſion, may it not be employed hereafter with equal force in regard to Dryden and Rowe? It will ſurely tend to prove that the author of *Don Sebastian* did not finiſh his dramatiſtick career with ſo mean a performance as *Love Triumphant*, or that the deſpicable *Biter* was produced earlier than all the other plays by the ſame hand, as much as that Shakspeare was not the writer of the *Yorkſhire Tragedy*, becauſe it is unworthy of his ripen'd genius and amended judgment.

I confeſs I have always regarded this little drama as a genuine but a haſty production of our author*. Though he was ſeldom

* It was not only printed as Shakspeare's, but is entered *with his name* on the Stationers' Books. See alſo the coincidences between his other plays and this, which, conſidering its ſize, exhibits as many as will be found in *Pericles*.

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vigilant of reputation as a poet, he might sometimes have been attentive to gain as a manager. Laying hold therefore on the popular narrative * of this "bloody business," it was natural enough that he should immediately adapt it to the stage. His play indeed has all the marks of an unpremeditated composition. As fast as ideas on the subject presented themselves, whether clothed in verse or prose, they seem to have been thrown on paper, without the slightest regard to method or uniformity of writing. The piece was probably meant for representation no longer than while its original continued fresh in the memory of the audience; and we therefore find the corruptions in it are few, being proportioned to the shortness of its run.—Other reasons, however, may be assigned for the appearance of a tragedy compressed within such narrow limits. Perhaps it was contrived as a prop to some feeble, or as a supplement to some scanty performance;—was produced through a wish to join with three particular friends in the entertainment of a single afternoon;—or was only intended as a sketch which the author would at leisure have transplanted on a more extensive canvas. It is possible also that it was manufactured out of some loose unconnected scenes, attempted in the infancy of Shakespeare's art †, being meant by him to have comprehended the whole circle of misfortunes incident to an unthinking *London Prodigal* ‡; and as this intention of his was divulged in the theatre among

* On the 12th of June 1605, the following entry was made on the books of the Stationers' Company: "Two unnatural murders the one practised by Mr. Coverley a Yorkshire gent. upon his wife, and happend on his children the 23d of April 1605. The other practised by Mrs. Browne and performed by her servant upon her husband who in Lent last were executed at Berry in Suffolke."

Again, July 1605: "A ballad of a lamentable murder done in Yorkshire by a gent. upon 2 of his owne children sore wounding his wife and nurse."

Again, August 24, 1605: "The Arraignement and Condemnation of Mr. Calverly at Yorke in Auguste 1605."

† The frequent mixture of rhyme with blank verse, may serve to strengthen this supposition.

‡ The hero of the *Yorkshire Tragedy* first enters reflecting on the fatal throw that cost him the small remains of his fortune. Concerning this too he expresses himself as of a recent calamity, an occurrence that had happened immediately before his appearance on the scene.

Pax o' the last shrow, &c.

Here Mr. Malone observes, that being just returned from London into the country, the circumstance which occasioned his final loss might yet be uppermost in his mind. I am still however influenced by the suspicion I have already encouraged; [See p. 637, 641, &c.] for considering the state of roads a century and a half ago, our hero could not have reached his seat at Calverly in less than six or eight days; and before that time was elapsed, it is natural to conceive that

all

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among his comrades, it might prove the reason why another piece with the same title was afterwards ascribed to him. When the news of the Yorkshire catastrophe arrived in London, he might have been tempted to accommodate this his early production, as well as haste would permit (for indeed his later corrections often militate against his original plans) to the particulars of another story, (as Otway has since converted *Romeo* into the younger *Marius*) for many events are introduced into our tragedy which form no part of the tale as I received it from a person who had heard it frequently related in the parish where the hero of it lived. Hence the incongruity of the beginning, &c. with all the rest, and the accumulation of incidents neither to be found in Stowe's continuator, or the ballads of the age, which usually confined themselves within the bounds of circumstantiality and truth. Yet whatever was its origin or mode of construction, though by no means one of our author's most powerful effusions, it is still entitled to better treatment than it has hitherto met with from its various editors. If, on the whole, it has less poetical merit than some of the serious dialogues in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or *Love's Labour's Lost*, it has surely as much of nature as will be discovered in many parts of these desultory dramas. Murder, which appears ridiculous in *Titus Andronicus*, has its proper effect in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*; and the command this little piece may claim over the passions, will be found to equal any our author has vested in the tragick divisions of *Troilus and Cressida*,—I had almost said in *King Richard the Second*, which criticks may applaud, though the successive audiences of more than a century have respectfully slumbered over it as often as it has appeared on the stage. Mr. Garrick had once resolved on its revival; but his good sense at last overpowered his ambition to raise it to the dignity of the acting list. Yet our late Roscius's chief expectations from it, as he himself confessed, would have been founded on scenery displaying the magnificence of our ancient barriers.—To return to my subject, this tragedy in miniature (exhibiting at least three of the characteristics of Shakspeare, I mean his quibbles, his facility of metre, and his struggles to introduce comick ideas into tragick situations) appears at present before the reader with every advantage that a careful comparison of copies, and attention to ob-

all his recollection of the particulars of loss must have given way to the single overwhelming idea of hopeless misery and decisive ruin.

If, as Mr. Malone observes, (p. 633) this couple were just arrived from the metropolis, how happened it that no application was made by the wife (as soon as her husband was beggared by gaming) to her uncle who resided in London? Was it necessary for her to travel down into Yorkshire, only that she might return to town, and then go back again? I am more and more confirmed in my former belief, that this play was hastily and carelessly constructed with heterogeneous materials.

scurities, could bestow on it; and yet among the slight outlines of our theatrical Raphael, and not among his finished paintings, can it expect to maintain a place.

The *Companion to the Playhouse* however informs us that the late Mr. Aaron Hill has founded on it "a very beautiful piece of one act, entitled *Fatal Extravagance*." It was represented, if not published, in 1720, under the name of Joseph Mitchell, an unfortunate though an amiable man, who was then in need of pecuniary assistance. I have never met with this production; but additional respect is surely due to the plot of the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, since it has been adopted by the translator of *Merope* and *Zeyre*, who possessed no common share of dramatick sagacity, and has the merit of being the first who showed our theatrical adventurers the way into the treasury of *Voltaire*. Mr. Hill, however, was not, like some of his successors, a borrower without acknowledgement, or a copier who had produced no originals.

As the ability and erudition displayed by Mr. Malone in the publication of the preceding plays, cannot fail to obtain for them a greater number of readers than they have hitherto met with, perhaps this is no improper time to suggest an inquiry how it happened that the name of Shakspeare should be prefixed to five dramas of discordant styles, and inconsiderable merit, rather than to as many others approaching nearer to his own language, and not altogether so much beneath his acknowledged excellence. The scanty light I can throw on this matter, is by supposing that our author had casually mentioned a future design of adopting subjects similar to those of *Lochrine*, the *Puritan*, &c; and was afterwards known to have been instrumental in bringing pieces with such titles on the stage;—or that he recommended some trivial alterations in them while they were yet in rehearsal;—or that their real owners being carefully concealed, these productions were imputed to him as to one whose reputation was best able to promote their sale, or support their credit with an audience. The necessity of sheltering the plays of unpopular poets under borrowed names, was, I believe, at that period unknown, as well as the more malicious practice of fathering unsuccessful scenes on persons by whom they were never written. Neither was it then customary (as since) for distinguished authors to lend or sell their names, or to permit (like some Italian artists) the scholar to vend his paintings for those of the master. It seems however that it was not unusual for booksellers to issue out the works of one man under the nominal sanction of another. Heywood, in his preface to the *Brazen Age*, complains that a noted pedagogue had impudently stolen from him certain versions of Ovid, and published them as his own. Shirley likewise claims a play which was sent into the world as Fletcher's *. I know indeed that our ancient stationers were

* These particulars escaped me till after the last edition of Shakspeare was printed off. See note on *Pericles*, p. 176.

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not very scrupulous in this particular †. Anticipated by their rivals in procuring copies of some of Shakspeare's genuine labours, by way of retaliation they might have placed his name before the next tragedies or comedies that fell into their hands. Part of this indeed is but conjecture. I have merely started the subject, and leave it to be pursued by literary antiquarians whose sagacity and experience are greater than mine; repeating only that *Lochrine* and the *Puritan* were possibly the works of two different academicks; that *Oldcastle* and *Cromswell* (as Dr. Farmer observes) might be ranked among the almost innumerable dramas of Heywood; and that the *Prodigal*, having nothing characteristick in its composition, may with equal likelihood be ascribed to a pen distinct from all the rest. Here however I should observe that *Lochrine*, *Cromswell*, and the *Puritan*, were not *publicly* ascribed to our author till the appearance of the folio in 1664. What has been previously urged with relation to the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, *Pericles*, and the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, is submitted to every reader with that total diffidence which should always accompany imperfect knowledge, and would by no means disgrace even opinions built on more solid grounds than those of bare probability.

I cannot conclude this note without observing how fortunate a circumstance it is for any society, and especially for one immediately subservient to learning, when an intelligent man is placed by the chance of rotation at its head. To the careful researches and liberal curiosity of Mr. Lockyer Davis, the present Master of the Stationers' Company, we owe a recent discovery of the greater part of the first volume of their records, which was long supposed to have been lost through negligence, or to have been destroyed in the fire of London. The numberless dates of our earliest interludes, plays, ballads, &c. which will hereafter be ascertained by the aid of these annals, cannot fail to rank the name of the gentleman already mentioned among those of the best benefactors to the history of ancient English literature. Many of our critical or biographical performances may also in time to come be indebted to the warmth of his zeal, and the success of his investigations. At least I am sure that the labour of turning over the memoirs which he has rescued from oblivion, will be considerably alleviated, should his successors entrust them to future authors, with a readiness and politeness like his own. STEEVENS,

† I affirm this on repeated inspection of their books, in which both their frequent frauds and invasions of each other's property, and their respective fines on discovery, are minutely recorded. The names of eight of the printers of the quarto editions of our author's plays, appear on the list of these delinquents.



APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

(Page 2.) To the list of dramattick performances exhibited between 1592 and 1600 add *Wily Beguil'd*. MALONE.

(Page 53.) Add to note (1) Sep. 7, 1593, was entered on the Stationers' Books, by R. Jones "A comedie entitled *A knack how to know a knave*, newly fet forth, as it hath been fundrye times plaied by Ned Allen and his company, with *Kempe's* applauded merrymment of *the Men of Gotham*."

In the Bodleian Library, among the books given to it by Robert Burton, is the following tract, bound up with a few others of the same size in a quarto volume marked L, 62d. art.

"Kemp's nine daies wonder performed in a daunce from London to Norwich Containing the pleasure, paines and kind entertainment of William Kemp between London and that city, in his late morrice. Wherein is somewhat set downe worth note; to reprocue the slaunders spred of him: many things merry, nothing hurtfull. Written by himselfe to satisfie his friends." (Lond. E. A. for Nicholas Ling. 1600. b. 1.—With a wooden cut of Kemp as a morris dancer, preceded by a fellow with a pipe and drum, whom he (in the book) calls Thomas Slye, his taberer.) It is dedicated to "The true ennobled lady, and his most bountifull mistris, mistris Anne Fitton, mayde of honour to the most sacred mayde royall queene Elizabeth." MALONE.

(P. 61.) Line ult. add as a note] "An Enterlude of the life and death of Heliogabalus" was entered on the Stationers' Books by John Danter in 1594. MALONE.

* * The following references are to the volumes and pages of the last edition of Shakspeare's plays.

T H E T E M P E S T.

(Vol. I. p. 4.) Whatever might have suggested to Shakspeare the fable of this drama, it is obvious to remark that he frequently refers in it to the late discoveries made in America, and the adventures thither, which so many engaged in from the hopes of inordinate gain. The absurd stories brought from thence by those who had been thither, concerning the coun-

country, its natives, and præternatural inhabitants, gave ample scope to the poet for displaying a system of magick and dæmonology, happily adapted to the popular belief of his time; and also for ridiculing that boundless credulity and avarice, which then so generally prevailed. HENLEY.

(P. 9.)

*O, I have suffer'd**With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,**Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,**Dasb'd all to pieces.]* How fine a contrast to the senti-

ment in Lucretius!

Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,

E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem;

Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,

Sed, quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.

(P. 16.) (*So dear the love my people bore me*) nor set, &c.]

There is in this line a redundant syllable. Perhaps nor ought to be omitted, and the passage thus regulated:

“ ——— Dear, they durst not

“ (So dear the love my people bore me) set

“ A mark so bloody on the business.” MALONE.

(P. 17.) *A rotten carcass of a boat*] The first folio reads, *butt.* HENLEY.

Ibid. *When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt.*] To deck, I am told, signifies in the North, to sprinkle; *œz*, Sax. See Ray's Dict. of *North Country Words*, v. to deg and to leik; and his Dict. of *South and East Country Words*, v. dag. The latter signifies dew upon grass; hence daggel-tailed. MALONE.

(P. 18.) *Than other princes can*] First folio, *princesse.*

HENLEY.

(P. 19.) *All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, &c.]* Imitated by Fletcher in the *Faithful Shepherdess*:

“ ——— tell me sweetest,

“ What new service now is meetest

“ For the satyre; shall I stray

“ In the middle ayre, and stay

“ The sailing racke, or nimbly take

“ Hold by the moone, and gently make

“ Suit to the pale queene of night,

“ For a beame to give me light?

“ Shall I dive into the sea,

“ And bring thee coral, making way

“ Through the rising waves, &c.” HENLEY.

Which of these two pieces preceded the other has not been ascer-

ascertained. The first edition of *the Faithful Shepherdes* has no date. It was, however, exhibited before 1611, being mentioned by John Davies of Hereford, in his *Scourge of Folly*, printed in that year. It appears from a prologue of D'Avenant's that some of Fletcher's dramattick performances were produced as early as the year 1605. MALONE.

(P. 21.) *From the still-vex'd Bermoothes.*] The epithet here applied to the Bermudas, will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which render access to them so dangerous. It was in our poet's time the current opinion, that Bermudas was inhabited by *monsters*, and *devils*.—*Setebos*, the god of Caliban's dam, was an American devil, worshipped by the giants of Patagonia. HENLEY.

(P. 25.) *As fast as mill-wheels strike.*] So, Fletcher in *the Faithful Shepherdes*:

"Faster than the windmill sailes." HENLEY.

(P. 43.) *How lush and lusty the grass looks?*] The words, *how green?* which immediately follow, might have intimated to sir T. Hanmer, that *lush* here signifies *rank*, and not a dark full colour. In Arthur Golding's translation of *Julius Solinus*, printed 1587, a passage occurs, in which the word is explained.—"Shrubbes *lushe* and almost like a grystle." So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Quite over-canopied with *luscious* woëdbine.

Dunbar, in *The Contemplatioun of Manis Mortalitie*, uses *lusty* in the like sense with Shakspeare:

"Thy *lustye* bewte, and thy youth

"Shall feid as dois the somer flouris." HENLEY.

(P. 46.) *P the commonwealth, I would by contraries*

Execute all things, &c.] The poet in this passage seems to ridicule the absurd projects proposed in the meetings of the merchant-adventurers for the government of their new settlements, which produced so much mismanagement as at last to occasion the loss of their privileges. HENLEY.

(P. 53.) *They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk.*] That is, will adopt, and bear witness to, any tale you shall invent; you may suborn them as evidences to clear you from all suspicion of having murdered the king. A similar signification occurs in *the Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear:

"O sweet *suggesting* love, if thou hast sinn'd,

"Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!"

HENLEY.

(P. 57.)

(P. 57.) *Were I in England now, (as once I was) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there, but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.]* It is by no means surprising that the novelties of the new world should have greatly excited the general curiosity. The *dead Indian*, and what follows, *this is no fish but an islander*, evidently refer to the productions lately imported from America, and point out, in the person of Caliban, of what kind the inhabitants of that country were pretended to be. HENLEY.

(P. 68.) Miran. *My husband then?*

Ferd. *Ay, with a heart as willing*

As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Miran. *And mine, with my heart in't.]* It is still customary in the west of England, when the conditions of a bargain are agreed upon, for the parties to ratify it by joining their hands, and at the same time for the purchaser to give an earnest. To this practice the poet alludes. So, in *the Two Gent. of Verona*:

“*Speed. But did you perceive her earnest?*”

“*Val. She gave me none except an angry word.*”

“*Speed. Why she hath given you a letter.*”

Thus also, in *the Winter's Tale*:

“*Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,*

“*And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter*

“*I am your's for ever.*”

And again, in *the Two Gent. of Verona*:

“*Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here take you this.*

“*Ful. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.*

“*Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy.*”

HENLEY.

(P. 76.) Ant. *Travellers ne'er did lie,*

Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gent. *If in Naples*

I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say, I saw such islanders

(For, certes, these are people of the island)

Who though they are of monstrous shape, &c.] This pas-

sage of itself seems sufficient to establish the conjecture already hazarded, concerning the origin of the imaginary characters this drama contains. HENLEY.

P. 77.]

(P. 77.) *Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, &c.—which now we find
Each putter out on five for one, will bring us
Good warrant of.]* Considerable sums of money were

borrowed at the rate here mentioned, and squandered in making discoveries, and pursuing adventures with the hopes of acquiring immense treasures. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* the poet speaks of *Guiana*, as a region, all gold and bounty; and Falstaff, in allusion to the same idea, bids Nym sail like his pinnace to these golden shores. HENLEY.

(P. 83.) *If thou dost break her virgin knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies &c.]* This, and the passage in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*,

“Untide I still my virgin knot will keepe,”

are manifest allusions to the zones of the ancients, which were worn as guardians of chastity by marriageable young women. Puellæ, contra, nondum viripotentes, hujusmodi zonis non utebantur: quod videlicet immaturis virgunculis nullum, aut certe minimum, a corruptoribus periculum immineret: quas propterea vocabant αμίτρος, nempe *discinctas*. There is a passage in NONNUS, which will sufficiently illustrate Prospero's expression.

Κέρως δ' ἰγγύς ἵκαν' καὶ ἀτρήμας ἄκρον ἐρῶσως
Δισμὸν ἀσουλῆτοιο φυλάκτορα λύσαστο μίτρος
Φειδομένη παλάμη, μὴ παρθένοι ὑποῦ ἰάσση. HENLEY.

(P. 85.) *The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.]* A beautiful allusion to Mount *Ætna*. HENLEY.

(P. 103.) *Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie, &c.]* It is worth observing how much happier Shakspeare has been in adapting his manner and haunts to the nature of Ariel, than Fletcher, with respect to his satyr. HENLEY.

(P. 111.) *And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of.]* Conduct is yet used in the same sense: the person at Cambridge who reads prayers in King's and in Trinity College chapels, is still so styled.

HENLEY.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

(P. 121.) Delete the first note on this play inserted among the *Supplemental Observations*, in the first of these volumes, p. 86,

p. 86; which I find is erroneous. The plot of the *Two Gent. of Verona* is taken from the *second* book of the *first* part of the *Diana* of George of Montemayor. MALONE.

(P. 134.) *But twice or thrice was Protheus written down]* After *down*, put a note of interrogation. To *write down* is still a provincial expression for *to write*. HENLEY.

(P. 173.) *And feed upon the shadow of perfection.]*

Animum picturâ pascit inani. *Virg.* HENLEY.

(P. 203.) — *Ariadne passioning*

For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;] This hath always been a favourite subject with the poets, but none of them seemed to have succeeded better in describing it than Catullus, and the authors of *The Maid's Tragedy*. HENLEY.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

(P. 219.) *Sir Hugh]* The title of *sir* was formerly conferred upon graduates on their taking the first degree in arts.—“The first *Roman* (i. e. types) which we remember being a marginal quotation in *pica* at the latter end of the second part of a book entitled *The Extirpation of ignorancy, compyled by sIR Paule Bushe preest and bonhome of Edynton, printed by Pynson.*” More's Dissertation upon English Typographical Founders and Founderies, p. 5. HENLEY.

(P. 232.) After note 3.] The corresponding speech in the first edition of this comedy, 1602, fully supports Mr. Steevens's interpretation. “I do retort the lie even in *thy gorge*, thy gorge, thy gorge.” MALONE.

(P. 244.) Add to my note (inserted among the *Supplemental Observations*, ante, Vol. I. p. 90.)

Tightly however, may signify alertly, cleverly;—and is supported by the following passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“— my queen's a squire

“ More *tight* at this than thou.”

The first quarto, I find, reads as the folio does.

MALONE.

(P. 246.) After note 4.] Though Shakspeare is sometimes forgetful, it appears from the first copy of this play that the editors of the folio alone are answerable for the present inaccuracy. In the early quarto *Nym* declares, he will make the discovery to *Page*; and *Pistol* says, “And I to *Foord* will likewise tell &c.” And so without doubt these speeches ought to be printed. MALONE.

(P. 248.)

(P. 248.) *He's something peevish that way.*] I believe this is one of Dame Quickly's blunders, and that she means *precise*. MALONE.

(P. 250.) Add, after Dr. Farmer's note 6.] This character of *Dr. Caius* might have been drawn from the life; as in *Jacke of Dover's Quest of Enquirie*, 1604, (perhaps a republication,) a story called *The Foole of Winsor* begins thus: "Upon a time there was in *Winsor* a certaine simple *outlandishe doctor of phisicke* belonging to the deane, &c." STEEVENS.

(P. 300) After note 5.] The quarto, 1602, confirms Dr. Farmer's conjecture. It reads—Peace I say, *Gawle* and *Gawha*, French and Welch, &c. MALONE.

(P. 310) — *if fortune thy foe were not*] *Fortune thy foe* is the title of an ancient ballad. STEEVENS.

(P. 313) *How you drumble?*] To *drumble*, in Devonshire, signifies to mutter in a fullen and inarticulate voice. No other sense of the word will either explain this interrogation, or the passages adduced in Mr. Steevens's note. To *drumble* and *drone* are often used in connexion. HENLEY.

A *drumbledrone* in the western dialect signifies a drone or humble bee. MALONE.

(P. 318.) *Come cut and long-tail.*] This phrase is often found in old plays, and seldom, if ever, with any variation. The change therefore proposed by sir John Hawkins, cannot be received without great violence to the text. Whenever the words occur, they always bear the same meaning, and that meaning is obvious enough without any explanation. The origin of the phrase may however admit of some dispute, and it is by no means certain that the account of it here adopted by Mr. Steevens from Dr. Johnson, is well-founded. That there ever existed such a mode of disqualifying dogs by the laws of the forest as is here asserted, cannot be acknowledged without evidence, and no authority is quoted to prove that such a custom at any time prevailed. The writers on this subject are totally silent as far as they have come to my knowledge. *Manhood*, who wrote on the Forest Laws before they were entirely disused, mentions *expeditation* or cutting off three claws of the fore-foot, as the *only* manner of lawing dogs; and with his account the *Charter of the Forest* seems to agree. Were I permitted to offer a conjecture, I should suppose that the phrase originally referred to horses, which might be denominated *cut and long tail*, as they were curtailed of this part of their bodies, or allowed to enjoy its full growth; and this might be practised according to the difference

ference of their value, or the uses to which they were put. In this view, *cut and long tail* would include the whole species of horses good and bad. In support of this opinion it may be added, that formerly a *cut* was a word of reproach in vulgar colloquial abuse, and I believe is never to be found applied to horses but to those of the worst kind. After all, if any authority can be produced to countenance Dr. Johnson's explanation, I shall be very ready to retract every thing that is here said. REED.

The last conversation I had the honour to enjoy with sir William Blackstone, was on this subject; and by a series of accurate references to the whole collection of ancient *Forest Laws*, he convinced me of our repeated error, *expeditation* and *genuscission* being the only established and technical modes ever used for disabling the canine species. Part of the *tails* of spaniels indeed are generally *cut off* (*ornamenti gratia*) while they are puppies, so that (admitting a loose description) every kind of dog is comprehended in the phrase of *cut and long-tail*, and every rank of people in the same expression, if metaphorically used. See my note among Mr. Malone's *Supplemental Observations*, p. 92.

Being now unrestrained from avowing that the notes accompanied by the signature ——— are the productions of the consummate lawyer and polite scholar already mentioned, I must add, with the deepest regret, that but a few weeks ago he taught me to expect a still greater mark of his friendship and condescension. Had his life been spared, he would have examined these volumes before they were entirely printed off, that he might have enriched them with whatever the stores of maturer consideration could supply.—But when I reflect that the general fund of judicial knowledge, and consequently of publick welfare, is diminished by an event which even the wise and great must deplore, perhaps the sigh of subordinate interest and respectful gratitude like mine, would too presumptuously intrude itself among the weightier sorrows of more distinguished mourners. STEVENS.

(P. 330.) *And buffets himself on the head, crying, peer out, peer out!*] Shakspeare here refers to the practice of children, when they call on a snail to push forth his horns:

Peer out, peer out, peer out of your hole.

Or else I beat you black as a coal. HENLEY.

(P. 335.) After note ³.] In the early quarto Mrs. Ford says, "my maid's aunt, Gillian of Brentford, hath a gown above." MALONE.

(P. 351.)

(P. 351.) *Sir John Falstaff hath a great scene; the image of the jest I'll shew you at large.*] A similar allusion to a custom still in use of hanging out painted representations of shows, occurs in *Buffy d'Ambois*:

- “ The witch policy makes him like a monster
 “ Kept onely to shew men for goddesse money:
 “ That false hagge often paints him in her cloth
 “ Ten times more monstrous than he is in troth.”

HENLEY.

(P. 364.) *With trial fire touch me his finger end:
 If he be chaste the flame will back descend,
 And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
 It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.*] The same fiery

ordeal is applied in *The Faithful Shepherdes*:

- “ In this flame his finger thrust,
 “ Which will burn him, if he lust,
 “ But if not, away will turne,
 “ As loath unspotted flesh to burne.” HENLEY.

(P. 372.) The story of *The two Lovers of Pisa*, from which (as Dr. Farmer has observed) Falstaff's adventures in this play seem to have been taken, is thus related in *Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie*, bl. let. no date*.

“ In Pisa a famous cittie of Italye, there liued a gentleman of good linage and landes, seared as well for his wealth, as honoured for his vertue; but indeed well thought on for both: yet the better for his riches. This gentleman had one onely daughter called Margaret, who for her beauty was liked of all, and desired of many: but neither might their sutes, nor her owne preuaile about her fathers resolution, who was determynd not to marrye her, but to such a man as should be able in abundance to maintain the excellency of her beauty. Diuers young gentlemen proffered large feoffments, but in vaine: a maide shee must bee still; till at last an olde doctor in the towne, that professed phisicke, became a sutor to her; who was a welcome man to her father, in that he was one of the welthiest men in all Pisa. A tall stripling he was and a proper youth, his age about fourescore; his heade as white as milke, wherein for offence sake there was left neuer a tooth: but it is no matter; what he wanted in person he had in the purse; which the poore gentlewoman little regarded, wishing rather to tie her self to one that might fit her content, though they liued meanely, then to him with all the wealth in Italye. But shee was yong and forsett to follow her fathers direction, who vpon large coucnants was con-

* Entered on the Stationers' Books, June 26, 1590.

tent his daughter should marry with the doctor, and whether she likte him or no, the match was made vp, and in short time she was married. The poore wench was bound to the stake, and had not onely an olde impotent man, but one that was so ieaious, as none might enter into his house without suspicion, nor shee doo any thing without blame: the least glance, the smallest countenance, any smile was a manifest instance to him, that shee thought of others better than himselfe; thvs he himselfe liued in a hell, and tormented his wife in as ill perplexitie. At last it chaunced, that a young gentleman of the citie comming by her house, and seeing her looke out at her window, noting her rare and excellent proportion, fell in loue with her, and that so extreameye, as his passions had no means till her fauour might mittigate his hearticke discontent. The yong man that was ignorant in amorous matters, and had neuer beene vsed to courte anye gentlewoman, thought to reueale his passions to some one freend, that might giue him counsaile for the winning of her loue; and thinking experience was the surest maister, on a day seeing the olde doctor walking in the churche, (that was Margarets husband,) little knowing who he was, he thought this the fittest man to whom he might discouer his passions, for that hee was olde and knewe much, and was a phisition that with his drugges might helpe him forward in his purposes: so that seeing the old man walke solitary, he ioinde vnto him, and after a curteous salute, tolde him he was to impart a matter of great import vnto him; wherein if hee would not onely be secrete, but indeuour to pleasure him, his pains should bee euery way to the full considered. You must imagine, gentleman, quoth Mutio, for so was the doctors name, that men of our profession are no blabs, but hold their secrets in their hearts' bottome; and therefore reueale what you please, it shall not onely be concealed, but cured; if either my art or counsaile may do it. Upon this Lionell, (so was the young gentleman called) told and discourst vnto him from point to point how he was false in loue with a gentlewoman that was married to one of his profession; discovered her dwelling and the house; and for that he was vnacquainted with the woman, and a man little experienced in loue matters, he required his fauour to further him with his aduise. Mutio at this motion was stung to the hart, knowing it was his wife hee was fallen in loue withall: yet to conceale the matter, and to experience his wiues chastity, and that if she plaide false, he might be reuengde

on them both, he dissembled the matter; and answered, that he knewe the woman very well, and commended her highly; but saide, she had a churle to her husband, and therefore he thought shee would bee the more tractable: trie her maith quoth hee; fainte hart neuer woonne fair lady; and if shee will not be brought to the bent of your bowe, I will provide such a potion as shall dispatch all to your owne content; and to giue you further instructions for oportunitie, knowe that her husband is soorth euery afternoone from three till fixe. Thus farre I haue aduised you, because I pittie your passions as my selfe being once a louer: but now I charge thee reueale it to none whomsoeuer, least it doo disparage my credit, to meddle in amorous matters. The young gentleman not onely promised all carefull secrecy, but gaue him hartie thanks for his good counsell, promising to meete him there the next day, and tell him what newes. Then hee left the old man, who was almost mad for feare his wife any way should play false. He saw by experience, braue men came to besiege the castle, and seeing it was in a womans custodie, and had so weake a gouernor as himselfe, he doubted it would in time be deliuered up: which feare made him almost franticke, yet he driude of the time in great torment, till he might heare from his riuall. Lionello, he hastes him home, and sutes him in his brauerye, and goes downe towards the house of Mutio, where he sees her at her window, whome he courted with a passionate looke, with such an humble salute, as shee might perceiue how the gentleman was affectionate. Margareta looking earnestlye upon him, and noting the perfection of his proportion, accounted him in her eye the flower of all Pifa; thinkte her selfe fortunate if she might haue him for her freend, to supply those defaults that she found in Mutio. Sundry times that afternoone he past by her window, and he cast not vp more louing lookes, then he receiued gracious fauours: which did so incourage him, that the next daye betweene three and fixe hee went to her house, and knocking at the doore, desired to speake with the mistris of the house, who hearing by her maids description what he was, commaunded him to come in, where she interteined him with all curtesie.

“ The youth that neuer before had giuen the attempt to court a ladye, began his exordium with a blush; and yet went forward so well, that hee discourst vnto her howe hee loued her, and that if it might please her so to accept of his seruaice, as of a freende euer vowde in all duetye to bee at her

commaunde, the care of her honour should bee deerer to him then his life, and hee would bee ready to prise her discontent with his bloud at all times.

“ The gentlewoman was a little coye, but before they part they concluded that the next day at foure of the clocke hee should come thither and eate a pound of cherries, which was resolued on with a succado des labres; and so with a loath to departe they tooke their leaues. Lionello, as ioyfull a man as might be, hyed him to the church to meete his olde doctor, where hee found him in his olde walke. What newes, syr, quoth Mutio? How haue you sped? Euen as I can wishe, quoth Lionello; for I haue been with my mistresse, and haue found her so tractable, that I hope to make the olde peasant her husband looke broad-headed by a paire of brow-antlers. How deepe this strooke into Mutios hart, let them imagine that can coniecture what ielousie is; insomuch that the olde doctor askte, when should be the time: marry, quoth Lionello, to-morrow at foure of the clocke in the afternoone; and then maister doctor, quoth hee, will I dub the olde squire knight of the forked order.

“ Thus they past on in that, till it grew late; and then Lyonello went home to his lodging, and Mutio to his house, couering all his sorrowes with a merrye countenaunce, with full resolution to reuenge them both the next day with extremetie. He past the night as patiently as he could, and the next day after dinner away hee went, watching when it should bee foure of the clocke. At the houre iustly came Lyonello, and was intertained with all curtesie: but scarce had they kist, ere the maide cried out to her mistresse that her maister was at the doore; for he hasted, knowing that a horne was but a little while in grafting. Margaret at this alarum was amazed, and yet for a shifte chopt Lionello into a great driefatte full of feathers, and sat her-downe close to her woorke: by that came Mutio in blowing; and as though hee came to looke somewhat in haste, called for the keyes of his chambers, and looked in euerye place, searching so narrowly in euerye corner of the house, that he left not the very priuie vnsearcht. Seeing he could not finde him, hee saide nothing, but fayning himselfe not well at ease, staide at home, so that poore Lionello was faine to staye in the driefatte till the olde churle was in bed with his wife: and then the maide let him out at a backe doore, who went home with a flea in his care to his lodging.

“ Well,

* Well, the next daye he went againe to meeets his doctor, whome hee found in his wonted walke. What news, quoth Mutio? How haue you sped? A poxe of the olde slaue, quoth Lionello, I was no sooner in, and had giuen my mistresse one kisse, but the iealous affe was at the doore; the maide spied him, and cryed *her maister*: so that the poore gentlewoman for verye shifte, was faine to put me in a drier of feathers that stooode in an olde chamber, and there I was faine to tarrie while he was in bed and asleepe, and then the maide let me out, and I departed.

“ But it is no matter; twas but a chaunce; and I hope to crye quittance with him ere it be long. As how, quoth Mutio? Marry thus, quoth Lionello: she sent me woord by her maide this daye, that upon Thursday next the old churle suppeth with a patient of his a mile out of Pisa, and then I feare not but to quitte him for all. It is well, quoth Mutio; fortune bee your freende. I thank you, quoth Lionello; and so after a little more prattle they departed.

“ To bee shorte, Thursdaye came; and about fixe of the clocke fourth goes Mutio, no further than a freendes house of his; from whence hee might descrye who went into his house. Straight hee sawe Lionello enter in; and after goes hee, infomuche that hee was scarcelye sitten downe, before the mayde cryed out againe, *my maister comes*. The good wife that before had provided for afterclaps, had found out a priuie place between two feelings of a plauncher, and there she thrust Lionello; and her husband came sweting. What news, quoth shee, driues you home againe so soone husband? Marrye sweete wife (quoth he) a fearefull dreame that I had this night which came to my remembrance, & that was this: Methought there was a villeine that came secretly into my house with a naked poinard in his hand, and hid himselfe; but I could not finde the place: with that mine nose bled, and I came backe; and by the grace of God I will seeke euery corner in the house for the quiet of my minde. Marry I pray you doo, husband, quoth she. With that he lockt in all the doors, and began to seareh euery chamber, euery hole, euery chest, euery tub, the very well; he stabd euery fetherbed through, and made hauocke, like a mad man, which made him thinke all was in vaine, and hee began to blame his eyes that thought they saw that which they did not. Upon this he reeste halfe lunaticke, and all night he was very wakefull; that towards the morning he

fell into a dead sleepe, and then was Lionello conuſeighd away.

“ In the morning when Mutio wakened, hee thought how by no meanes hee ſhould be able to take Lyonello tardy: yet he laid in his head a moſt dangerous plot, and that was this. Wife, quoth he, I muſt the next Monday ride to Vycentſa to viſit an olde patient of mine; till my returne, which will be ſome ten dayes, I will haue thee ſtay at our little graunge houſe in the countrey. Marry very well content, husband, quoth ſhe: with that he kiſt her, and was verye pleaſant, as though he had ſuſpected nothing, and away hee flinges to the church, where hee meetes Lionello. What ſir, quoth he, what newes? Is your miſtreſſe yours in poſſeſſion? No, a plague of the old ſlaue, quoth he: I think he is either a witch, or els woorkes by magick: for I can no ſooner enter in the doors, but he is at my backe, and ſo he was againe yeſternight; for I was not warme in my ſeate before the maide cried, *my maiſter comes*; and then was the poore ſoule ſaine to conueigh me betweene two ſeelings of a chamber in a fit place for the purpoſe: wher I laught hartely to myſelf, to ſee how he ſought euery corner, ranſackt euery tub, and ſtapt euery featherbed,—but in vaine; I was ſafe enough till the morning, and then when he was faſt aſleepe, I lept out. Fortune frowns on you, quoth Mutio: Ay, but I hope, quoth Lionello, this is the laſt time, and now ſhee will begin to ſmile; for on Monday next he rides to Vicenſa, and his wife lyes at a grange houſe a little of the towne, and there in his abſence I will reuenge all forepaſſed miſfortunes. God ſend it be ſo, quoth Mutio; and took his leaue. Theſe two louers longed for Monday, and at laſt it came. Early in the morning Mutio horſt himſelfe, and his wife, his maide, and a man, and no more, and away he rides to his grange houſe; where after he had brok his faſt he took his leaue, and away towards Vicenſa. He rode not far ere by a falſe way he returned into a thicket, and there with a company of cuntry peaſants lay in an ambuſcade to take the young gentleman. In the afternoon comes Lionello gallopping; and aſſoon as he came within ſight of the houſe, he ſent back his horſe by his boy, & went eaſily afoot, & there at the very entry was entertained by Margaret, who led him vp y^e ſtaires, and conuaid him into her bedchamber, ſaying he was welcome into ſo mean a cottage: but quoth ſhe, now I hope fortune ſhal not enuy the purity of our louers. Alas, alas, miſtris, cried

(cried the maid,) heere is my maister, and 100 men with him, with bills and staves. We are betraid, quoth Lionel, and I am but a dead man. Feare not, quoth she, but follow me; and straight she carried him downe into a lowe parlor, where stooode an old rotten chest full of writings. She put him into that, and couered him with olde papers and euidences, and went to the gate to meet her husband. Why signior Mutio, what means this hurly burly, quoth she? Vile & shamelesse strumpet as thou art, thou shalt know by and by, quoth he. Where is thy loue? All we haue watcht him, & seen him enter in: now quoth he, shal neither thy tub of feathers nor thy feeling serue; for perish he shall with fire, or els fall into my hands. Doo thy worst, ielous foole, quoth she; I ask thee no fauour. With that in a rage he beset the house round, and then set fire on it. Oh in what a perplexitie was poore Lionello that was shut in a chest, and the fire about his eares? And how was Margaret passionat, that knew her loue in such danger? Yet she made light of the matter, and as one in a rage called her maid to her and said: Come on wench; seeing thy maister mad with ielousie hath set the house and al my liuing on fire, I will be reuengd vpon him; help me heere to lift this old chest where all his writings and deeds are, let that burne first, and as soon as I see that on fire I will walk towards my freends: for the old foole wil be beggard, and I will refuse him. Mutio that knew al his obligations and statutes lay there, puld her back, and bad two of his men carry the chest into the feeld, and see it were safe; himself standing by and seeing his house burnd downe, sticke and stone. Then quieted in his minde he went home with his wife, and began to flatter her, thinking assuredly y^t he had burnd her paramour; causing his chest to be carried in a cart to his house at Pifa. Margaret impatient went to her mothers, and complained to her and to her brethren of the ielousie of her husband; who maintained her it be true, and desired but a daies respite to prooue it. Wel, hee was bidden to supper the next night at her mothers, she thinking to make her daughter and him freends againe. In the meane time he to his wonted waik in the church, & there præter expectationem he found Lionello walking. Wondring at this, he straight enquires, what news? What newes, maister docter, quoth he, and he fell in a great laughing: in faith yesterday I scapt a scowring; for, fyrrah, I went to the grange house, where I was appointed to come, and I was no sooner gotten vp the chamber, but the magicall vvilleins her husband beset

the house with bills & staves, and that he might be sure no feeling nor corner should shrowde me, he set the house on fire, and so burnt it down to the ground. Why quoth Mutio, and how did you escape? Alas, quoth he, wel fare a womans wit! She conueighed me into an old chest ful of writings, which she knew her husband durst not burne; and so was I saued and brought to Pisa, and yesternight by her maide let home to my lodging. This, quoth he, is the pleasantest iest that euer I heard; and vpon this I haue a sute to you. I am this night bidden forth to supper; you shall be my guest; onely I will craue so much fauour, as after supper for a pleasant sporte to make relation what successe you haue had in your loues. For that I will not sticke, quoth he; and so he caried Lionello to his mother-in-lawes house with him; and discovered to his wiues brethren who he was, and how at supper he would disclose the whole matter: for quoth he, he knowes not that I am Margarets husband. At this all the brethren bad him welcome, & so did the mother too; and Margaret she was kept out of sight. Supper time being come, they fell to their victuals, & Lionello was carrowst vnto by Muto, who was very pleasant to draw him to a merry humor that he might to the ful discourse the effect & fortunes of his loue. Supper being ended, Mutio requested him to tel to the gentlemen what had happed between him & his mistresse. Lionello with a smiling countenance began to describe his mistresse, the house and street where she dwelt, how he fell in loue with her, and how he vsed the counsell of this doctor; who in al his affaires was his secretary. Margaret heard all this with a great feare; & when he came at the last point she caused a cup of wine to be given him by one of her sisters wherein was a ring that he had giuen Margaret. As he had told how he escapt burning, and was ready to confirme all for a troth, the gentlewoman drunke to him; who taking the cup, and seing the ring, hauing a quick wit and a reaching head, spide the fetch, and perceued that all this while this was his louers husband, to whome hee had reuealed these escapes. At this drinking ye wine, and swallowing the ring into his mouth, he went forward: Gentlemen, quoth he, how like you of my loues and my fortunes? Wel, quoth the gentlemen; I pray you is it true? As true quoth he, as if I would be so simple as to reueal what I did to Margarets husband: for know you, gentlemen, that I knew this Mutio to be her husband whom I notified to be my loue; and for yt he was generally known through

through Pisa to be a jealous fool, therefore with these tales I brought him into this paradise, which indeed are follies of mine owne braine: for trust me, by the faith of a gentleman, I neuer spake to the woman, was neuer in her companie, neither doo I know her if I see her. At this they all fell in a laughing at Mutio, who was ashamde that Lionello had so scost him: but all was well,—they were made friends; but the jest went so to his hart, that he shortly after died, and Lionello enjoyed the ladye: and for that they two were the death of the old man, now are they plagued in purgatory, and he whips them with nettles.”

It is observable that in the foregoing novel (which, I believe, our author had read,) there is no trace of the bugk-basket.—In the first tale of *the Fortunate, the Deceived, and Unfortunate Lovers*, 1684, a young student of Bologna is taught by an old doctor how to make love; and his first essay is practised on his instructor's wife. The jealous husband having tracked his pupil to his house, enters unexpectedly, fully persuaded that he should detect his wife and her lover together; but the gallant is protected from his fury by being concealed *under a heap of linnen half-dried*; and afterwards informs him (not knowing that his tutor was likewise his mistress's husband) what a lucky escape he had. It is therefore, I think, highly probable that Shakspeare had read both stories. MALONE.

M E A S U R E F O R M E A S U R E.

(Vol. II. p. 19.) *The words of heaven &c.*] Notwithstanding Dr. Roberts's ingenious conjecture, the text is certainly right. *Authority*, being absolute in Angelo, is finely stiled by Claudio, *the demi-god*. To his uncontrollable power, the poet applies a passage from St. Paul to the Romans, ch. i. v. 15, 18. which he properly stiles, *the words of heaven*: for he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, &c. And again: Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, &c. HENLEY.

It should be remembered however that the poet is here speaking not of *mercy* but *punishment*. MALONE.

(P. 109.) *Deth flourish the deceit.*] Dr. Warburton's illustration of the metaphor seems to be inaccurate. The passage from another of Shakspeare's plays, quoted by Mr. Steevens, suggests to us the true one,

“— empty trunks *o'erflourish'd*, &c.”

The term flourish alludes to the flowers impressed on the waste printed paper and old books, with which trunks, &c. are commonly lined. HENLEY.

(P. 113.) Mr. Steevens seems to be mistaken in his assertion that *true man* in ancient times was always placed in opposition to *thief*. At least in the book of Genesis, there is one instance to the contrary, ch. xlii. v. 11. We are all one man's sons: we are all *true man*; thy servants are no *spies*.

HENLEY.

(P. 115.) *That wounds the unresisting postern, &c.*] Unresisting after all seems to be the true reading, and stands better in connexion with *wounds* than any of the proposed emendations. HENLEY.

(P. 130.) *Yet reason dares her No.*] Dr. Warburton is evidently right with respect to this reading, though wrong in his explication. The expression is a provincial one, and very intelligible:

But that her tender shame

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,

How might the tongue me! Yet reason dares her No. That is, reason defies her to do it, as by this means she would not only publish her "maiden loss," but also as she would certainly suffer from the imposing credit of his station and power, which would repel with disgrace any attack on his reputation;

For my authority bears a credent bulk

That no particular scandal ones can touch,

But it confounds the breather. HENLEY.

(P. 152.) *Show your sheep-biting face; and be hanged an hour.*] Dr. Johnson is much too positive in asserting "that the words *an-hour* have no particular use here, nor are authorized by custom," as Dr. Farmer has well proved. The poet evidently refers to the ancient mode of punishing by the collistrigium, or the original pillory, made like that part of the pillory at present which receives the neck, only it was placed horizontally, so that the culprit hung suspended in it by his chin, and the back of his head. A distinct account of it may be found, if I mistake not, in Mr. Barrington's *Observations on the Statutes*. HENLEY.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

(P. 297.) *This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there she'll sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper.*] Shakspeare has more than once availed himself of such incidents as occurred to him from history, &c. to compliment the princes before whom his pieces were performed. A striking instance of flat-

flattery to James occurs in Macbeth; perhaps the passage here quoted was not less grateful to Elizabeth, as it apparently alludes to an extraordinary trait in one of the letters pretended to have been written by the hated Mary to Bothwell.

“ I am *nakit* *, and gaunging to sleep, and zit I cease not to scribble all this paper, in so meikle as rest is thair of.” *That is*, I am naked, and going to sleep, and yet I cease not to scribble to the end of my paper, much as there remains of it unwritten on. HENLEY.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

(Vol. III. p. 136.) *There are a sort of men, whose visages Do cream*] The poet here alludes to the manner in which the film extends itself over milk in scalding; and he had the same appearance in his eye when writing a foregoing line:

“ With mirth and laughter let old *wrinkles* come.”

So also, the author of *Buffy d'Ambois*:

“ Not any *wrinkle* creaming in their faces.” HENLEY:

(P. 146.) *The habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into.*] Perhaps there is no character through all Shakspeare, drawn with more spirit, and just discrimination, than Shylock's. His language, allusions, and ideas, are every where so appropriate to a Jew, that Shylock might be exhibited for an exemplar of that peculiar people. HENLEY.

(Ibid.) *If I can catch him once upon the hip.*] This, Dr. Johnson observes, is a phrase taken from the practice of wrestlers, and (he might have added) is an allusion to the angel's thus laying hold on Jacob when he wrestled with him. See Gen. 32, 24, &c. HENLEY.

(P. 159.) *Give me your blessing.*] In this conversation between Lancelot and his blind father, there are frequent references to the deception practised on the blindness of Isaac, and the blessing obtained in consequence of it. HENLEY.

(Ibid.) *What a beard hast thou got!*] And she put the skins of the kids of the goats on the smooth of his neck. Gen. xxvii. 16. HENLEY.

* Mr. Tytler, who hath incontrovertibly proved these letters to be forgeries, very well observes upon this passage, “ We must believe the queen to have been of a very warm constitution indeed, to be thus writing her love-letter stark naked in the month of January in Scotland. See *An Inquiry into the Evidence against Mary, Queen of Scots*, 3d. edit. p. 82. A book which hath long and loudly called for the notice of Dr. Robertson!

(P. 171.)

(P. 171.) *How like a younker or a prodigal,
The skarfed bark puts from ber native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribbs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggard by the strumpet wind!*

Mr. Gray (dropping the particularity of allusion to the parable of the prodigal) seems to have caught from this passage the imagery of the following:

“ Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
“ While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
“ In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
“ Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
“ Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
“ That hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.”

The *grim-repose* however, was suggested by Thomson's

“ — deep fermenting tempest brew'd
“ In the *grim* evening sky.” HENLEY.

(P. 190.) *To peize the time*] *To peize*, is to *weigh*, or *balance*; and figuratively, to *keep in suspense*, to *delay*.

HENLEY.

(P. 208.) *I shall be saved by my husband*] From St. Paul:
“ The unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband.”

HENLEY.

(P. 222.) *My deeds upon my head!*] An imprecation adopted from that of the Jews to Pilate: “ His blood be on us, and our children!” HENLEY.

(P. 225.) *Would any of the flock of Barabbas*

Had been her husband rather than this Christian!]

From the evangelist: “ Not this man, but Barabbas.”

HENLEY.

(P. 234.) *How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank*] So, Dr. Beattie, in the *Minstrel*:

“ The yellow moon-light *sleeps* on all the hills.”

HENLEY.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

(P. 277.) *Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?*]

The hint of this wrestling match, and the incident of Orlando's contest with Charles, seem to be taken from Vicentio Saviolo, *Of Honour and honourable Quarrels*, printed by Wolfe, 1595; a book which is afterwards particularly referred to. HENLEY.

(P. 298.)

This wrestling match is minutely described in Lodge's *Rosalynde, or Euphues Golden Legacy*, 1592, the novel on which *As You Like It* is founded. We may be certain therefore that the poet took this incident from thence, and not from Sauuolo's book. MALONE.

(P. 298.) *Peascods*] This term is still applied in Devonshire to green pease in pods. HENLEY.

(P. 310. note ⁸.) One of Chapman's plays (*Two Wise Men and all the rest Fools*) is in seven acts. This however is the only comedy which I have found so divided. MALONE.

(Ibid.) *Beard of formal cut*] Many passages from old writers might be brought to shew the fantastical taste of our forefathers in trimming their beards. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Quickly inquires: "Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?" HENLEY.

(P. 320.) *It is the right butter woman's rate to market.*] There can be no reason sufficient for changing rate to rant. The Clown is here speaking in reference to the ambling pace of the metre, which, after giving a specimen of, to prove his assertion, he affirms to be "the very false gallop of verses."

HENLEY.

(P. 331.) *As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.*] Rather, *kind-led*: led by her kind, or kindred.

HENLEY.

(P. 354.) *I will weep for nothing like Diana in the fountain.*] The poet had perhaps some well-known conduit in his thoughts. See Mr. Henley's remark on the words—"which stands by like a weather-beaten conduit"—*Winter's Tale*.

MALONE.

(P. 363.) *I see that love has made thee a tame snake.*] This term was in our author's time frequently used to express a poor contemptible fellow. So in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

" — the poorest snake

" That feeds on lemons, pilchards, &c.

Again, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600: " — and you, poor snakes, come seldom to a booty." MALONE.

(P. 373.) *Look upon him, love him; he worships you.*] To *worship* is used in the marriage service in a similar, but more extended, sense: "With my body I thee *worship*."—"Not," said a late learned divine from the pulpit, "that a man promises when he is married to make a god of his wife; No, for *religious* worship differs from *conjugal* in this, that the former is performed on our knees only, but the latter on our knees and hands also." WHITE.

T A M I N G

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

(P. 443.) *And every day I cannot come to woo.*] This is the burthen of part of an old ballad entitled the *Ingenious Braggadocia* :

“ And I cannot come every day to woo.”

STREVENS.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

(Vol. IV. P. 25.) *You are shallow, Madam, in great friends.*] Add to the instances in which *in* has been printed instead of *even*, (inserted among the *Supplemental Observations*, ante, p. 135.) the following from the *Merchant of Venice*, quarto, 1600: “ We were Christians enow before, *in* as many as could well live one by another.” MALONE.

WINTER'S TALE.

(P. 290.) *Shook hands, as over a vast: and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds.*] Shakspeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a wood cut in Hollinshed, while writing the incantation of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*. There is also an allusion to a print of one of the Henries holding a sword adorned with crowns. In this passage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship. HENLEY.

(P. 302.) — *my dagger muzzled,*

Lest it should bite its master—] So, in another place: “ I have a sword will *bite* upon my necessity.” And, in *King Lear* :

“ I have seen the day with my good *biting* faulchion

“ I would have made them *skip*.” HENLEY.

(P. 333.) ————— I

*Do come with words as med'cinal as true ;
Honest, as either ; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.*] So, Macbeth inquires

if the doctor can restore sleep to his lady ; and

“ — with

“ — with some sweet oblivious antidote,
 “ Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
 “ Which weighs upon the heart?” HENLEY,

(P. 359.) *They (i. e. bears) are never curst, but when they are hungry] Curst, signifies mischievous. Thus the adage: Curst cows have short horns. HENLEY.*

(P. 376.) *For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
 Seeming, and favour, all the winter long:*

*Grace, and remembrance, be to you both.] Ophelia distributes the same plants, and accompanies them with the same documents: “ There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.—There's rue for you; we may call it herb of grace.”—The qualities of retaining *seeming* and *favour*, appear to be the reason why these plants were considered as emblematical of *grace* and *remembrance*. The nosegay distributed by Perdita with the significations annexed to each flower, reminds one of the enigmatical letter from a Turkish lover, described by Lady M. W. Montagu. HENLEY:*

(P. 380.) Per. *O, these I lack,*

*To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
 To strow him o'er and o'er.*

Flor. *What? like a corse?*

Per. *No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;*

*Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried—] The authors of *The Maid's Tragedy* have wrought out of this passage a beautiful description:*

“ — the unfrequented woods

“ Are her delight; and when she sees a bank

“ Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell

“ Her servants what a pretty place it were

“ To bury lovers in, and make her maids

“ Pluck 'em, and strow her over like a corse.”

HENLEY.

(P. 380.) — *not to be buried,*

But quick, and in mine arms.] Might not Waller have taken from hence the hint of the following epigram?

To one married to an Old Man.

“ Since thou would'st needs (bewitch'd with some ill
 “ charms !)

“ Be bury'd in those monumental arms,

“ All we can wish, is—May that earth lie light

“ Upon thy tender limbs! and so good night!

HENLEY:

(P. 394.)

P. 394.) — *white as the fann'd snow,*
That's bolted by the northern blasts.] So, in the Title
Noble Kinsmen :

“ — *White as wind-fann'd snow.*” HENLEY.

(P. 409.) Clo. *We are but plain fellows, fir.*

Aut. *A lie; you are rough and hairy.] This quibble is founded upon their being dressed in skins: they were some of those, who, as we were told before, had made themselves all men of hair, and called themselves saltiers. i. e. satyrs.*

HENLEY.

(P. 410.) — *a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.] An indication of the same class with the *homo emunctæ naris* of the Romans.*

HENLEY.

(P. 425.) — *the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit] Conduits representing a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and weather-beaten, still exists at Hodsdon in Herts. Shakspeare refers again to the same sort of imagery in *Romeo and Juliet :**

“ How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?

“ Evermore showering?” HENLEY.

M A C B E T H.

P. 452.) *Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,*
And fan our people cold.] So, Gray :

“ Ruin cease thee, ruthless king!

“ Confusion on thy banners wait,

“ Tho' fann'd by conquest's crimson wing

“ They mock the air with idle state.” HENLEY.

(Ibid.) *Till that Bellona's bridegroom—] This passage may be added to the many others, which shew how little Shakspeare knew of ancient mythology.*

HENLEY.

(P. 471.) — *servants,*

Which do but what they should, by doing every thing—]

From Scripture: “ So when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do.”

HENLEY.

(P. 476.) — *Come, you spirits*

*That tend on mortal thoughts, &c.] There is an invocation in *Buffy & Ambois*, which in the turn of thought seems to resemble lady Macbeth's, but is less horrid :*

“ Now

“ Now all the peacefull regents of the night,
 “ Silently-gliding exhalations,
 “ Languishing windes, and murmuring fairs of waters,
 “ Sadnesse of heart, and ominous securenesse,
 “ Enchantment, dead sleepes, all the friends of rest,
 “ That ever wrought upon the life of man,
 “ Extend your utmost strengths; and this charm'd houre
 “ Fix like the center; make the violent wheelcs
 “ Of Time and Fortune stand; and great existens
 “ (The Maker's treasure) now not seeme to bee,
 “ To all but my approaching friends and mee.”

HENLEY.

(P. 485.) — *Besides, this Duncan*

Has borne his faculties so meek, &c.] As Mr. Henderson speaks this speech, these lines should be thus pointed: “ *Besides this; Duncan &c.*” HENLEY.

(P. 510.) *Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
 And prophesying with accents terrible, &c.]*

Præternatural events of this nature are fabled to have preceded or followed the death of heroes and tyrants. The omens prognostick of Cæsar's destruction, have been often described by the Roman poets, but where shall we find a description equal to Shakspeare's?

“ In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 “ A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 “ The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
 “ Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
 “ Stars shone with trains of fire; dews of blood fell;
 “ Disasters veil'd the sun; and the moist star,
 “ Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
 “ Was sick almost to doom's-day with eclipse.” *Hamlet.*

HENLEY.

(P. 511.) *As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
 To countenance this horror !]*

In this, and the quotation from *Hamlet* immediately preceding, there is an apparent allusion to the saints that arose at our Saviour's crucifixion, and went into Jerusalem. HENLEY.

(P. 540.) *What is't that moves your highness ?]* There are many instances of resemblance between the two dramas of *Macbeth* and *Buffy d'Ambois*, particularly in this scene, and it is but justice to acknowledge, that Chapman's tragedy appears to be the elder.

“ *Monf.* How now, what leap'st thou at?

“ *D'Amb.* O royall object!

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“ *Monf.*

“ *Monf.* Thou dream’st awake : Object in th’ emptie aire?
 “ *D’Amb.* Worthie the head of Titan, worth his chaire.
 “ *Monf.* Pray thee what mean’st thou ?
 “ *D’Amb.* See you not a crowne
 Empale the forehead of the great king ?”

HENLEY.

(P. 543.) — *be alive again,*
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me
The baby of a girl.] The first folio reads *inhabit*, and

places the comma immediately after *then* :

“ If trembling I inhabit then, protest me, &c.”

The meaning seems to be this : Should you challenge me to the *desert*, and I then remain trembling in my castle, protest me, &c.

The best *living* commentator on Shakspeare had acutely conjectured that the poet might have written—*If trembling I* EXHIBIT (i. e. *if I discover fear*), but acquiesced in the interpretation I have given. HENLEY.

(P. 546) *By magot-pies*] The magpie is called in the west to this hour, a *magatipie*, and the import of the augury is determined by the number of these birds that are seen together : “ One for sorrow : Two for mirth : Three for a wedding : Four for death.”

It is very observable that in the unfrequented villages of Devonshire, not only a greater part of the customs to which Shakspeare alludes, but also most of his colloquial phrases and expressions, are still in common use. HENLEY.

(P. 556.) — *slips of yew,*

Sliver’d in the moon’s eclipse.] Mr. Steevens’s explanation of *sliver’d* is scarcely exact. *To sliver*, signifies to separate, by *slipping*, or *splitting one part of a thing from another*, and is the precise sense in which the poet applies it, both in this instance, and in that from *King Lear* :

“ She who herself will *sliver* and disbranch.”

HENLEY.

(P. 579.) *Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,*
All ready at a point—] Thus, in the *Two Nob. Kinsmen* :
 “ — maiden-hearted, a husband I have *pointed*,
 “ But do not know him out of two.” HENLEY.

(P. 585.) *Malc. Be comforted :*
Let’s make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Mac. He has no children.] This passage seems not to have

have been fully explained. Malcolm, who exhorts to vengeance, had been deprived by Macbeth of his father; and Macduff, who is exhorted to vengeance, of his children: what then does the answer to this exhortation imply?—We cannot retaliate in kind, because you can neither make his children *fatherless*, as he hath made you; nor I, him *childless*, as he hath made me. That Macbeth had been a father, is to be inferred from the declaration of his wife:

“ ——— I have given suck; and know

“ How tender ’tis, to love the babe that milks me.”

HENLEY.

(P. 594.) ——— *my May of life*

Is fallen into the fear, the yellow leaf.] I cannot forbear thinking that Shakspeare wrote, as in the old copies, *my way of life*. The learned critics seem to have forgotten; that summer intervenes between spring and autumn; and so (to use the words of our poet on another occasion)

“ ——— slide

“ O’er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry’d

“ Of that wide gap.”

We no where find that Macbeth, like Leonatus,

“ In his spring became a harvest.”

Exclusive however of this objection, the passage cited by Mr. Malone is sufficient to justify the old reading.

HENLEY.

Having always thought that the ancient copies ought to be adhered to, when any meaning can be extracted from them, it is with particular pleasure that I subjoin the following vindication of the old reading, for which I am indebted to a friend (the right hon. Henry Flood) whose distinguished abilities are too well known to need any eulogium of mine:

“ May, by a figure, can be extended to the whole spring, but not to the whole year: not to summer, autumn, winter. Applied, by metaphor, to life, it can denote youth only, not the whole of life: especially, not the decline of it. Macbeth, when he speaks these lines, is not youthful. He is contemporary to Banquo, who is advanced in years, and who hath a son upon the scene able to escape the pursuit of assassins and the vigilance of Macbeth. Macbeth’s own children are dead, nor is there a trace of his expecting more. He is himself the speaker, and the subject is his decline. He could not mistake the fact; and to call age the *May of life*, would be highly inaccurate: not to mention, that,

“my May of life,” even if consonant to the fact, would perhaps be rather too brilliant an expression for the deep dependency in which he utters this soliloquy.

The original text hath it, “my way of life,” a natural, easy, unaffected expression. By this, life is represented under the precise and familiar image of a road or passage. This image is applicable to any part of life; not, like the other, to one part only, and that the wrong part. Every road in autumn is strewn with the falling leaf. The latter end of the passage of life (which is our autumn) must be subject to this incident of decay. Thus these ideas connect in the mind of Macbeth. Speaking of a road, in common, it is true that we should say that “the fear the yellow leaf” falls into the way, and not the way into the fear, the yellow leaf. But speaking of the road of life, it may properly be said that it is the way which falls into the yellow leaf; that is, into decline. For the very progress of life doth as necessarily incur and fall into decay, as the beginning of a road leads toward the end of it. “Life, that passage, is with me running toward an end, and has fallen into the midst of those autumnal leaves which bestrew the close of it.” Such is the plain sense of the poet; and such a text ought not to be deposed for any usurper.”

The reading of the old copy may perhaps derive some support from the following passage in *Pericles*, in which the same phrase is found:

“Thus ready for the way of life or death,

“I wait the sharpest blow.” MALONE.

(P. 596.) *Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd?*] So in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*:

“*Jaylor*. What think you of her, sir?

“*Doctor*. I think she has a *perturbed mind*, which I cannot minister to.” HENLEY.

KING HENRY IV. PART I.

(Vol. V. P. 297.) Add to note ².] So also in *Essays and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners*, by Geoffrey Mynshaw, 1618: “To borrow money is called *striking*, but the blow can hardly or never be recovered.” MALONE.

(P. 339.) *This pitch, as ancient writers do reports, doth defile.*] Alluding to an old ballad, beginning,

“Who toucheth *pitch* must be *defil'd*.” STEEVENS.

(P. 341.)

(P. 341.) *That rooſted Manningtree ox, &c.*] In my note, (inſerted among the *Supplemental Observations*, ante,) add, after the words—“the Inner Temple,” No. 538, vol. xliii. MALONE.

(P. 502.) — *and let the welkin roar.*] Theſe are part of the words of an old ballad entitled “What the father gathereth with the rake, the ſon doth ſcatter with the forke.”

“*Let the welkin roare,*

“*I’ll never give ore, &c.*”

Again, in another ancient ſong called, “The Man in the Moon drinks claret:”

“*Drink wine till the welkin roares,*

“*And cry out a p— of your ſcores.*” STEEVENS.

KING RICHARD III.

(Vol. VII. P. 6.) *Cheated of feature by diſſembling nature, Deform’d, unfinish’d, &c.*] Dr. Johnson hath certainly miſtaken, and Dr. Warburton rightly explained, the word *diſſembling*; as is evident from the following extract: “Whyle things ſtoode in this caſe, and that the manner of addyng was ſometime too ſhort and ſometime too long, els *diſſembled* and let ſlip altogether.”—Arthur Golding’s *Translation of Julius Solinus*, 1587. HENLEY.

(P. 29.) — *which you have pill’d from me.*] To *pill* is, literally, to take off the outside or rind. Thus they ſay in Devonſhire, to *pill* an apple, rather than to *pare* it; and Shirley uſes the word precisely in this ſenſe:

“He has not *pill’d* the rich, nor ſlay’d the poor.”

HENLEY.

(P. 36.) *He is frank’d up.*] So, afterwards:

“— in the ſty of this moſt bloody boar,

“My ſon George Stanley is *frank’d up* in hold.”

HENLEY.

(P. 62.) *Truly the hearts of men are full of fear: &c.*] Mr. Tollet hath cited a paſſage from Holinshed, which he ſuppoſes Shakspeare to have had in view; but it is evident that both Holinshed and Shakspeare allude to St. Luke. See ch. xxi. ver. 25, &c. HENLEY.

(P. 74.) *I weigh it lightly.*] The verb *weigh*, is uſed in a ſimilar connexion by B. and F. in *The Maid’s Tragedy*:

“— when he was a boy,

“As oft as I return’d, (as without boaſt

Z 3 3

I brought

“ I brought home conquest,) he would gaze upon me,
 “ And view me round to find in what one limb
 “ The virtue lay, to do the things he heard :
 “ Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel
 “ The quickness of the edge, and in his hand
 “ Weigh it. HENLEY.

(P. 165.) *The bloody dog is dead.*] From the frequent allusions through the whole of this history to the armorial bearing of Richard, I suspect that Shakspeare wrote not *dog*, but *hog*. HENLEY.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

(Vol. VIII. p. 98.) *There is a tide in the affairs of men, &c.*] A similar sentiment is found in *Buffy d'Ambois*, 1607 :

“ There is a deep nick in time's restless wheel
 “ For each man's good; when which nick comes, it
 strikes;—
 “ So no man riseth by his real merit,
 “ But when it cries *clink* in his raiser's spirit.” MALONE.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

(P. 268.) *Some time we see a cloud that's dragonish—*] Perhaps our author was indebted for this thought to Chapman's *Buffy d'Ambois*, 1607 :

“ — like empty clouds,
 “ In which our faulty apprehensions forge
 “ The forms of *dragons*, lions, elephants,
 “ When they hold no proportion.” MALONE.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

(Vol. IX. p. 31.) — *which were such*

As Agamemnon, &c.] Add to my note, (inserted among the *Supplemental Observations*, ante,) after the words “ is in the text *a bond of air*” — Thus in *The Rape of Lucreca* :

“ Feast-finding minstrels tuning my defame,
 “ Will tie the hearers to attend each line.” MALONE.

CYMBELINE.

(P. 198.) *To atone my countryman and you.*] So in *As You Like It* :

“ Then there is mirth in heaven
 “ When earthly things made even
 “ *Atone* together.”

Few words have occasioned the spilling of so much Christian ink as *atone*, which is here used in its true sense. The expression is from a coalescence of the words *at one*; the verb *to set*, or some other equivalent, being omitted. Thus, in *the Aets*:—“ he shewed himself to them as they strove, and would have *set* them *at one* again. HENLEY.

(P. 232.) *Her andirons were two winking Cupids*

Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely

Depending on their brands.] Nicely, I apprehend,

refers to the graceful manner in which these figures leant upon their inverted torches; and not, as Mr. Steevens imagines, to their being exactly poized on them. The poet here shews his taste in designing; the figures are described as standing each on one foot: no human figure can be graceful while standing on both. From innumerable instances in the writings of Shakspeare, he appears to have possessed uncommon skill in painting and sculpture. The happy talent at description that Jaehimo discovers, is peculiarly proper to him as an Italian, who might be presumed to have studied the works of the ancients. HENLEY.

(P. 247.) — *often to our comfort shall we find*

The sharded beetle in a safer hold

Than is the full-wing'd eagle.] i. e. the beetle

shelter'd beneath the shell, or incrusted covering, of cowdung. So in *the Disputation between a bee cony-catcher and a she*, 1592: “ — with the beetle refusing to light on the sweetest flowers all day, nestled at night in a *cowshard*.”

HENLEY.

(P. 314.) *Cancel these cold bonds.] Thus in the Two Noble Kinsmen:*

“ Quit me of these cold gyves.” HENLEY.

R O M E O A N D J U L I E T.

(Vol. X. p. 48. Jul. *You kiss by the book.*) In *As You Like It*, we find it was usual to quarrel *by the book*, and are told in the note, that there were *books extant for good manners*. Juliet here appears to refer to a third kind, containing *the art of courtship*, an example from which it is probable that Rosalind hath adduced:

“*Rof.* Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent;—What would you say to me now, an I were your very *Rosalind*?”

“*Orlan.* I would kiss before I spoke.

“*Rof.* Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss.

“*Orlan.* How if the kiss be denied?”

“Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.” HENLEY.

(P. 49.) *My grave is like to be my wedding bed.*] So again:

“—— I’ll to my *wedding bed*

“And *death*, not *Romeo &c.*”

And afterwards:

“O son, the night before thy wedding day,

“Hath death lain with thy bride:——

“My daughter he hath wedded.” HENLEY.

(P. 53.) *And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit*

As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.] The name to which *Mercutio* alludes, occurs in *Buffy d’Ambois*:

“*Ghar.* We be no windfalls my lord; ye must gather us with the ladder of matrimony, or we’ll hang till we be rotten.

“*Monf.* Indeed that’s the way to make you right *opons*——”

ANONYMOUS.

(P. 58.) —— *by yonder blessed moon I vow,*

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—] Mr. Pope, who was more indebted to his predecessors than the generality of his readers are aware, hath availed himself, both of this description, and also of “the battle’s number’d face” in the admired night-scene of *Homer*, book the VIIIth.

HENLEY.

(P. 67.) — *stab’d with a—black eye.*] *Shakspeare* is not the only writer that compares a glance of the eye to a sword. The same image occurs in a poem of *Mrs. Phillips*, the celebrated *Orinda*;

“Her honour is protected by her eyes,

“As the old flaming sword kept paradise.”

HENLEY.

(*Ibid.*) — *the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy’s butt-shaft.*] The author of *Ælla*, in the *Bristol Poems* attributed to *Rowley*, had this passage in his mind:

“*Mic* husband, lord *Thomas*, a forrester bould,

“As ever clove *pyne*, or the *baskets*.” HENLEY.

(P. 139.)

(P. 139.) *My heart is full of woe.*] This is the burthen of the first stanza of "A pleasant new ballad of Two Lovers:"

"Hie hoe! *my heart is full of woe.*" STEEVENS.

(P. 154.) *I will believe—*

That unsubstantial death is amorous;] So in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592:

"Ah now, methinks, I see *Death dallying seeks*

"*To entertaine itselfe in Love's sweet place;*

"*Decayed roses of discoloured cheekes*

"*Do yet retaine deere notes of former grace,*

"*And ugly death fits faire within her face.*"

MALONE.

(P. 166.) *For never was a story of more woe*

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.] These lines seem to have been formed on the concluding couplet of the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*:

"— among the monuments that in Verona been,

"There is no monument more worthy of the sight,

"Than is the tomb of Juliet and Romeus her knight."

MALONE.

H A M L E T.

(Vol. X. p. 179.) — *I have heard,*

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,

Doth with his lusty and shrill-sounding throat, &c.]

Imitated by Mr. Gray in his *Elegy*:

"The *cock's shrill clarion*, or the echoing horn,

"No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

MALONE.

(P. 191.) *Like Niobe, all tears.*] Shakspeare might have caught this idea from an ancient ballad entitled "The falling-out of Lovers is the renewing of Love:"

"Now I, like weeping *Niobe*,

"May wash my hands in tears". STEEVENS.

(P. 303.) — *and a pair of Provencial roses in my rayed shoes—*] Hamlet is here speaking of a company of strolling players, who in our author's time usually travelled on foot. *Rayed*, (if that be the true reading) I therefore believe, means *covered with dust or mire*. The word is used in this sense by Nashe in *Summer's last Will and Testament*, a comedy, 1600: "Let there be a few rushes laid in the place where Back-winter shall fall, for feare of *raying* his cloathes."

MALONE.

O T H E L L O

O T H E L L O.

(P. 467.) — *my heart's subdued*

Even to the very quality of my lord.] Quality here signifies his Moorish complexion; as is obvious from what immediately follows:

“ I saw Othello's *visage* in his mind:”
and also, from what the Duke says to Brabantio:

“ If virtue no delighted beauty lack,

“ Your son-in-law is far more *fair* than *black*.”

HENLEY.

See another explanation of this line, in the first of these volumes, p. 366.

Since that note was written, it has occurred to me that these words may admit a different interpretation from any yet suggested, which I believe to be the true one. *Quality* here may mean *profession*. “ I am so much enamoured of Othello that I am even willing to endure all the inconveniences incident to a *military life*, and to attend him to the wars.” “ I cannot mervaile (said Lord Essex to Mr. Ashton, a Puritan preacher who was sent to him in the Tower,) though my protestations are not believed of my enemies, when they so little prevaile with a man of your *quality*.” See other examples of this use of the word in a note on *Hamlet*, inserted among the *Supplemental Observations*, vol. I. p. 354.

MALONE.

(P. 467.) — *I therefore beg it, not*

To please the palate of my appetite;

Nor to comply with heat, (the young affects,

In me defunct) and proper satisfaction;

But to be free and bounteous to her mind.] Much

labour hath been bestowed on this passage, and many emendations offered. Might I be allowed to augment their number, it should be by reading

Nor to comply with heat (the young affect's

In me defunct) &c.

understanding by *the young affect*, that “ unmastered impotency,” as the poet styles it in another place, which irritates the passions in the prime of life, and postpones every other consideration to enjoyment. It is natural to expect, that this youth-

youthful *heat* should be *defunct* in Othello, when he says of himself

“ I am declined into the vale of years,”
unless we refer him to that class whom Chaucer compares to leeks, the heads of which are white while their tails are green. Nothing however can more appositely illustrate the expression of Shakspeare, than that of Massinger so similar to it :

“ ——— youthful *heats*

“ That look no farther than your outward form,

“ Are long since *buried* in me.”

If, nevertheless, we adhere to the printed copies, the word, *are*, or rather, *being*, must be considered as understood, [*the young affects being in me defunct*] and the sense of the passage will be sufficiently clear. HENLEY.

In forming a conjecture concerning any doubtful passage in these plays, we should never forget that what our author wrote was calculated to be spoken; and that however fair any regulation may appear on paper, if the lines, when reformed, will not bear recitation, the emendation is probably not right. If the passage before us be tried by this test, I believe it will be found that it yet stands in need of correction; for (not to insist on the awkwardness of using the adjective *proper* without any possessive pronoun prefixed to it,) by the introduction of a parenthesis the words are now regulated in such a manner, that he must be a skilful speaker indeed who could pronounce them so as to prevent the latter hemistich from forming a “ most lame and impotent conclusion.”

For this reason I am persuaded that *my*, the reading of all the old copies, is right, and that there is no error except in the word *defunct*.

I would read :

Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,

In my *disjunct* and proper satisfaction ;

i. e. for the sake of my *separate* and private enjoyment. So afterwards : “ Let us be *conjunctive* in our revenge.”—Our author has *disjoin* and *disjunctive* in two other plays ; and in the present tragedy we find many words equally uncommon with that now proposed ; as *agnize*—*sequestration*—*congregated*—*guttered*—*sequent*—*extincted*—*exsuffolate*—*indign*—*segregated*, &c. &c. MALONE.

(P. 473.) — defeat thy favour *with an usurped beard* :] *Feat* and *feature* were formerly synonymous terms : *favour* means *face*. “ Defeat thy favour” therefore, signifies “ disguise thy face.” The artifice of *an usurped beard*, by which this

this was to be effected, was an expedient adopted for the same purpose by Autolycus; as appears from *his pocketing up his pedlar's excrement*, that the shepherd and clown might not know him when dressed in the prince's cloaths. Shakspeare hath used a similar expression in *King Richard III*:

"Her face defac'd with scars of infamy." HENLEY.

(P. 480.) ——— *his pilot*

Of very expert and approv'd allowance.] i. e. authorized, after having been examined, to undertake the navigation of a ship. HENLEY.

(P. 487.) *But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed?*] The hint for this question, and the metrical reply of Iago, is taken from a whimsical pamphlet called *Choice, Chance, and Change, or Conceits in their Colours*; 1606, where, after one *Tidero* has described many vicious and ridiculous characters in verse, *Arnosilo* asks him "But I pray thee didst thou write none in commendation of some worthy creature?" *Tidero* then proceeds, like Iago, to pour out more verses. STEEVENS.

(P. 502.) — *Well, — Heaven's above all, &c.*] The propensity to talk religiously in persons disordered by drinking, is here finely touched. HENLEY.

(P. 504.) *With one of an ingraft infirmity:*] Dr. Johnson's explanation seems to fall short of the poet's meaning. The qualities of a tree are so changed by being ingrafted, that its future fruits are not such as would have naturally sprung from the stock, but derive their qualities from the graft inserted into it. Conformably to this idea is the assertion of Hamlet concerning the same vice in his countrymen:

"They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
 "Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
 "From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
 "The pith and marrow of our attribute.
 "So, oft it chanceth to particular men,
 "By the o'er-growth of some complexion,
 "Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
 "The form of plausible manners, that these men—
 "Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
 "As infinite as man may undergo)—
 "Shall in the general censure take corruption
 "From that particular fault. The dram of base
 "Doth all the noble substance of worth out,
 "To his own scandal." HENLEY.

(P. 512.) *When this advice is free I give—*] i. e. gratis, not paid for, as his advice to Roderigo was. HENLEY.

(P. 537.)

(P. 537.) — *it is a common thing.*] Spoken from his suspicions of Othello and Cassio. HENLEY.

(P. 581.) *A fixed figure for the time of scorn—*] This appears to be the true reading.—Is not the figure of peeping Tom at Coventry, which is annually dressed up to perpetuate his folly, one of this sort? HENLEY.

(P. 597.) *Forth of my heart those charms—are blotted;*] *Forth, is out.* So in *K. Richard III.*:

“ I clothe my naked villainy

“ With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ.”

And, afterwards:

“ Humphry Hoare that call'd your grace

“ To breakfast once, forth of my company.” HENLEY,

(*Ibid.*) *Tby bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.*]

So in Whetstone's *Heptameron*, 1582. Sig. L. ii:

“ Thour couche [quoth he] soyled with dishonour, washe out thy staynes with the adulterer's blood.” STEVENS.

(P. 627.) *O Spartan dog!*] Shakspeare mentions the *Spartan dogs* in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear

“ With bounds of *Sparta*.” HENLEY.

* * The following references are to the pages of the first of these volumes.

(P. 384.) Add to the note relative to dramattick entertainments being exhibited on Sundays]

May, in his *History of the Parliament of England*, 1646, taking a review of the conduct of king Charles and his ministers from 1628 to 1640, mentions that plays were usually represented at court on *Sundays* during that period. It is probable from hence that they were not then publicly performed on that day. MALONE.

(P. 425.) *Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,*

Which to his speech did honey passage yield;] So in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ — and lips, O you

“ The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss &c.”

MALONE.

(P. 472. After note 2.) On a second inspection of the books belonging to the Stationers' Company, I find I was guilty of an omission on a former occasion, which I seize this opportunity to point out. May 9, 1594, was entered by Mr. Harrison, sen. “ a booke intituled *The Ravishment of Lucrece*,” B. 306. b.

On

On the same books, Sep. 9. 1653, Mr. Mosely among other plays has the following entries :

“ The History of *Cardenio* by Mr. Fletcher and *Shakespeare*.”
 “ This play was acted in 1613 by Heminge, &c. Had it therefore been written by our author, it would surely have been published in the folio 1623, or at least would have been ascribed to him in some ancient catalogue.

Mr. Reed suggests to me that being founded on a story interwoven with the adventures of Don Quixote, it may be the same as the dramattick piece which Theobald produced with the title of the *Double Falshood, or the Distress'd Lovers*; the frenzy, &c. of *Julio* being only those of *Cardenio* under another name.

“ Henry the Ist and Henry the IId by *Shakespeare* and *Davenport* ;” meaning I suppose that the latter was the composition of *Davenport*.

Again, on the same books June 29, 1660, Humphrey Mosely enters

“ *The History of King Stephen,*

“ *Duke Humphrey,* a tragedy,

“ *Iphis and Inanthe, or a Marriage without a Man,* a comedy,” as the works of our author.

What degree of credit is due to these entries I cannot determine ; but there is no reason why they should be withheld from the publick. Very soon after the civil wars a great number of dramattick pieces which are no where to be found were registered at Stationers' Hall ; but I fear that our acquaintance with them will never reach beyond their titles.

STEEVENS.

It is remarkable that a line of exactly the same import with that in the *Double Falshood*, for which Theobald (the supposed writer) was so much ridiculed,

“ None but himself can be his parallel,”

is found in *the Duke of Millain* by Massinger, who, I believe, was the author of the other piece also :

“ Her goodness does disdain comparison,

“ *And but itself admits no parallel.*”

In the concluding speech of the first act of *the Double Falshood* we meet

“ ——— I must *sloop to gain her,*

“ *Throw all my gay comparisons aside, &c.*”

So Massinger, in *the Duke of Millain* :

“ ——— yet be wise ;

“ *Soar not too high to fall, but sloop to rise.*” —

which lines were afterwards imitated by Dryden,

“ The

“ The lowest lover, when he prostrate lies,
 “ But kneels to *conquer*, and but *stoops* to rise—”
 and furnished the late Dr. Goldsmith with the title of his last
 comedy.

The second of the lines above quoted from *the Double Falshood*, is in our author's *Antony and Cleopatra*, and (if not an interpolation of Theobald's) would serve to confirm Massinger's title to this play, he having very frequently imitated Shakspere.

It appears from the Stationers' Books that Massinger wrote the following eleven plays, which have not been published, and probably are now all lost: *The noble Choice, or the Orator*—*The Wandering Lovers, or the Painter*—*The Italian Night-piece, or the unfortunate Piety*—*The Judge, or believe as you list*, a tragedy—*The Prisoner, or the fair Anchoress*—*The Spanish Viceroy, or the Honour of Woman*—*Minerva's Sacrifice, or the fore'd Lady*—*The Tyrant*, a tragedy—*Philenzo and Hypopolita*, a tragi-comedy—*Antonio and Valtia*, a comedy—*Taste and Welcome*, a comedy. MALONE.

(P. 473.) An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun.] Add to note 9. Our author seems here to have remembered Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592:

“ Thou must not thinke thy flowre can alwaies flourish,
 “ And that thy *beauty* will be still admir'd,
 “ But that those rayes which all these flames do nourish,
 “ *Cancel'd* with time, will have their *date expir'd*.”

MALONE.

(P. 492.) Add to note 5.] Again in *the Winter's Tale*:

“ That may blow
 “ No *sneaping* winds at home, to make us say
 “ This is put forth too truly!” MALONE.

(P. 500.) *Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries*;] Add to note 8.—Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ This is the very *coinage* of your *brain*;
 “ This bodiless creation ecstasy
 “ Is very cunning in.” MALONE.

(P. 591.) Add to note 1] Again in one of Daniel's *Sonnets*, 1592:

“ — in *beauty's lease* expir'd appears
 “ The date of age, the calends of our death.”

MALONE.

(P. 634.) Note 1. Add after the passage quoted from *King Richard II*] A line in the 48th Sonnet still more strongly confirms it:

“ *Thee*

"Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
"Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art."

MALONE.

(P. 644.) *And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,*] Thus Pope:
"As forc'd from wind-guns lead itself can fly."

STEEVENS.

(P. 646.) *When all the breathers of this world are dead,*] So in *As You Like It*: "I will chide no *breather in the world* but myself, against whom I know most faults." MALONE.

(P. 660.) *Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue, &c.*] So Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book III:

"—— but not to me returns

"Day, nor the sweet approach of even or morn,

"Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose, &c."

STEEVENS.

(P. 667.) — *and death to me subscribes,*

Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhime,

While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.] So

in Dr. Young's *Bufo*:

"Like death, a solitary king I'll reign

"O'er silent subjects and a desert plain." STEEVENS.

(Ibid.) Add to my note ⁷.] So in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes

"To tender objects." MALONE.

(P. 673.) Note ⁸ Add after the word "mankind"] Thus in *Measure for Measure*:

"Say what you can my false outweighs your true."

MALONE.

(Ibid.) *If it be poison'd, &c.*] The allusion here is to the *tasters* to princes. So in *King John*:

"—— who did taste to him?"

"Hub. A monk, whose bowels suddenly burst out."

STEEVENS.

(P. 675.) —— *that I have scanted all*

Wherein I should your great deserts repay;] So in *King Lear*:

"Than she to scant her duty." STEEVENS.

(P. 676.) *With eager compounds we our palates urge;*] *Eager* is sour, tart, poignant. *Aigre*, Fr. So in *Hamlet*:

"Did curd, like eager droppings into milk." STEEVENS.

(P. 725. note ². l. 2.) For "in the corresponding part of the preceding Sonnet," read "in the corresponding part of the first member of this Sonnet." MALONE.

APPENDIX TO VOL. II.

P E R I C L E S.

(P. 11.) Add to note ².] In *Macbeth* we meet with a similar allusion :

“ Thy face, my thane, is as a book, where men

“ May read strange matters.”

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Poor women’s faces are their own faults’ books.”

Again, in Drayton’s *Matilda*, 1594 :

“ My face, the sun adorning beauty’s sky,

“ The book where heaven her wonders did enroll.”

MALONE.

(P. 13.) After note ⁷.] I would read—in death’s net.

PERCY.

(P. 14.) *Of all said yet may’st thou prove prosperous !*] ‘Said’ is here apparently contracted for *assay’d*, i. e. tried, attempted.

PERCY.

(P. 15.) *Sharp physick is the last :*] i. e. the intimation in the last line of the riddle that his life depends on resolving it ; which he properly enough calls *sharp physick*, or a bitter potion.

PERCY.

(P. 18.) Add to my note ².] The following lines in *K. Richard III.* likewise confirm the reading that has been chosen :

“ Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,

“ That I may live to say the dog is dead.” MALONE.

(P. 21. l. 4.) *Stage Direction.*] After *Tyre*, add *A Room in the Palace.* MALONE.

(P. 23.) At the end of note ⁵.] I would read,

Who am no more, &c. FARMER.

(P. 24.) Add at the end of line 9—*Exeunt attendant Lords.*

MALONE.

(P. 29.) After *Scene III.* add *An Antichamber in the Palace of Tyre.* MALONE.

(P. 30.) After note ³.] Perhaps we should read,

But since he’s gone, the king it sure must please ;

He scap’d the land to perish on the seas. PERCY.

(P. 31.) *Stage Direction.*] After *Tharsus*, add *A Room in the Governour's House.* MALONE.

(P. 32.) After note ⁸.] Shakspeare generally uses *riches* as a singular noun. Thus in *Othello*:

“The *riches* of the ship *is* come ashore.”

Again, *ibid* :

“But *riches* *fineless is* as poor as winter”—.

Again, in his 87th Sonnet:

“And for *that riches* where is my deserving?” MALONE.

(P. 36.) *And make a conquest of unhappy me,*] I believe a letter was dropped at the press, and would read

And make a conquest of unhappy *men*,

Whereas no glory's got to overcome. MALONE.

(*Ibid.* l. 15.) After “Lord” add *Exit.* MALONE.

(P. 37.) *Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,*] i e. to make bread for your needy subjects. PERCY.

(P. 41.) *Ne aught escapen'd but himself;*] It should be printed either *escapen* or *escaped*.

Our ancestors had a plural number in their tenses which is now lost out of the language; e. g. in the present tense,

| | |
|---------------|---------------|
| I escape | We escapen |
| Thou escapest | Ye escapen |
| He escapeth | They escapen. |

But it did not, I believe, extend to the preter-imperfects, otherwise than thus: They *did* [for *did*] escape. PERCY.

I do not believe the text to be corrupt. Our author seems in this instance to have followed Gower:

“— and with himselfe were in debate,

“*Thynkende* what he had lore, &c.”

I think I have observed many other instances of the same kind in the *Confessio Amantis*.

In the text, *for ought read* aught. MALONE.

(*Ibid.*) *Throw him ashore to give him glad.*] Should we not read—to make him glad? PERCY.

(*Ibid.*) *Stage Direction.*] After *Pentapolis*, add *An open place by the sea-side.* MALONE.

(P. 45.) *Honest, good fellow, what's that, if it be a day fits you, &c.*] May not here be an allusion to the *dies honestissimus* of Cicero?—If you like the day, find it out in the Almanack, and no body will take it from you. FARMER.

Some difficulty however will remain, unless with Mr. Steevens we suppose a preceding line to have been lost; for *Pericles* (as the text stands) has said nothing about the day.

MALONE.

(P. 49.)

(P. 49. After note ⁴.] See the *Reliques of Anc. Poetry*, in the old song of the *Millar of Mansfield*, Part II. line 65 :

“ Quoth Dick, a bots on you.” PERCY.

(P. 52.) *Return them we are ready;*] i. e. return them this notice—that we are ready, &c. PERCY.

(Ibid.) *Which to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.*] Perhaps we should read—to prefer, i. e. advance. PERCY.

(P. 54.) At the end of note ².] In my copy this line is quoted in an old hand as Mr. Steevens reads. FARMER.

(P. 58.) *As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips.*] Read—fill to your *mistresses*. FARMER.

(P. 59.) — and princes, not doing so,

Are like to gnats which make a sound, but kill'd

Are wondered at.] i. e. when they are found to

be such small insignificant animals, after making so great a noise. PERCY.

(P. 61.) Scene IV. *Stage Direction.*] After *Tyre*, add *A room in the Governour's house*. MALONE.

(P. 64.) *Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,*

Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.] A con-

tested line in *Hamlet*

“ Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,”

as well as the rhyme, it must be acknowledged, support this reading, in which all the copies agree. Yet I am inclined to believe that the poet wrote

I leap into the feat——.

So in *Macbeth* :

“ —— I have no spur

“ To prick the sides of mine intent, but only

“ *Vaulting* ambition, which o'erleaps itself, &c.”

On ship-board the pain and pleasure may be in the proportion here stated; but the troubles of him who *leaps into the sea* (unless he happens to be an expert swimmer) are seldom of an hour's duration. In the feat of royalty, on the other hand, I believe it may truly be said, that there is “hourly trouble for a minute's ease.” MALONE.

(P. 79.) At the end of note ⁶.] Again in Shakspeare's *Lover's Complaints* :

“ Of folded schedules had she many a one,

“ Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood,—

“ Bidding them find their *sepulchres* in mud.” MALONE.

(P. 82. l. 2.) Add *Exit Philemon*. MALONE.

(Ibid.) *This is the cause we trouble you so early;*

'Tis not our husbandry.] *Husbandry* is generally used

by Shakspeare for *economical prudence*. So in *Hamlet* :

“ And borrowing dulls the edge of *husbandry*.”
Again, more appositely in *King Henry V* :

“ For our bad neighbours make us *early stirrers*,
“ Which is both healthful and good *husbandry*.”

MALONE.

(P. 89.) *That she may be manner'd as she is born.*] So in *Cymbeline* :

“ — and he is one

“ The truest *manner'd*, such a holy witch,

“ That he enchants societies to him.” MALONE.

(P. 92.) Add to note ³.] Again more appositely in the *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ An *expir'd date*, cancel'd ere well begun.”

MALONE.

(P. 93.) Add to note ³.] Again in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ — the very *heart* of loss.”

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ On her bare breast, the *heart* of all her land.”

Place here signifies *residence* : so in Shakspeare's *Love's Complaint* :

“ Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her *place*.”

MALONE.

(P. 93.) At the end of note ².] I would read,

Even ripe for marriage *rites*. PERCY.

(P. 95.) After note ³.] *Sledded* silk, is untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's *sley* or *slay*. See a description of the use of this instrument in any of the Dictionaries of Arts and Sciences. PERCY.

(P. 99.) After note ⁶.] As Marina had been trained in musick, letters, &c. and had gained all the graces of education, Lychorida could not have been her only mistress. I would therefore read,

Here she comes weeping for her *old nurse's* death.

PERCY.

This emendation, I am persuaded, is right. He who could print *night-bed* for *night bird*, — *within one* for *with one*, — *my wife* for *midwife*, &c. might easily have made the mistake which is supposed to have happened in the line before us. The passage ought to be thus regulated :

'The fitter then the gods should have her. — Here

She comes weeping for her *old nurse's* death. —

Thou art resolv'd ?”

The word *above*, I find, is not in the old copies, which confirms Dr. Percy's emendation. MALONE.

(P. 100.)

(P. 100.) — *like a lasting storm*—] Dele the note on these words, which I am now satisfied, is wrong. MALONE.

(P. 101.) — *that excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old.*] So in our author's
20th Sonnet :

“ A man in *hue*, all hues in his controlling,
“ Which *steals* men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.”
MALONE.

(P. 111.) Note 6.] Instead of “ *which is her way to go
means only*” &c. read “ *which is her way to go with warrant,
means only*” &c. MALONE.

(P. 112.) *Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.*] So in the
Tempest :

“ If thou dost break her *virgin knot*” —. MALONE.

(P. 114.) *The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,*] Per-
haps the author wrote—*petty*. PERCY.

(P. 124.) *Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, &c.*] So in
Corioianus :

“ — the *virginal* palms of your daughters.”
MALONE.

(P. 139.) *If that thy prosperous and artificial fate
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,*] I would
read—*artificial feat*. PERCY.

The learned commentator's observations not having reached my hands till this play was printed off, I had it not in my power to avail myself of this almost certain emendation, which is in my opinion well entitled to a place in the text. The transcriber, who, it should seem, trusted to his ear, another person reciting what he wrote, was probably deceived, in this as in many other instances in our author's plays, by similarity of sounds; *feat* and *fate* having been, I imagine, formerly undistinguished in pronunciation. [See *Venus and Adonis*, vol. I. p. 411. note 1, and p. 456. note 5.] These words are still pronounced alike in Warwickshire, and in Ireland, where, I believe, much of the pronunciation of the age of queen Elizabeth is yet retained among the middle class of people. MALONE.

(P. 140.) — *I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet :*] So in *King*

Henry IV. P. 1 :

“ By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
“ But like a *comet* I was wonder'd at.” MALONE.

(P. 146) *She never would tell*

Her parentage ; being demanded that

She would sit still and weep.] Thus also Viola in

Twelfth Night :

“ She never told her love,

“ But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

“ Feed on her damask cheek.” MALONE.

(P. 150.) Add to note 1.] So in the *Rape of Lucrece :*

“ Were Tarquin night, as he is but night's child,

“ The silver-shining queen he would distain.”

MALONE.

(P. 153.) — *who, O goddess,*

Wears yet thy silver livery.] i. e. her white robe of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity. PERCY.

So in our author's *Lover's Complaint :*

“ There my *white stole of chastity* I daft.”

We had the same expression before :

“ One twelve moons more she'll wear *Diana's livery.*”

MALONE.

(P. 156.) — *And now*

This ornament that makes me look so dismal,

Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form ;

And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,

To grace thy marriage day I'll beautify.] Instead of

ornament I would read *excrement ; i. e. his beard. So Autolycus in the Winter's Tale calls the false beard which he wore as a pedlar, “ his pedlar's excrement.” PERCY.*

So also, in *Hamlet :*

“ Your bedded hair, like life in *excrements,*

“ Starts up and stands on end.”

The following passage, however, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, seems to support the old reading : “ No, but the barber's man hath already been with him ; and the old *ornament* of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis balls.”

Pericles, I believe, means to say—This ornament of the face [my beard], which, *having been so long neglected*, gives me a dismal appearance, I will now clip into form and beautify.” That the beard, when *clip'd into form*, was considered in our author's time as ornamental, appears clearly from the various shapes in which it was cut and dressed.

The author has here followed Gower, or *Gesta Romanorum :*

“ — this

“ ——— this a vowe to God I make,
 “ That I shall never for hir sake
 “ My berde for no likynge shawe,
 “ Till it befalle that I have
 “ In convenable tyme of age
 “ Besette hir unto mariage.” *Conf. Amant.*

MALONE.

(P. 158.) After note 5.] This play is so uncommonly corrupted by the printers, &c. that it does not so much seem to want illustration as emendation: and the errata are so numerous and gross, that one is tempted to suspect almost every line where there is the least deviation in the language from what is either usual or proper. Many of the corruptions appear to have arisen from an illiterate transcriber having written the speeches by ear from an inaccurate reciter; who between them both have rendered the text (in the verbs particularly) very ungrammatical.

More of the phraseology used in the genuine dramas of Shakspeare prevails in *Pericles*, than in any of the other six doubted plays. PERCY.

L O C R I N E.

(P. 199) Add to note *.] Again in *the Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ I graunt that I *envy* the blisse they lived in.”

MALONE.

(P. 204.) Add to note 1.] The text however is not corrupt. I have since observed the same phrase in *Tarleton's News out of Purgatorie*, bl. let. no date. MALONE.

(P. 206.) *Stay us from cutting over to this isle.*] We vulgarly talk of a short *cut* to a place, &c. but, I believe, here we should read

—— from *putting over* to this isle. PERCY.

(P. 212) After note 9.] It is also used by Gascoigne in his *Complaint of Philomene*:

“ And as I stood, I heard her make great moan,

“ *Waymenting* much.” MALONE.

(P. 226.) Add to note 5.] Again more appositely in *the Palgrave or Hector of Germany*, by William Smith, 1614:

“ Spears flew in splinters half the way to heaven.”

MALONE.

(P. 255.) *The watry ladies*,—] So our ancient English poets style the Naiads. See on this subject the *Reliques of Anc. Eng. Poetry*, vol. III. p. 36. (note.) PERCY.

(P. 164.) After note 2.] This tragedy is in the old turgid pedantick style of the academick pieces of that time, which were composed by the students to be acted in their colleges, on solemn occasions. It has not the most remote resemblance to Shakpeare's manner. PERCY.

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE.

(P. 274.) *Enter the Duke of Suffolk, &c. and Sir John of Wrotham*.] Almost all the divines that appear in our old comedies are thus denominated, *Sir* being the academical distinction of those who have taken their first degree. Thus *Sir Hugh Evans*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*; *Sir Oliver Martext* in *As You Like It*; *Sir Topaz* in *Twelfth Night*, &c.

In the University of Dublin this title is still bestowed on Bachelors of Arts, but is always annexed to the surname of the graduate. MALONE.

(P. 277.) *Either of you or you*—] Read,
Either of you or yours. PERCY.

(P. 278.) *I took it always that ourself stood on't*—] Read,
— that ourself stood out—. PERCY.

(P. 290.) — *thou shalt have a piece of beef to thy breakfast*.] See the account of the breakfasts in the *Northumberland Household Book*, 8vo. p. 75. “The ordre of all such braikfasts that shal be lowable dayly in my lordis hous.”

PERCY.

(P. 296.) *Dainty my dear, they'll do a dog of wax*, &c.] The same cant phrase occurs in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

“I'll clap you both by the heels ankle to ankle.

“*Hill*. You'll clap a dog of wax as soon, old Blunt.”

MALONE.

(P. 299.) — *nor shall his shaveling priests*—] A vulgar term of contempt or reproach, in allusion to the tonsure of the Romish priests, PERCY.

(P. 307.) *Of late he's broke into a several*,] A term used in the ancient forest laws. *Land common* and *several* was the distinction between open fields and inclosures. The deer had broke out of the chase or park into private inclosure.

PERCY.

(P. 309.)

(P. 309.) *Especially lord Scroope, whom oftentimes
He maketh choice of for his bedfellow.*] This circumstance is particularly remarked by Holinshed in his account of this conspiracy: "The lord Scrope was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometimes to be his *bedfellow*: in whose fidelity the king reposed trust, &c. Vol. III. (sub. ann. 1415.)"

This was so much the practice in ancient times, that the sixth earl of Northumberland in the reign of king Henry VIII. circ. 1527, writing "To his beloved cousyn Thomas Arundel, one of the gentlemen of my lord legates [Cardinal Wolsey's] prevey chambre," addresses him with the familiar appellation of *bedfellow*, as a term of the most friendly endearment: This earl of Northumberland had been educated in the family of cardinal Wolsey, when he had probably been chamber-fellow with this Thomas Arundel, esq. who was ancestor of the lord Arundels of Wardour. The letter is printed in the notes to the *Earl of Northumberland's Household Book*, p. 429.

It is well known what advantage Oliver Cromwell made of this (even in his time not obsolete) practice, by making himself bedfellow to the Agitators, whom he wanted to mould to his purposes: which were only agents or soldiers chosen out of the common soldiers. PERCY.

(P. 312. — *a man has no heart to fight till he be brave.*] Here is an intended equivoque; *brave*, which also signifies "valiant", being likewise used by the vulgar in the sense of "finely dressed." PERCY.

So in *the Taming of the Shrew*, Petruchio says to the tailor:

"— thou hast *brav'd* many men; *brave* not me."

MALONE.

(P. 320.) Add after note 4.] In the year 1644 was published "A Petition and Remonstrance of the Grievances about *Parting Tokens*."

Again, in an ancient ballad entitled "Faire fall all good *Tokens*. or

"A pleasant new song not common to be had,

"Which will teach you how to know good *tokens* from bad."

"But first I'll have you understand

"Before that I doe passe,

"That there are many *tokens*

"Which are not made of *brasse*."

The

The stamp'd pieces of coin delivered at the doors of our theatres, as marks of such people as have paid and are to be admitted, continue, I think, to be called *tokens*. What was the use of them in our ancient taverns, is not so easy to be ascertained. Perhaps they were given only to those who had deposited money for their share of liquor, that the confusion of reckonings, incident to many companies in a public drinking-room, might be avoided. *Tokens* were also coined by tradesmen for the convenience of change. Of these I have seen many. Vide Mr. Reed's note on the *Honest Whore*, in the new edition of Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. III. p. 267.

The *token*, however, mentioned by Sir John the priest, is only a memorial of friendship, an evidence of remembrance. So in *Othello*, Bianca, speaking of the handkerchief, says,
 "This is a *token* of some newer friend." STEVENS.

L O R D C R O M W E L L.

(P. 376.) *No hammers walking, and my work to do!*] I have since met with the following instances of this obsolete expression, which fully support the old reading: "And so finding my *hand* unable to *walk* any farther, I take my leave of your good lordship." Letter from lord Burghley to lord Essex—Birch's *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*, Vol. II. p. 148. Again, in Fennor's *Compter's Commonwealth*, 1618: "The keeper admiring he could not hear his prisoner's tongue *walk* all this while, &c." MALONE.

(P. 411.) *Their dinner is our banquet after dinner.*] i. e. They make their dinner on fruits, &c. which are not laid on our tables till we have dined. So afterwards:

———— by their sparing *meat*, &c.

A *banquet* in the language of former times seems to have meant what is now called a desert, consisting of fruits, wines, biscuits, &c. Thus in Fennor's *Compter's Commonwealth*, 1618: "Having finished our feast [their dinner] and waiting for no *banquets*, we rose, every man disposing of himself as he pleased." MALONE.

LONDON PRODIGAL.

(P. 455.) Add after note ³.] This abbreviation of some name (I know not what, for *Christopher* has been always contracted into *Kitt*,) occurs in an ancient ballad entitled *A new Medley, or a Messe of All-together, to the Tune of Tarlton's Medley*:

“Come drinke a cup, and end all strife,
“Sweet *Kester*.” STEEVENS.

In the play before us it certainly was meant as an abbreviation of *Christopher*: “I am a sailer (says old Flowerdale) come from Venice, and my name is *Christopher*.” MALONE.

(P. 461.) Add to note ⁴.] Mention of this hero is made in an ancient ballad called “*Wat William's Will, the second Part*.”

“Would drunkards leave such drinking,
“And gallants leave their roaring,
“Would *desperate Dick* forbear to stab,
“And leachers leave their whoring.” STEEVENS.

(P. 464.) Add to note ⁶.] In *the Merry Wives of Windsor*, Ford, by way of introduction to Falstaff, with whom he was unacquainted, sends him a morning's draught of sack, by the host of the Garter Inn. MALONE.

(P. 489.) Add to note ³.] *Canton* is not a misprint in the old copy, being likewise used by Heywood in the preface to *Britaine's Troy*, 1609: “I have taskt myselfe to such succin&nesse and brevity, that in the judicial perusal of these few *cantons* as little time shall be hazarded as profite from them be any way expected.” MALONE.

THE PURITAN.

(P. 557.) Add to note ⁵.] So in Fennor's *Compter's Commonwealth*, 1618: “— the prisoner being abroad, and seeing his time and opportunity, most nimbly, and like an *Irish Footman*, betook himself to his heels.” MALONE.

(P. 559.) *Ay, by yon Bear at Bridge-foot in heaven shalt thou*.] “Upon the ruins of the Hamiltons (says Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden) they thought to raise their fortunes, working on the credulity of the prince; yet was not this *Bear Bridge-foot* tragedy artificially enough contrived.” *Works*,

p. 240. edit. 1711. From the foregoing passage it should seem that this house had been rendered notorious by some murder that had been committed in it. MALONE.

(P. 583.] *An excellent scholar & faith; he has proceeded well of late.*] Here we have another proof that this play was written by an academick. He has put the language of the university into the mouth of a bailiff. MALONE.

(P. 588.) *Out of all cry.*] The following whimsical title of an old book, bl. let. no date, shows that the text is here not corrupt: *Hay any Work for a Cooper, by Martin, in the modest defence of his selfe and his learned pistles, and makes the cooper's hoops to fly of, and the bishops tubbes to leak out of all crye; printed in Europe, not far from some of the bounding priestes.* MALONE.

(P. 590.) Add to note ⁶.] Bishop Fleetwood in his *Christian Pretiosum*, mentions among the gold coins struck by king James, double and single *British* crowns.

MALONE.

T H E E N D .









